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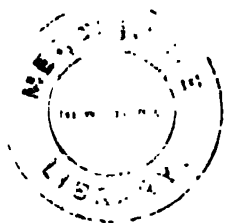
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Rock, 1847



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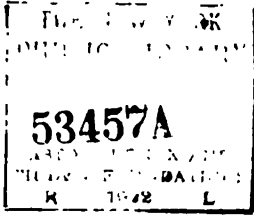
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THE
BOOKMART,

VOL. VII.

JUNE, 1889.

Whole No. 73.

TO MY SILENT FRIENDS.

Best of all friends! who row by row
Are prized but more and more each day,
How quickly do your numbers grow,
How few withdraw, how many stay:
Some meet for thought, and some for play,
Some thus you cut—they don't complain
Nor argue, spite of all you say—
They never answer back again.

This tough old fellow, though I knew
He must own his was falsest way,
Yields you no point, nor changes, though
You argue till your hair be grey,
He speaks but truly, yet alway
Last word he keeps. The thought is vain,
Yet in the mimic words we pay,
They never answer back again.

Once they have said, it needs must go
As their last word for aye and aye;
Their truth keeps true, their falsehoods, so
They can't retrace or disobey;
Their word is always yea or nay;
Though sages prate, or fools disdain,
They but repeat their nay, or yea;
They cannot answer back again.

Books, it is patience you display;
Or, obstinate, you merely feign
Serenity? I ask then—They—
They cannot answer back again.

GLEESON WHITE.

BIBLIO-KLEPTOMANIACS.

The phases of bookhunting are manifestly numerous. We recently gave an anecdote of one class, and now print another without vouching for its veracity.

"If I find you stealing my books again, I'll have you locked up. Get out, now quick! and don't let me see you in here again."

The speaker was a bookseller, who thus addressed a nicely dressed venerable old man.

"Steal it! Why bless you, of course he meant to steal it," he said. "We have those fellows come here so often and carry off our books without being caught that when we do catch them at it we want to call the police, and I suppose we ought to do so, but we don't. We find so many people who are thoroughly honest in other respects, who will steal books, that we are apt to become suspicious of everybody after being in this business a while. You don't hear of all the cases that we do, for you see, when we catch a party stealing he is always anxious to pay for the books and hush up the matter. Do we settle in this way? Oh yes, we let most of them go, although I suppose we ought to prosecute them. But then it takes a good deal of time and trouble to bother about prosecuting. I have

seen all kinds of people come in here and steal books. Indeed, book-thieves are almost always of the so-called respectable classes, for the ignorant 'lower class' don't take interest enough in books to know their value. The poor ones that are caught are arrested, convicted, and branded as thieves, just as if they had stolen a loaf of bread or a pocket-book; those that have a good enough social standing to get them out of the scrape are simply 'bibliomaniacs.'

"There are several classes of people who steal books. Some steal the whole books, while there are others who only have a mania for fine plates and engravings. I have known numerous instances of parties who stole simply the title-pages of rare and valuable books. Indeed, I have seen one or two bound books made up entirely of those precious title-pages. Taking out the title-page from an ancient work of course makes it worth very much less. Let me find a cheap old book and I'll show you how they do it, if you don't know."

The dealer picked up a dilapidated pamphlet and a piece of string. Wetting the string, he opened the pamphlet, and placing the wet string between two leaves, closed the pamphlet tightly again for a few seconds, after which he drew the string quickly out. Opening the book, the pages at the place where the string had been placed were quite easily removed, and without the noise of tearing.

"Now you see how they take out engravings, title-pages, &c. By the way, speaking of this mania for stealing title-pages, I ought to tell you that here in London there is a man who has quite a large business in making title-pages for old books that are mutilated in this way.

"Another trick that book-thieves make use of is to have extra pockets made in their coats. Of course when

we find these fellows with extra pockets, seemingly made for the purpose of making book-stealing a business, we have no pity on them. We just hand them over to the police; but there are very few who go to work systematically to steal books. It is said that a good many who buy light literature at news-stalls, roll two books together, and carry them away, when they have only paid for one."—*Bookworm.*

"THE GLUTTON OF LITERATURE."

Anthony Magliabechi, who died in 1714 at the age of eighty, was celebrated for his knowledge of books. He has been called the "Glutton of Literature."

His character was singular; for though his life was wholly passed in libraries, being librarian to the Duke of Tuscany, he never *wrote* himself. There is a medal which represents him sitting with a book in one hand and with a great number of books scattered on the ground. The candid inscription signifies that "it is not sufficient to become learned to have read much if we read without reflection." This is the only remains of his own composition that can be of service to posterity.

His habits of life were uniform. Ever among his books he troubled himself with no other concern whatever; and the only interest he appeared to take for any living thing was his spiders, for whom, while sitting among his literary piles, he affected great sympathy; and perhaps, in contempt of those whose curiosity appeared impertinent, he frequently cried out, "to take care not to hurt his spiders!"

Although he lost no time in writing himself, he gave considerable assist-

ance to authors who consulted him. He was himself a universal index to all authors. He had one book, among many others dedicated to him, and this book consisted of a collection of titles of works which he had had at different times dedicated to him, with all the eulogiums addressed to him in prose and verse. When he died, he left his large collection of books for the public use; they now compose the public library of Florence.

Heyman, a celebrated Dutch professor, visited this erudite librarian, who was considered as the ornament of Florence. He found him amongst his books, of which the number was prodigious. Two or three rooms in the first story were crowded with them, not only along their sides, but piled in heaps on the floor, so that it was difficult to sit, and more so to walk. A narrow space was contrived, indeed, so that by walking sideways you might extricate yourself from one room to another. This was not all; the passage below stairs was full of books, and the staircase from the top to the bottom was lined with them. When you reached the second story, you saw with astonishment three rooms similar to those below, equally full, so crowded, that two good beds in these chambers were also crammed with books.

This apparent confusion did not, however, hinder Magliabechi from immediately finding the book he wanted. He knew them all so well, that even to the least of them it was sufficient to see its outside, to say what it was; and, indeed, he read them day and night, and never lost sight of any. He ate on his books, he slept on his books, and quitted them as rarely as possible.

During his whole life he only went twice from Florence; once to see Fiesolè which is not above two leagues distant, and once ten miles

further by order of the Grand Duke. Nothing could be more simple than his mode of life; a few eggs, a little bread, and some water, were his ordinary food. A drawer of his desk being open, Mr. Heyman saw there several eggs and some money, which Magliabechi had placed there for his daily use. But as this drawer was generally open, it frequently happened that the servants of his friends, or strangers who came to see him, pilfered some of these things; the money or the eggs.

His dress was as cynical as his repasts. A black doublet, which descended to his knees; large and long breeches; an old patched black cloak; an amorphous hat, very much worn, and the edges ragged; a large neckcloth of coarse cloth, begrimed with snuff; a dirty shirt, which he always wore as long as it lasted, and which the broken elbows of his doublet did not conceal; and, to finish this inventory, a pair of ruffles which did not belong to the shirt.

EARLY ENGLISH BOOK-SELLING.

'The Early History of English Bookselling.'
By William Roberts. (Sampson Low & Co.)

Booksellers and publishers play an important part in the history of literature, but historians of English literature have never paid them much attention. Mr. Roberts has attempted to supply this deficiency, and although we are unable to commend the whole of his work, we gratefully recognize the value of part of his labors. His object in the present volume is to furnish a readable account of bookselling and booksellers in England from the earliest times to the death of Thomas Guy, publisher and founder of Guy's Hospital, in 1724. The latter half of the book is

devoted to biographies of Tonson, Lintot, Curl, Dunton, and Guy, and Mr. Roberts has spared himself no pains in making these memoirs accurate and complete. The notice of "dauntless Curl" is especially attractive, and if Mr. Roberts has been able to add little to the researches of Messrs. Thoms and Solly, he has produced a very impartial and well-proportioned portrait of the most noted of private publishers. According to Mr. Tedder's notice of Curl in the 'Dictionary of National Biography,' a little more is known of Curl's son Henry than Mr. Roberts sets forth. Mr. Roberts might also have told us that the famous attack on "Curlicism" in *Mist's 'Journal'* has been attributed to no less a journalist than Defoe. Furthermore, we would strongly urge Mr. Robert to avoid modern slang words and phrases, which are painfully frequent in other places besides his essay on Curl.

In collecting materials for his first portion the author seems to have been leaning, as he admits in his preface, on a broken reed. Much of his information is apparently derived from books long out of date; nor does he seem to have taken the pains to investigate the truth of this information, so that we continually come upon statements that are, to say the least, out of place in a work claiming "to be as accurate as possible." We are told, for instance, that "the early printers, such as Gutenberg, Faust, Dolet, and Caxton were men emphatically of light and leading"; but by this time it might be expected that a technical writer should know that the second mentioned was not a printer, neither was his name "Faust"; and Dolet can hardly be classed as an early printer between "Faust" and Caxton. Again, after an explanation, itself not too accurate, of the meaning and use of signatures,

we are referred to two books as the earliest which contain them. The first of these has a date that is questioned; the second does not exist at all. It is not, however, the graver errors that render the present book so disappointing, so much as the frequent occurrence of small mistakes and inaccuracies, which, though they might seem trivial if quote by themselves, are enough, when found on every page, to ruin any work. Within the last few years an entirely new school of bibliography has arisen, which, putting aside the gossip dear to the early part of the century, demands, above all things, accuracy and some scientific method. But Mr. Roberts has followed the old traditions; and the result is a volume which may be interesting to read, but which will prove of small value as a book of reference.

Beginning with the period before the invention of printing, the author has collected a great mass of interesting information, marred every here and there by most confusedly written sentences, as, for instance:

"Of these palimpsests or rescripts, as they are now called, there are several in existence, and to this cause may be attributed the loss of many a classic and the existence of many more in a corrupted condition."

Many such sentences are scattered through the book; and though, as a rule, the meaning is fairly clear, not a few are almost incomprehensible.

The author's acquaintance with the literary antiquities of the earlier periods is obviously imperfect, nor is he acquainted with the latest researches on the subject. His sketch of book-selling before and after Caxton is most disappointing. He tells his readers that he is unable to supply a satisfactory account of the prices which Caxton's books fetched when first issued. He might have discovered from very well known sources that one of Cax-

ton's greatest efforts—'The Golden Legend'—was valued in his own century at 13s. 4d. a copy. But on this and other topics about which Mr. Roberts confesses his ignorance he should have consulted the day-book for 1520 of John Dorne, an Oxford bookseller, which Mr. Madan, of the Bodleian Library, printed with elaborate critical apparatus for the Oxford Historical Society in 1885. The only detailed account of early English bookselling is here rendered accessible, and by overlooking it Mr. Roberts has seriously injured the value of his book.

Mr. Roberts is somewhat better informed about bookselling in the time of Shakspeare, but his information is ill digested and there are few signs of intimacy with the literature of the time, which supplies the best material for the history of Elizabethan book-selling. The names of nearly all the publishers of the quarto editions of Shakspeare's plays are presented in a confusing catalogue. No sustained attempt is made to distinguish between the publishers of good and those of evil reputation, or publishers in a large and those in a small way of business. Many Elizabethan publishers from the time of Copland dealt in special lines of literature, but Mr. Roberts does not busy himself with these distinctions. He writes, indeed, very incompetently about the Shakspearean quartos. His singularly brief commentary on the 1602 quarto of 'Hamlet'—"It was perhaps an imperfect report of the first play"—suggests complete ignorance of the puzzling controversy respecting that publication and its immediate successors. The history of the early issues of the tragedy of 'Hamlet' admirably illustrates the good and bad methods of Elizabethan publishing, and deserves a full discussion in a book on the subject. We fear, too, that Mr. Roberts

has never read the 'Pilgrimage to Parnassus,' where much realistic detail is to be found about the hack-writers of the Elizabethan Grub Street and their relations with their publishing employers. The scene in which John Danter, the well known publisher, is brought on the stage in his own name to bargain with his half-starved hacks, should certainly have been consulted by Mr. Roberts. We would gladly exchange the pages spent in cataloguing the names of Shakspeare's publishers for a sketch of the careers of Edward Blount and John Wolfe, about both of whom some interesting facts are known, on the same plan as Mr. Roberts has treated Curll or Dunt. Blount, the publisher and friend of Marlow, Lyly, and Florio—not to speak of Shakspeare—undoubtedly deserved an elaborate notice. Similarly it is difficult to excuse the omission of all mention of the publisher and friend of John Daniel, Simon Waterston, who undertook Daniel's first publication in 1585, and after business transactions extending over four-and-thirty years, figured in the poet's will as the testator's "loving friend." Too little is made of Drayton's quarrel with his publisher, and no hint is given of the offer made by Drummond of Hawthornden to induce his own publisher, Andro Hart, of Edinburgh, to issue the concluding parts of the 'Polyolbion.' Mr. Roberts has not turned Mr. Arber's 'Transcript of the Stationers' Registers' to the best advantage, but he seems to labor under the misapprehension that that is in itself an adequate authority for the Elizabethan and Jacobean period of his subject. Scholarly investigation into the literary history of the time is imperatively needed to fill in the scanty outlines supplied by the Stationers' Registers.

Chaps. v., vi., and vii., which give the history of the trade in Little

Britain, on London Bridge, and other localities, contain a great many curious facts gathered from out-of-the-way sources. Most writers, finding it difficult to obtain information on these points, have taken but little trouble in working upon them, so that we may thank Mr. Roberts for bringing together much that has up to this time been almost unknown, and not easily accessible.

The second part of Mr. Roberts's book is very interesting; and, considering the small amount of knowledge we have about the period of which he treats, it could hardly be otherwise. The leading booksellers at that time held a good position in the literary world, maintaining a higher status with regard to authors than we find at the present day. But they seem to have owed their position rather to fear than to love; for with their lax ideas about literary property—a feeling which at the present time seems to be partly reviving—and their entire carelessness about the reputation of an author otherwise than from a monetary point of view, they could arrogate to themselves an offensive position from which the law was seemingly powerless to oust them. The author of the *Religio Bibliopola* (which appeared first in 1691, and not, as Mr. Roberts seems to imply, in 1728) speaks of some of his bookselling friends as “a retail of men who are no strangers to religion and honesty”; though a perusal of that part of the present work which treats of the trade at the end of the seventeenth century makes us fully sympathize with the popular opinion that they were “no better than a pack of knaves and atheists.”

The biography of Tonson occupies the first of the series of chapters on particular booksellers. Though Tonson was a man of no little notoriety in his day, we can hardly agree with

Mr. Roberts in thinking that the remark of Basil Kennett, “’Twill be as impossible to think of Virgil without Mr. Dryden as of either without Mr. Tonson,” has to a great extent been fulfilled. The case is different as regards Tonson's connection with the poets and writers of his own time, whose innumerable quarrels, both among themselves and with their booksellers, gave rise to half the pamphlets of the day, and have done much to preserve their names to the present.

Bernard Lintot, the publisher of many of Pope's writings, is the subject of the next chapter. Though Lintot probably held as high a position as any other bookseller of his time, being a man not much given to the minor tricks and quarrels so dear to his fellows, we have on that account less information concerning him. From all we know, he appears to have been a fairly quiet man, with a keen eye to business.

Edmund Curll seems to have been the worst of a bad lot. With his name most of the low literature of the period is connected, and he became proverbial as the publisher of objectionable books. Unscrupulous in business, careless of his own and other people's reputation, eager to turn a penny by any dirty trick, his whole life was spent in endless quarrels with authors and troubles with men whose writings or speeches he had surreptitiously published. So pertinacious was he in issuing the last words and wills of eminent men that he was wittily said to have added a new terror to death. Mr. Roberts has contrived in this chapter to perpetrate a most humorous slip, and make us acquainted with the real name of a writer of prose who may stand side by side with his friend in the sphere of poetry, the prolific “Anon.” On p. 238 we are told that

the preface to Curll's reprint of Surrey's Poems is signed "Vale"—"one of Curll's several *noms de plume*.

The life of Dunton, of all the early booksellers, should be the easiest to write; for not only was he in some ways the most notorious, but he has left to posterity a whimsical autobiography giving the minutest details of his work both as author and printer.

The last chapter contains the life of Thomas Guy, famous for his bequest to the nation, which was not, however, the result of bookselling so much as of successful speculation in South Sea stock. In commenting on Guy's connection with the printing of Bibles, Mr. Roberts has succeeded in inventing a new bibliographical rarity—an edition of 1631 which omits the seventh commandment entirely. In the edition to which he doubtless refers the seventh commandment is printed, but with the important exception of the word "not."

The index, which finishes the volume, possesses the unpardonable fault of being very inaccurate. In the casual use which reference made necessary we have detected many errors of the careless kind, and a fuller examination would doubtless lead to the discovery of many more. Take as an instance the two entries under the letter Q, which are as follows:—

"Quaritch Mr. B., 22, 53.
Quintius, Curtius, 11."

One of the two references to the first name is incorrect; in the spelling of the second name accuracy is sacrificed to euphony. We are told in the preface that slips in the text, detected too late for correction, are rectified in the index, which leads to the perplexing result that the name as it occurs in the book is not to be found in the index, and *vice versa*. Instead of names being there corrected, it as often occurs that they are falsified. For instance, Dibdin, the bibliograph-

ical writer, becomes Dibden in the index; and "cherry Cotton," through not having both his "t's" crossed, appears with curious irony as Colton, a man of late date who, from his final ending, would seem to have been the reverse of "cherry."

The binding like the index, has the strong drawback of being remarkably weak, rivalling the most slipshod productions of the continent. Many papers fell out of our copy as soon as they were cut. It would have been an advantage if the book could have fallen, as the author of the 'Ant and Nightingale' puts it, "into the hands of an honest stitching bobkseller."

Faultfinding is a thankless task; but it is impossible to avoid complaining of errors which a little care would have set right, and which pass from book to book as one writer copies the careless mistakes of another. The history of bookselling, intimately connected as it is with the history of literature, if worth writing at all, which no one doubts, is worth writing well. And if Mr. Roberts issues, as he suggests in his preface, another work in continuation of the present it would be worth his while to spend some extra trouble to ensure that accuracy which, when dealing with a technical subject, makes the difference between a bad and a good book. Taking the book as a whole, there is no doubt that it deserves some praise, for it is in many respects an improvement on the last work on the subject, Curwen's 'History of Booksellers'—a book which our author, so far as we have noticed, never refers to, though he has manifestly made use of it. Curwen was too brief and very inaccurate. The present book, though in parts too prolix for a popular treatise, contains a great deal of valuable information. Those who have not the time to work through the many volumes of Nichols and other writers of

literary history will find in it much that will entertain them; and, if they are not too much concerned about absolute accuracy, much that will be useful.

CHICAGO BIBLIOAMNIACS.

When man is in his very vealy period of existence he collects postage stamps, coins, 'birds' eggs or bugs; then he progresses to girls and neckties; when he has married his collecting mania generally leaves him, except in the the matter of debts; but in numbers of cases the disease has become ingrained and the man develops into a collector of books. He is then lost past redemption, especially should he be afflicted with that most virulent form of the mania, which in the trade is known as "Grangerism," or extra "illustrating," and which at the present time has taken a firm hold upon a large number of prominent Chicago people. "Extra illustrating" is at once the most fascinating and the most irritating pursuit to which a man can devote himself. The search through musty volumes in old book stores, the haunts through catalogues of dealers in pate and India proofs, the destruction of one volume that another may be enriched is

AN EMPLOYMENT FULL OF SURPRISE, agreeable and otherwise and one which only too often ends in complete disappointment. When the "extra illustrator" makes his daily pilgrimage to any of the antiquarian book shops he has always a large size doubt in his mind whether he will regain the outer air depressed and cast down or with joy in his heart and an ancient plate in his pocket.

In Rev. Frank Bristol, of Grace Methodist Episcopal, Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of the Plymouth Congre-

gational, and Rev. M. Woolsey Stryker of the Fourth Presbyterian, Chicago churches furnishes three of the best known bibliomaniacs and extra illustrators in the city. On questions of creed these gentlemen may differ, but on the one point of book collecting they are unanimous. That they look upon as the true end of man in this world, at least, and their libraries, well stocked with rare old books and quaint and curious prints, testify to the fact that they are striving for the end. Their Mecca is the book store, and their pilgrimages to it are of daily occurrence.

Mr. Gunsaulus was at one time sadly afflicted with the illustrating mania, but in that he has, to a certain extent, fallen by the wayside. He is now eager after rare first editions, and also buys a great many volumes in *edition de luxe*. He has a fine collection, of which he is justly proud. Mr. Stryker is almost exclusively an illustrator. He will buy books simply that he may remove the plates and bind them in some other volume, and the contents of his library shelves bear witness in many finely enlarged and splendidly illustrated works to the energy and discrimination with which he prosecutes his search for prints that are rare and artistic.

HIS ESPECIAL HOBBY

is the extra illustrating of Thomson's Seasons, and he is at present engaged in preparing an edition of that work, which he proposes to make one of the finest things of the kind extant. He is also an indefatigable collector of the various editions of this work, and has about all of them that are of any value.

Rev. Frank Bristol is what might be called a cosmopolitan bibliomaniac. In the way of books and prints he collects anything and everything that has the value of age, beauty, rarity

or quaintness. Among the book men he has the reputation of always knowing a good thing when he sees it, and, seeing, he generally makes a purchase. In this eagerness to gather in everything that is good, he became identified with a rather amusing affair about two weeks ago. One day a young man marched into Maxwell's and offered for sale a rare copy of the 'Dance of Death,' stating he didn't know much about books, but thought that one might be worth something. Maxwell had a copy of the work, but his representative seeing a chance to secure a bargain dickered with the young man, secured the property and immediately put it on sale. Mr. Bristol came around that day and bought the book as soon as he saw it. On the same day the same young man visited Jansen & McClurg's and offered a 'Dance of Death' for sale. The salesman noticed Maxwell's mark therein, and, smelling a large-sized rat, he sent for an officer and had the young man arrested for shop-lifting. It then transpired that the fellow had, in the first instance stolen a 'Dance' from Jansen's and taken it to Maxwell's. While selling this he stole Maxwell's copy of the book and took it and offered it for sale where

THE FIRST THEFT WAS MADE.

Whose book Mr. Bristol bought in this transaction is not known. Mr. Bristol is not only an "extra illustrator," but he is a large collector of first editions, choice dramatic and illustrated works and all kinds of books that are rare and good. He is not indisposed to part with some of his treasures when sufficient financial inducement is offered, and has made a number of decidedly good trades. He it was, it will be remembered, who discovered the Gunther Shakspeare autograph and sold it to the present owner for \$1,000.

Judge Anthony's hobby is English history. He has a mammoth collection, to which he is constantly adding. He is always hunting for first editions and for early works on this subject, and has many valuable illustrated and black-letter volumes. The judge purchases anything of value concerning English history or England's historical characters, and if there are "picturs" with the letter-press, so much the better.

Charles Hancock, the Board of Trade man, "wants," in the language of his fellow-collectors, "everything that everybody else wants." In other words, he is collecting books and prints in the very broad sense of the term that he will buy anything that is good. In company with his associates, however, he has a hobby "on the side," and that is for old English volumes. The American press is entirely too new for him, and he will have none of it; but anything with an English imprint and an ancient date will command his attention, and will be gathered in if worthy a place in his collection. He attends all the sales, and is a large purchaser.

Mr. Lewis C. Straight, who is employed as secretary with Ferd W. Peck, is one of the Grangerites, and is only happy when hunting up extra illustrations for the book he has in hand. John E. Woodhead is also an enthusiastic extra illustrator. He has a very large and splendid library, and is constantly adding to its value but embellishing his books with rare and artistic plates that he picks up in his wanderings among the bookshops. Mr. Ed E. Ayer, the big tie contractor, derives pleasure in collecting books, pamphlets and pictures having relation to

THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

His collection in this specialty is said to be as fine a one as there is in the

country. Mr. Jacob Forsyth, Treasurer of the Standard Steel and Iron Company, is a familiar figure around the stores where books are sold. He is especially after works concerning English statesmen, and wants everything statistical, critical, biographical, autobiographical and historical on that subject. Mr. Forsyth is also a great buyer of fine editions of standard books.

Eugene Field haunts book stores more than any man in the city, and is probably the most hap-hazard collector here. He will buy anything that is odd and quaint, or is so old that it can't be read or so curious that nobody can make out what it is. He has a tremendous assortment of these odd things, probably of no particular value except in that they "took his fancy." Mr. Field has written some clever brochures on bibliomaniacs, to which army he belongs. These have been collected and are to be published by Morris, of "The Book Shop."

The gentlemen mentioned are a few among the many who are daily visitors to the book stores to see if "anything new has come in" and they belong to a class whose numbers are constantly receiving accessions. The Philadelphia bibliophile who enlarged Motley's 'Netherlands' to twenty-seven volumes by the addition of plates, letters, autographs, etc., has probably no counterpart in Chicago in the extent of his work, but there are scores of literary people and "book fiends" here who devote all their spare time and cash to "extra illustrating" and "enlarging," with the result that many creditable

VALUABLE THINGS ARE PRODUCED.

"Enlarging" has become quite a fad even with those who do not delve very deep into bibliography, and is recognized by publishers to the ex-

tent of printing unbound editions for the purpose. A popular work with this ephemeral class of collectors just now is the critic's 'Authors at Home,' which offers good opportunity for embellishment with portraits, plates and autograph letters of persons still living.

"The bibliomaniac is deserving of respect, whatever may be thought of his hobby," said a prominent business man, who is somewhat of a bibliomaniac himself, "because he is so very earnest in his work. He has an intuition that is infallible in leading him to a second-hand book store where antiquated and curious things are kept, no matter how crooked the alley or how dark the basement in which it is located. And let him get there and become fully interested in nosing around among the stock—why the bottom of Lake Michigan could drop out and the dome of heaven fall and he would never lift his head to ask what the matter was."—*Chicago Evening Journal*.

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.

A 'History of Eighteenth Century Literature' (1660-1780). By Edmund Gosse, M. A. (Macmillan & Co.)

It is to be wished that Fielding in his 'Journey from this World to the Next' had told us something more of the feelings with which the literary spirits in the Elysian fields regard the opinions of their successors on earth. We learn casually that Homer was gratified by Pope's translation of his Iliad, and that Shakspeare showed some surprise at the issue of so many editions of his plays; but there is little to show how far the departed authors respect the judgments of modern commentators. Would the shades of the eighteenth century writers be willing to accept the sym-

metrical positions in groups and periods assigned to them by a modern critic? Would Waller's head be a little turned by learning that during a hundred and fifty years he beat the measure for the poets and poetasters who followed in his wake?

These reflections are suggested by Mr. Gosse's new work, of which the title is given above. The poetry of the earlier periods included in this volume has already been discussed by Mr. Gosse in the lectures 'From Shakspeare to Pope,' of which Waller was the hero. On the present occasion he repeats and emphasizes his contention that Waller, "the coryphæus of this long procession of the commonplace," was the restorer of Chaucer's couplet; but we cannot return to the discussion of this theory. It was pointed out in our review of Mr. Gosse's former work that some of Waller's contemporaries were already masters of the distich, and the fact, moreover, that Waller's poetry was polished and regular has been always well known. There is no need, therefore, again to attack the idea that Waller's poems contain "the key to the prosody of the eighteenth century," and we shall be better employed in trying to give some idea of the scope of this entertaining volume.

Mr. Gosse has divided the literature of the hundred and twenty years (1660-1780) which succeeded the Restoration into three equal periods. "Each of these," he tells his readers, "is dominated by one figure of far greater intellectual prestige than any other of the same period. No one will question that the first of these is the generation of Dryden nor the last that of Johnson. It may not perhaps be quite so readily conceded that the age of Anne lay under the tyranny of Swift. It will, however, be found I think, upon close examination that neither Pope nor Addison has an

equal claim to be considered the centre of the action or the hero of the story."

The supreme influence of Dryden over his contemporaries and the generation which immediately succeeded him is incontestable, but Johnson's supremacy was of a different nature. During his lifetime he occupied a position of eminence, yet he was rather the supreme judge than the law-giver of the literary commonwealth. The most famous writers of his epoch were Hume, Burke, Gibbon, Goldsmith, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan, all with the exception of Hume much younger than Johnson; but in none of their works, with the exception of Goldsmith's poetry, are any traces to be found of Johnson's influence; and this fact shows that Mr. Gosse's assertion needs modification. It is not easy to name the dominating figure of the literature associated with the age of Queen Anne. Addison was the undisputed chief of the little senate to which he gave laws; the throne of poetry was occupied by Pope, whose influence gradually extended far beyond his own country; nevertheless Mr. Gosse is, to some extent right in naming Swift as the most important man of letters of his time, though his power was felt rather than acknowledged, and was not so great during his lifetime as in after days.

The first three chapters of Mr. Gosse's work are devoted respectively to the poets, the dramatists, and the prose writers of the Restoration. Mr. Gosse considers that during this period non-dramatic poetry would have been almost extinct if it had not been for John Dryden, "the greatest poet in English literature between Milton and Wordsworth." Yet notwithstanding his admiration of Dryden, Mr. Gosse denies him the power of observation, and considers him, moreover, to be a sort of literary op-

portunist. He followed, we are told, but never led public opinion. He adopted the distich, which had been brought into fashion by Waller, and made it an instrument "on which to play the boldest music." His famous satires were only written because the public had become interested in that class of poetry; his translations were intended to gratify the general desire of the public to know something of the classic poets; and his Pindaric odes were an imitation of Cowley. It is difficult, without a good deal of reservation, to accept these propositions, which do not quite harmonize with the opinion previously expressed of Dryden's high intellectual prestige. Indeed, Mr. Gosse's theories must not always be taken too seriously.

The chapter on the Restoration dramatists is excellent, and we have never seen a better account of this attractive subject. Mr. Gosse divides these writers into three groups, of which the first includes Dryden, who wrote for the stage at intervals during the whole of this period (1660-1700); Shadwell; Etherege, who introduced modern comedy into England; and Sedley. The central group includes Wycherley, Otway, and Lee, with the subsidiary figures of Mrs. Behn, Crown (with his one good play, 'Sir Courtly Nice,' and many dull ones), and Buckingham, the Author of 'The Rehearsal.' After an interval of twenty years appeared the Orange dramatists, of whom the most important are Congreve, Cibber, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar.

Though the Restoration drama is connected with so many brilliant the names, and the era was certainly most flourishing of the modern English stage, Mr. Gosse only selects two writers — Congreve and Otway — to place in the first rank. From a purely literary point of view this may be correct, yet the chief object of a play is

to be acted, and not to be read. A playwright whose pieces are not adapted to the stage is somewhat like an author who writes for posterity. We are touched by the tenderness and pathos of Otway's plays, but it is difficult to imagine that they would produce a powerful effect on an audience. In his own days they were not successful, and Otway's death from starvation is one of the saddest incidents in literature. Even Congreve, notwithstanding his wit and the unrivalled skill of his dialogue, excels in literary rather than in dramatic craft. Mr. Gosse himself confesses that occasionally

"his [Congreve's] action is left to wait, cap in hand, on the leisure of his dialogue, and when the former is resumed, the poet has often the air of forgetting whether he intended to proceed with it. His plots are difficult to recollect, and not always very natural in their development."

These are assuredly grave defects in a playwright, and it is precisely in these points where Congreve is weak that Farquhar, who does not possess Congreve's claim to high literary distinction, is at his best. The action of his play is never arrested, the thread of his plot is never lost, the stage is always full of bustle and gaiety, and the interest of the audience is never allowed to flag from the rise till the fall of the curtain. As acting plays, it appears to us that Farquhar's last two pieces, 'The Recruiting Officer' and the 'Beaux' Statagem,' the latter written on his death-bed, have never been surpassed in modern comedy. It is curious to note how little, in point of quantity, was produced by the best writers of this school, and how early their genius seemed to be exhausted. Etherege, Wycherley, Congreve, and Farquhar brought out not more than twenty plays between them, and had all left off writing for the theatre in the prime of manhood, though their lives, except Farquhar's, were prolonged beyond middle age;

and Wycherley survived the close of his dramatic career nearly forty years.

If the dramatists of the Restoration were singularly brilliant, the prose writers of that period, with one conspicuous exception, left little that is now much remembered. 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' Mr. Gosse tells us, was from the first received with enthusiasm, and is now more widely read than when Bunyan summoned up courage to give it to the public against the urgent advice of his friends. It is scarcely possible to omit a mention of Locke's 'Essay on the Human Understanding'; but this famous work, "particularly unengaging in its style and delivery," is really little known except to students of philosophy, while thousands peruse with delight a very different work of the same period, Pepys's 'Diary,' "unrivalled as a storehouse of gossip and character painting."

It is a pleasure to turn to the essayists and writers of the Augustan age, whose works are reviewed by Mr. Gosse in two pleasant chapters with the misleading titles "Swift and the Deists" and "Defoe and the Essayists." The first of these is almost entirely occupied with an admirable sketch of Swift and his writings; and notwithstanding the short space at his disposal Mr. Gosse has given one of the best critical memoirs of the famous dean which have yet come to our notice. It is hardly necessary to allude to an error in the dates of the birth and death of Stella, but we must point out a curious slip in the description of the Bickerstaff pamphlets. We entirely share Mr. Gosse's appreciation of the humor and genuine wit of these amusing productions, but we cannot understand the statement that "the great result of this astrological absurdity was the foundation of the

Tatler borrowed (with Swift's approval) the pseudonym of Bickerstaff, which had been so successful on a former occasion; but there was no similarity or connection between the periodical and the Bickerstaff pamphlets, and we doubt if Steele had anything to do with the latter. It is rather surprising, it may be added, that Mr. Gosse has not noticed that in 'An Argument against Abolishing Christianity,' one of Swift's most characteristic pieces, the treatment of the subject is clearly suggested by Defoe's 'The Shortest Way with Dissenters,' but this is a matter of no great moment. An error of more importance is committed by Mr. Gosse when he asserts that Bentley's reply to Boyle convinced the public of the spuriousness of the 'Epistles of Phalaris.' Mr. Jebb has proved that the true view only slowly gained acceptance even among professed scholars.

The short description of the witty and indolent Arbuthnot, "the man who could do everything but walk," is decidedly happy, and we should be glad if Mr. Gosse had indulged his wish to loiter longer in such good company. Scant justice, however, is meted out to Arbuthnot's friend Bolingbroke, and many readers of the volume will learn with surprise that the author of the 'Letters on History' and 'The Idea of a Patriot King' wrote in "slipshod" English. The study of Defoe's writings, on the other hand, is an excellent piece of criticism. In speaking of the romances, "written always in the style of a publicist," Mr. Gosse remarks that although Defoe has been always considered as a realist of great power his realism is seldom antiquarian. His heroes and heroines, to whatever epoch they belong, are always purely eighteenth century personages, and we may add that, even when he is writing about his own times, he is too careless to

make his descriptions accurate. This has been recently proved by Col. Parnell's 'War of the Succession in Spain' in the appendix on Capt. Carleton's 'Memoirs.' The genuineness of these 'Memoirs' has been long a matter of controversy, but Col. Parnell's researches have made it almost impossible to accept the 'Memoirs' as authentic history. In the War Office lists of the regiments in which Capt. Carleton is supposed to have served his name does not appear, and these regiments, moreover, were not present at action in which they are stated to have been engaged. A very little trouble on Defoe's part, if, as we believe, he was the author of the book, would have enabled him to make the details exact.

With the remarks on Steele and Addison we are generally in accord, and we agree that neither of these writers can be placed "at the summit of the literary life of their day." It may, too, be correct that the *Tatler* and *Spectator* still "hold an extraordinary place in the affections of Englishmen," but the admiration of these famous essays in the present day appears to be rather academic. Addison was not, as here stated, the inventor of Sir Roger de Coverley. The first sketch of this character was by Steele though the finished portrait owes much to Addison.

There are two more chapters given to the writers of prose, 'Johnson and the Philosophers' and the 'Prose of the Decadence.' The memoir of Johnson is almost as good as that of Swift, though a wrong impression is conveyed of Johnson's zest for "political pamphleteering." "Having once plunged into the giddy waters of political pamphleteering," we are told, "the old Tory veteran could not induce himself to withdraw." Johnson never willingly took up his pen, and was always glad to lay it aside. The

composition of his political tracts was particularly distasteful to him, and his motive for writing them is very well known. Mr. Gosse is not justified in stating that the "indignant Thales" of Johnson's 'London' is "usually recognized as Savage." It must always be a doubtful question, but the person alluded to is probably Steele. To the "Prose Writers of the Decadence," as they are here called, we can only briefly allude. Mr. Gosse's short notice of Goldsmith is delightful, and he does well to point out that Goethe was one of the first critics to give the 'Vicar of Wakefield' its "full and unstinted measure of praise." This admiration was perfectly genuine, and has made the book known to many foreign readers who would otherwise perhaps never have heard of it. But Goethe's delight in the 'Vicar,' a delight which he retained to the end of his life, was in the first instance caused by the associations of his early days, which the story vividly recalled. Mr. Gosse has a good deal that is interesting to say about the novelists. He considers that the foundation of modern fiction was the most permanent work of the eighteenth century writers. He alludes—but too slightly, we think—to the part which some critics assign to Steele and Addison as the real founders of the modern novel.

We must now glance at the pages which discuss the writers of poetry in the prosaic period between 1700 and 1780. Among these, we are told, Pope was "the greatest artist in verse, and perhaps the greatest poet." But in the consideration of Pope's works Mr. Gosse is not so successful as in other parts of the volume where much less illustrious names are discussed, and we think that he sometimes betrays a want of familiarity with the subject. We certainly shall not quarrel with his admiration of the

'Rape of the Lock. "Poetic wit," he says, "was never brighter, verse never more brilliantly polished, the limited field of burlesque never more brilliantly filled than by this little masterpiece in Dresden china." All this is quite true, but Mr. Gosse is needlessly distressed at Mr. Leslie Stephen calling the poem "wearisome" and "effete," and even venturing to reprove Pope's want of delicacy. But that critic, as we understand him, praises the piece almost as highly as Mr. Gosse himself. It is not the poem, but the heroic style, which Mr. Leslie Stephen calls "effete"; and some of Pope's allusions in the 'Rape of the Lock' certainly deserve reproof. The motto, which, we are told, is "a happy reminiscence of Martial," was an impertinence and an absurdity. It implied that the poem was written at Miss Fermor's request, but its acknowledged object was to appease her anger, and it is ridiculous to pretend that the lady herself should request a poem to be written for that purpose.

In the strictures on the 'New Dunciad' Mr. Gosse appears to have been inspired by the very critic with whom just before he was so indignant, and the poem is unjustly depreciated. The verse is forcible and melodious, and whatever blunders Pope may have made in referring to scholarship and science, no one was better informed about events of the social world, and the attacks on the follies of that day are models of bright and effective satire. We cannot agree, moreover, with Mr. Gosse that Theobald, the original hero of the poem, deserves to be called a dunce. His edition of Shakspeare was by far the best of Pope's time; indeed he was one of the ablest of Shakspearean editors, and his palmarian emendation of the passage 'Henry V.' describing the death of Falstaff should make his name dear

to all lovers of poetry. A little further on in the chapter we are told, as an undoubted fact, of the £1,000 paid to Pope by the Duchess of Marlborough to suppress the character of Atossa. The story is an old one, but Mr. Gosse can hardly be aware that a copy of the edition of the 'Ethic Epistles,' printed during Pope's lifetime and ready for issue, was not many years ago discovered, and described in these columns. This volume contains the lines on Atossa, and in face of this evidence it is hardly possible to credit the old scandal. We hear, too, that Mr. Courthope's forthcoming 'Life of Hope' proves by evidence from the Blenheim MSS. that the accusation is groundless. Before concluding this notice we must refer to one more passage in the remarks on Pope. After the publication of the dialogues now known as the 'Epilogue to the Satires,' Pope wrote, we are told, "one more satire," '1740,' but wisely did not publish it." He certainly did wisely in not publishing it, as it was never finished, and, indeed, scarcely begun. It is a mere fragment of a design for a satire. Pope never wrote a line not intended for publication, and when he received a hint that the work on which he was engaged might get him into trouble, he at once put it aside, though he utilized one or two couplets for the 'New Dunciad.'

To appreciate the book it is not necessary to accept all the author's theories, which, though sometimes fanciful, are always clever, and are supported by so many delightful illustrations from his extensive reading that at first sight his reasoning appears nearly irresistible, and his enthusiasm is infectious. In fact, 'Eighteenth Century Literature' is far from being exclusively adapted to students. The criticisms are never tedious or dry, and the short biog-

raphies contain interesting personal details of writers some of whom are little known. We shall be surprised if the work is not as popular with the general public as with those who may claim a special knowledge of its subject.—*Athenæum*.

PRESERVATION AND RESTORATION OF ANCIENT BOOKBINDINGS.

Being a great advocate for the conversation of all that originally belonged to a book, I view with great suspicion rebinding; for if a volume can in any way be preserved in its original state with safety, it is most desirable, though there are cases in which it may be hardly possible to patch, or even to protect. Such being the case, it is a matter for consideration whether the binding should be a replica of the old (sometimes an impossibility, the tools being wanting) or a work of our period. For old books, and particularly black-letter books, there seems something inharmonious in morocco and gay gilding—for instance, to see a Caxton in a *gros grain* morocco with a *dentelle* border seems inharmonious—vellum, calf, or pigskin being the most appropriate.

Having some few years since rescued a copy of 'Britton's Laws,' a book imprinted by Redmond in 1530, from a fireplace, in which it had been thrown as unworthy of being catalogued for sale, I found the book in its original binding, which was of sheepskin or calf, but so ragged that I deemed rebinding necessary, though the book itself was perfect and the sewing intact. For the benefit of others who love old tomes I will recount what I did with it, taking care to preserve all possible. Having taken the book to pieces myself with

scrupulous care, I placed the same in the hands of Mr. Zaehnsdorf, the book-binder, who kindly carried out all my instructions, as I find by a note I have appended in the volume, which is as follows:—

"May 1, 1885.—In rebinding this volume the old style of the original work has been followed, a sample of the former cover being inlaid within the end board. The book was sewn (as now) upon four leathern bands, and bound in brown calf-skin, with flaxen bands to tie or to pass over a little ball and thus to clasp it."

The enclosed four printed leaves (part of a Latin psalter) having been used as "end papers," sewn upon vellum slips, and covered with MSS. of an earlier date, all of which are carefully preserved and bound up herewith, the utilization of the printed pages of another book as end papers for a durable binding indicating an economy hardly to have been expected. The ancient pasteboard covers were much worm-eaten, but the book itself, happily, is but little injured.

The book is black letter, and having noted that it was unpagged—as was at that date usual—I carefully collated it by the signatures of the sheets, and made a drawing of the water-mark in the paper (a hand and flower). The book has been cut; but, curiously, on signature PP 3 it will be found that a leaf has been turned down, as it has remained for 306 years, and this when laid out shows the exact size of the original paper on which the book is printed, with its virgin "deckle" intact, the water-mark indicating it to be an octavo. The book had been decorated with a renaissance "blind roll," and was lettered in ink upon the fore edge leaves, as books were titled prior to the use of gold upon the leather backs. Thus on the shelves of an ancient library the leather bindings stood with their fore-edges to the front and the vellum bindings with their backs out, all the titles being done in ink. The tome

being of value, I enclose it in a slip-case, simply lettered "Britton, 1530."
LUKE LIMNER, F.S.A.

FOUR ODES OF HORACE.

HORACE I., 4.

'Tis spring! the boats bound to the sea;
The breezes, loitering kindly over
The fields, again bring herds and men
The grateful cheer of honeyed clover.

Now Venus hither leads her train,
The Nymphs and Graces join in orgies,
The moon is bright and by her light
Old Vulcan kindles up his forges.

Bind myrtle now about your brow,
And weave fair flowers in maiden tresses—
Appease God Pan, who, kind to man,
Our fleeting life with affluence blesses.

But let the changing seasons mind us
That Death's the certain doom of mortals—
Grim Death who waits at humble gates
And likewise stalks through kingly portals.

Soon, Sestius, shall Plutonian shades
Enfold you with their hideous seemings—
Then love and mirth and joys of earth
Shall fade away like fevered dreamings.

HORACE I., 5.

What perfumed, posie-dizened sirrah,
With smiles for diet,
Clasps you, O fair but faithless Pyrrha,
On the quiet?
For whom do you bind up your tresses,
As spun-gold yellow—
Meshes that go with your caresses,
To snare a fellow?

How will he rail at fate capricious,
And curse you duly;
Yet now he deems your wiles delicious—
You perfect, truly!
Pyrrha, your love's a treacherous ocean—
He'll soon fall in there!
Then shall I gloat on his commotion,
For I have been there!

HORACE I., 20.

Than you, O valued friend of mine!
A better patron non est—
Come, quaff my home-made Sabine wine—
You'll find it poor but honest.

I put it up that famous day
You patronized the ballet
And the public cheered you such a way
As shook your native valley.

Cæcuban and the Cælean brand
May elsewhere claim attention,
But I have none of these on hand—
For reasons I'll not mention.

Envoy.

So come! though favors I bestow
Cannot be called extensive,
Who better than my friend should know
That they're, at least, expensive!

HORACE IV., 11.

Come, Phyllis, I've a cask of wine
That fairly reeks with precious juices,
And in your tresses you shall twine
The loveliest flowers this vale produces.

My cottage wears a gracious smile—
The altar, decked in floral glory,
Yearns for the lamb which bleats the while
As though it pined for honors gory.

Hither our neighbors nimbly fare—
The boys agog, the maidens snickering,
And savory smells possess the air
As skyward kitchen flames are flickering.

You ask what means this grand display,
This festive throng and goodly diet?
Well—since you're bound to have your way—
I don't mind telling on the quiet.

'Tis April 13, as you know
A day and month devote to Venus,
Whereon was born, some years ago,
My very worthy friend, Mæcenas.

Nay, pay no heed to Telephus—
Your friends agree he doesn't love you;
The way he flirts convinces us
He really is not worthy of you!

Aurora's son, unhappy lad!
You know the fate that overtook him?
And Pegasus a rider had—
I say he *had* before he shook him!

Hæc docet (as you must agree):
'Tis meet that Phyllis should discover
A wisdom in preferring me
And miffening every other lover.

So come, O Phyllis, last and best
Of loves with which this heart's been smitten;
Come, sing my jealous fears to rest—
And let your songs be those I've written.

EUGENE FIELD

—Chicago Daily News.

PATRICK CAREY'S POEMS, 1651.

During a course of desultory reading in search of early examples of the use of the old French forms in English poetry, Mr. Austin Dobson kindly drew my attention to a comparatively rare volume, a copy of which, afterwards came into my possession. Its full title is 'Trivial Poems and Triolets. Written in obedience to Mrs. Tompkins commands by Patrick Carey, 20th Aug., 1651. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street, 1820.' An engraved vignette of a helm and a shield is on its title-page described thus in the editor's preface. "There is no crest in the helmet or proper distinction of color in the shield, which bears what heralds call a cross anchoree, or a cross moline with the motto, *Tant que je puis*, beneath the motto is a rose." The only manuscript copy of the poems known to exist was presented by Mr. John Murray to Sir (then Mr.) Walter Scott. This was "a small duodecimo, written in a very neat hand (the author's autograph) was perfect, and in tolerable good order, though scribbled on the blank leaves, and stripped of its silver clasps and ornaments." Sir Walter Scott caused it to be printed for the first time, and prepared it with an appreciative note, dated Abbotsford, Ap. 1, 1819. . . . The book is a thin 4to of 67 pages, including the notes.

In the *Athenæum* of May 7, 1887 the Rev. C. F. S. Warren, M.A., contributed a long and peculiarly interesting sketch of its author; tracing his descent from Henry the first Viscount Falkland, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The "somewhat unhappy life and premature death—for he could have been barely thirty—of the Hon. Patrick Carey" is well told therein.

The Poems are dated Warneford, i. e. Warneford Park a house near

Southampton, Hampshire, where Patrick Carey's brother Lord Falkland then lived. Who the Mrs. Tompkins was is not quite certain. Nor if the MSS. were hitherto unpublished as Sir Walter Scott conjectures, is it easy to understand why Mr. Warren supposes Carey, "perhaps procured some slight profit from its composition." But this is no place to dilate upon the man, it will suffice for the present purpose to note that Carey was associated with Richard Crashaw as one of the translators of the *Dies Iræ*, that he appears to have been a Roman Catholic, and contemplated a monastic life at Douay—is said to have returned to the Church of England, but as the details of his life—of his marriage and his death, are easily available to those who wish to hunt them up, as, in the article referred to, Mr. Warren has supplied full particulars, with references to many authorities and contemporaneous notices.

The volume in question, is opened by

AN OCTAUE.

Madame,

I blush, but must obey. You'll have itt see;
And one such word of yours, stopps all excuse:
Yett (pray) be sure that you lett others know
How you, not pride, did mee to this induce;
Else when to any these harsh rimes you show
They'll suffer many a flout; I, much abuse:
Since 'tis acknowledg'd that they here have
place,
Not for their worth, but merely through your
grace

PATR. CAREY

The first section is entitled 'Ballades' but bent on tracing the earlier use of the form we now distinguish by this name, disappointment shows quickly, they are ballads only. The first being written to the tune, 'Once I lou'd a Mayden Fayre' and may be quoted entirely as a fair example of its author's manner

1 Fayre-one! if thus kind you be,
Yett intend a slaughter,
Fayth you'll loose your paynes with mee
Else where seeke hereafter

Though your lookes bee sharp, and quicke
 Thinke not (pray) to drill me;
 Loue perchance, may make mee sicke,
 But will never kill mee

2 Were my mistress nere soe browne
 Yett, if kind, I'de prize her
 Who's most fayre, if she but frowne
 I shall soone dispize her;
 I love kindnesse, and not face;
 Who scornes mee I hate her;
 Courtesy gives much more grace
 In my mind, than feature.

3 Red and white adorn the cheekes
 Lesse by farre, then smiling;
 That's the beauty I most seeke,
 Has charme's most beguiling
 Fayre-one now you know my mind
 See if th' humour take you;
 I shall love you whilst y'are kind
 When y'are not, forsake you.

The second is to the tune of "I'll doe by mee as ne're was donne"—the third—"I would give Twenty Pound"—the fourth "To ye Tune of Bobbing Joane"—the fifth to the tune of 'Troy Town,' the next "But I fancy Louely Nancy" and the succeeding are to the tune of 'The Healths.' In all there are twenty-three of these ballades.

The second section is inscribed with the text. "I will sing unto the Lord" (Ps. xiii. v. 6), and opens with the three triolets that justify the second half of its title. They are indeed triolets but of no surpassing merit, yet are (so far as I know) the earliest examples of this little French verse, in English composition. The fourth (they numbered 1, 3, 4) runs

Yes (my deare Lord!) I've found itt soe;
 Noe joyes but thine are purely sweet,
 Other delights come mixt with woe,
 Yes (my deare Lord!) I've found it soe
 Pleasure att courts is but in show
 With true content in cells wee meete;
 Yes (my deare Lord!) I've found it soe
 Noe joyes but thine are purely sweet.

It is curious to note how truly Carey has caught the form, for they not only follow the literal word order of the triolet, but catch somewhat of its inner meaning, that eludes so many who torture unfit ideas to its arbitrary shape.

There is one entirely delightful poem entitled 'Nulla Fides,' which has the naive frankness and simple humor we prize and admire in Herrick, George Herbert, Crashaw, and many another of the choir whose melodies yet witch us with undying charm. The imagery is so terse and bold, the mixture of literal fact and exaggerated fancy so childish and yet so powerful, that once read, this quaint little poem, sticks in the memory with half respect, half amusement, as its sententious periods recur to one.

- 1 For God's sake marcke that fly:
 See what a poore, weake, little thing itt is.
 When thou has marck'd, and scorn'd itt; know
 that this
 This little, poore, weake fly
 Has kill'd a pope; can make an emp'rour dye.
- 2 Behold yon sparcke of fire:
 How little hott! how near to nothing 'tis!
 When thou hast donne despising, know that
 this,
 This contemned sparcke of fire,
 Has burnt whole townes; can burne a world
 entire.
- 3 That crawling worme there see
 Ponder how ugly, filthy, uild itt is.
 When thou hast seen and loath'd itt, know that
 this
 This base worme thou dost see
 Has quite deuor'd thy parents; shall eate thee.
- 4 Honour, the world, and man,
 What trifles are they! Since most true itt is.
 That this poor fly, this little sparcke, this
 See much abhorr'd worm, can
 Honour destroy; burne worlds; deuoure up man.

The next poem has such direct frankness of diction, that its unconscious humor is well worth reprinting.

- 1 What use has hee made of his soule
 Who (still on ulces bent)
 N'ere stroue his passions to controule;
 But hun'ring them, his life has spent?
 Pray tell me, if I can
 Call such a very thing as that is, man?
 For since that iust as sense has bidde
 Itt doe, or leaue; itt wrought, or ceast;
 And would not heare when reason chidde,
 Or her commands regard the least;
 Itt might have ltu'd e'ene as itt did,
 And yett have beene a beast.
- 2 Had itt a lyon been; just soe
 It would roare out, and fume:
 Were itt a peacocks; itt would goe
 Iust thus admiring itt's own plume:

Or if it were a goate;
 Thus, onely on base pleasures itt would dote,
 More then this thing, the rauenous hogge
 Searches not, were his gutts to fill
 Nor att a stranger's hound, the dogge
 O' th' house more snarle or enuy will;
 Then this odd thing (though apt to cogge)
 Repine att others still.

- 3 The crow that hoardes up all she findes
 The ant, that still takes paynes;
 Doe nothing more, than hee who minds
 But how to fill his baggs with gaynes.
 The snayle and sluggedd bee
 Within alike, though in shape they disagree
 Call not this thing then man; euen as
 Thou wouldst not inliure by the same
 Man, who like God created was:
 God who for man's sake, man became
 But, since soe much o' th' beast itt has
 Call itt by its owne name.

Accepti in uano animam suam. Ps. xxiii. uers 4.

Carey's version of the 'Dies Iræ' is too long to quote and opens up a literature of its own, that would be out of all proportion to this little chatter, not with woeful short comings, of inversions and rhymes, that find worthy parallel but in the lumbering flights of the homely bestridden Pegasus whereon T. Sternhold, W. Wittingham, or J. Hopkins essayed Parnassus' steeps. Several of its verses have more than scant merit, for in spite of many stumbles, the dignity of that supreme hymn is not entirely lost—and although 'Dies Iræ, dies illa,' is but feebly paraphrased in such a terrible perversion as "A day full of *horror must*" yet to avert the hasty condemnation so clumsy a line involves, not a few might be pleaded, that have caught the spirit that inspires that marvellous cry for mercy.

Certain pictures in words headed Christ in the Cradle, in the Garden, and in his Passion, have phrases that recall Marlowe and the sixteenth century poets, rather than Carey's own contemporaries. In the first of these

Looke, how he shakes for cold
 How pale his lippes are growne:
 His pretty feet and hands
 Have lost their candour quite

Hee's frozen eury-where
 All th' beate he has
 Joseph, alassee
 Giues in a groane or Mary in a teare.

show the conceits and choice of words to express them, in a manner earlier than the date of the poem would at first suggest.

When all our nicely balanced criticism has demolished such poems as these, there is an awkward feeling that the essence of poetry remains. Of course the quaint diction and unusual spelling has a certain decorative charm, that pleases us by its mere unlikeness to current poetry. Yet, beyond all these accidents, even in the rhymes of this almost unknown singer there seems a trace of the singer singing because he must—not because Mrs. Tompkins commands, although his performance be in obedience to her behest. Nowadays too often Mrs. Tompkins—whether the unknown represents fame—fortune—or mere notoriety—appears to have forced an altogether voiceless minstrel to try hard to mimic the song of some true singer, and turning from these unluckily not idle singers of an empty day, there is a singular restful pleasure in conning over the old-world rhymes. The tempting little volume must be reluctantly closed, for page after page shows much that is worth perusal. Probably very few would buy the book, were it reprinted, for it is but an aftergrowth of a rich harvest, and set by side of the more famous parterres where bloom the rarest flowers of that wonderful period, it might seem an unkempt seedling; yet it has a fragrance and color not unworthy of plucking a few stray blooms therefrom and placing them as folls around the more expensively laid out garden of to-day, wherein much of the artificial beauty is but clever landscape gardening, and where not a few of its rare orchids, delicately

nurtured exotics, and highly trained florists' flowers, miss the grace and perfume of this home-grown little posy.

GLEESON WHITE.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF GRAY.

Two points connected with the bibliography of the poet Gray may perhaps be worth recording.

1. The dispersion of the Mackenzie collection has given book-lovers an unusual opportunity of collating the first, second, and third of the original (1751) editions of the 'Elegy.' I am in consequence able to note what has never, I think, been hitherto observed, that it was in the last of these, "the third edition, corrected," that the Redbreast stanza was first inserted. The type of the second edition has, evidently, been left standing, and, in reprinting, the close of the poem has been crushed together to receive, in the third edition, after the words "yon aged thorn":

"There scatter'd oft, the earliest of the Year,
By Hands unseen, are show'rs of Violets found;
The Redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little Footsteps lightly print the Ground."

2. It has hitherto been believed that 'Jemmy Twitcher' was posthumously published for the first time in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1782. It was obvious that it must have been circulated, when it was written, in the summer of 1764, on the occasion that John, Earl of Sandwich, was a candidate for the office of Seneschal of the University of Cambridge; but it has been supposed that it was handed about in MS. There exists, however, uncatalogued, among the Webb Papers in the Cambridge University Library, a printed copy of it, which is certainly contemporaneous with the contest. It is a quarto leaflet headed:

"THE CANDIDATE.
By Mr. Gray";

and contains a final couplet, not given in the form hitherto known—a couplet which I must be excused for not printing here. If Gray, as now seems certain, circulated this pleasing leaflet on the eve of the election, no wonder Lord Sandwich told Cradock afterwards that he had his "private reasons for knowing [Mr. Gray's] absolute inveteracy." I am indebted for this valuable discovery to my friend, Mr. Charles Whibley, lately of Jesus College, who was searching the Webb Papers for the materials of a volume to which many of us are eagerly looking forward. EDMUND GOSSE.

SONG FOR BIBLIO-MANIACS.

Books we gather, books we gather,
As a miser gathers gold;
Ever adding, ever adding
To their number, though untold:
Gloating o'er them, gloating o'er them,
With cold, cruel, eager eyes:
Not the wisdom, not the wisdom
Seeking that within them lies.

Rarely reading, rarely reading,
Shelve we them against our walls,
In their contents, in their contents
Finding naught but what appals
All our senses, all our senses,
And discovering greatest worth
But in bindings, but in bindings,
In condition or in dearth.

Uncut edges, uncut edges,
Happiness on us bestow;
L. P. Copies, L. P. Copies,
Fill our shelves to overflow:
O the pleasure, O the pleasure,
That is ours but to possess!
O the anguish, O the anguish,
If by chance our stock gets less!

Then the fancy, then the fancy,
That when Nature's debt we've paid,
And book-bargains, and book-bargains
Aye beyond our grasp are laid,
That the furor, that the furor,
At the sale of our vast hoard,
Will out-rival, will out-rival
Aught that Dibdin doth record!

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

'THE LIBERAL': LEIGH HUNT.

The first number of this short lived periodical was issued in the year 1822. It had for its principal contributors Lord Byron, Leigh Hunt, and Shelley. The first volume opens with a lengthy preface describing the object of the *Liberal*, and is followed by a poem in 106 eight-line stanzas, called 'The Vision of Judgment,' by Quevedo Redivivus, *alias* Lord Byron. The next is a letter addressed to the "Editor of my *Grandmother's Review*," also by Lord Byron. 'The Florentine Lovers' follows, by Leigh Hunt; 'Rhyme and Reason'; then comes a short essay entitled 'German Apologue'; 'A May-Day Dream,' supposed to be a translation by Shelley of the May-day night scene in the tragedy of 'Faust.' 'Ariosto's Episode of Cloridan, Medoro, and Angelica,' comes next by Leigh Hunt. Lord Byron follows with a drama entitled 'Heaven and Earth: a Mystery.' The remaining articles in vol. i. that are of any importance are as follows:— 'The Spirit of Monarchy'; 'The Dogs,' a poem addressed to the abusers of this journal, of which it appeared to have many; and 'A Tale of the Passions.' Vol. ii. opens with a literary eclogue, 'The Blues,' and is followed by 'My First Acquaintance with the Poets'; 'Shakspeare's Fools'; 'The Book of Beginnings'; and 'Apuleius,' which is considered by one reviewer the best article that had appeared in the journal, and describes it as a clever article, shining where it is like a diamond among dirt. 'Pulpit Oratory'; 'Chalmers and Irving'; and 'Chaucer's Squire's Tale Modernized,' canto i., are the remaining articles of importance. There is also at the end of the volume a number of short poems. The last-named articles are supposed to be by the editors, Lord Byron and Mr. Leigh Hunt.

The press greatly condemned this

periodical, as will be seen from the following extract from the *Literary Gazette*, this being a portion of the review of the *Liberal*:—

"We have now fully exhibited and discussed the periodical, and find, on casting up the account, that Lord Byron has contributed Implety, vulgarity, inhumanity, and Heartlessness, Mr. Shelley a Burlesque upon Goethe, and Mr. Leigh Hunt conceit, trumpery, ignorance, and wretched verses. The union of wickedness, folly, and imbecillity is perfect, and as they congratulated the Devil, so do we congratulate the authors of the *Liberal*."

GEORGE BETHELL, Jun.

Reference Library, Manchester.

Having a copy of this work, with the original covers bound in, it may be well to transcribe the title, which is:—

"The Liberal. Verses and Prose from the South. To be continued occasionally. No 1. London, 1823: Printed by and for John Hunt, 22, Old Bond Street. Price Five Shillings."

There were four numbers, making two volumes, 8vo. On the end cover of No. 3 is, "The Fourth Number of the *Liberal* will appear on the 1st of July [1823]." On the cover of No. 4 the imprint is, "London, 1823: Printed for John Hunt, 39, Tavistock Street, and 22, Old Bond Street." The second, third, and fourth numbers have at bottom, within the ornamental border, "Reynell, Printer, Broad St., Golden Square." A table of contents is given at the end of the first volume, and Nos. 1, 3, and 4 have each a table of contents. but the names of the contributors are not specified. Shelley sent three pieces—'May-Day Night: a Poetical Translation from Goëthe's "Faust,"' vol. i. pp. 121-137; 'Song written for an Indian Air,' vol. i. p. 397; 'Lines to a Critic,' vol. ii. p. 187. Lord Byron sent 'The Vision of Judgment,' the first article in No. 1. and 'Heaven and Earth: a Mystery,' which occupied a similar place in No. 2; also 'The Blues: a Literary Eclogue,' in No. 3. Of this Byron writes to Murray (letter 455), "'The Blues' is a mere buffoonery, never meant for

publication"; on which Moore notes "that it is altogether unworthy of his pen, but appeared afterwards in the *Liberal*." Lastly, he sent the "Translation of the First Canto of Pulci's 'Morgante Maggiore,' in No. 4, of which Byron himself had a very high opinion, but of which Moore notes ('Life,' v. 119) "that it appeared in the *Liberal*, and though thus rescued from the fate of being unpublished, must for ever, I fear, submit to the doom of being unread." In No. 3 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' pp. 23-46, is signed "W. H." (William Hazlitt). I do not know the authors of the remaining pieces, but presume that most of them are by Leigh Hunt himself. There are two with fictitious names—"Carluccio" and "Carlone."

W. E. BUCKLEY

GOSSIP ABOUT POE.

"What do you think of Homer?" said a lady to Sainte-Beuve at dinner. The critic, who probably did not wish to talk "shop," replied, with more rudeness than wit, "That depends, Madame; is it for a marriage?" Any one who is asked in future what he thinks of Edgar Allan Poe may safely reply that, as far as marriage goes, he cannot approve of the minstrel. Poe, like Burns and Byron, had a Mary, and somebody who knew Mary in her old age has published her artless reminiscences. The task of interrogating elderly loves of poets dead and gone has become grateful to some biographers. Mr. Henry James has written a brief novel on the topic, 'The Aspern Papers' in which the old love has much the better of the new inquirer. But Poe's Mary was less reticent than Mr. James's heroine. She told Mr. Augustus Van Cleef all, or at least a great deal, about her

own romance, and her tale seems unluckily true. Thus it cannot fail to be interesting, though it is sad and sordid enough, and laughable at the same time. Perhaps the unornamented narrative of old fashioned manners among certain classes in Baltimore would have been worth reading, even if a poet had not been concerned. The moral is also very passable, if any maidens need the moral—namely "Do not flirt out of windows with young poets to whom you have not been introduced." Mary was but seventeen when she was guilty of this indiscretion, but Poe had already, published 'Tamerlane' (almost the rarest book in the world), and also, we think, 'Al Araaf.' He had left West Point, had quarrelled with his adopted father, and was living with his aunt, Mrs. Clemm, who was poor, and supported herself by her needle. Mary dwelt in a neighboring house, and knew Poe very well by sight. "We had flirted with each other from the garret windows. We used to wave handkerchiefs and blow kisses to each other." Mary had also sent Mr. Poe a lock of her hair, by the hands of Virginia, his cousin, who was then an intelligent child of ten, and who afterwards became his wife. The idea of sending locks of hair to a man whose name you do not know is truly romantic and adventurous.

The poet was introduced to Mary by another girl, and instantly, with all the frankness of this flirtation on first principles, assured her that she "had the most beautiful head of hair he ever saw, the hair that poets always raved about." From that happy hour he sat nightly on the moonlit stoop of the house occupied by Mary's dear parents; and, like the hero who "had been known to be steady for weeks," he abstained from the winecup. "Affectionate? I should think he was! He was passionate

in his love." These must have been halcyon hours. Even on a moonlit stoop the course of true love does not always run smooth, especially when the lover has no visible means of maintenance except a poetic temperament. It is unnecessary to say why or how the pair were estranged, but Mary reports that one glass of wine was enough to alter Poe's character. This was the theory of his admiring French biographer, and it is the best, indeed the only, excuse for Poe's unfortunate career. One amiable trait Mary does report of him. In all those moonlight occasions he never talked of his own poetry. "He would have considered it conceited." Poets have an ill repute for being much more interested in their verses than in the ladies who inspire them. Poe, above others, leaves this impression of never having loved in what Mr. Mallock's heroine calls a "human sort of way." His lines are always about lost Lendres, who dwell in a distant Aidenn, and whose kinsmen, the Angels come for them. Mary's relations were not Angels, but in business, and the business was one which Poe despised and disliked. Indeed, after the quarrel with Mary, he went to the store kept by Mary's uncle, and assaulted that citizen with a cowhide. The other Angels, Mary's aunt and cousins, took the side of their husband and father, and attacked Poe, tearing his frock coat, we regret to say, and generally making a scene far from romantic. Such was the unhappy prose conclusion of an affair which began with so much fresh unconventional charm.

Mary reports that Poe was an atheist; it is probable that at seventeen she made no delicate distinctions, while his own opinions can hardly have been mature. His poetry was not easy writing, and even in the extreme poverty of his unlucky life he was a most conscientious artist. In

those days when American literature was so pitifully rewarded he would deliberately throw into the waste paper basket the compositions which he had finished but could not approve of. The people about him would pick them up without his knowledge and sell them to editors. Perhaps many of the things which seem least worthy of him in his miscellanies were thus rejected by himself. Thus, out of the ingenuous record of this dismal business, we do gain some real knowledge of a luckless man ruined by temperament and circumstance. Whatever his faults, Poe seems at least more human in his foolish affections than some of his biographers assert. He did not weary people with talk about his own works, the last infirmity of many a genius. Not even actual starvation made him satisfied with unworthy and uninspired performances of his own. The impulse which made him pick up a lady and carry her over a flooded street she could not cross was, at least a "human sort of" impulse, boyish, and but what might have been looked for in him. But distinctly the best thing told of his literary character is his conscientiousness. It was the better aspect of his pride, and the more valuable for its rarity. Throughout a life of wretched shifts and expedients he detested slovenly work. He remained an artist, and this unhappy man, whose memory is so little loved by his countrymen, was yet in one respect an example to every one who writes, an example and a rebuke. It is only in this regard that the life of Poe is important. Other young men have been silly, vulgar, dissipated, and the world has heard nothing of them. Few others have been so true to such genius as they chanced to possess, or have so frankly disdained to trade on a name or to live on work beneath their own conception of

what it should be. The more all arts become trades, the more every artist's price is a matter of market quotations, the more must the pride and honesty of Poe be deemed worthy of honor.

THE ZODIAC.

In an old book of mine entitled 'The Marrow of Physick,' dedicated "to the Honourable and Singularly Virtuous Mrs. Margaret Evre," by Thomas Brugis, and published by Richard Hearne, London, 1640, there appears the following curious description of the signs of the zodiac:—

"And first raignes Aries in the month of March, for in that signe (say they) God made the world, and to this signe the old Jewish Philosophers gave the name Aries: that is to say, a Ram; forasmuch as Abraham made his offering to God of a Ram for his sonne Isaac; and whosoever is borne in this signe shall be timorous or *dreadfull*; but he shall have grace and good inclination.

"The second Signe Taurus raigneth in April, it hath the name of Bull: forasmuch as Jacob wrestled and strove with the angel: whosoever is borne in this signe shal have good successe in all manner of beasts and cattle of the field.

"The third Gemini raigneth in May; it hath the name of twinnes, forasmuch as Adam and Eve were formed and made of one kind: Whosoever is borne in this signe poore and feeble shall he be and shall live in griefe because Adam and Eve bewailed their fall.

"The fourth Cancer raigneth in June, and hath the name of Crab, or. Canker, forasmuch as Job was full of leprosie and kankrous sores, which is a worme that through the permission of God eateth away the flesh. Whosoever is borne in this signe he shall be feeble of body, but shall obtain grace, if he seek it of God.

"The fifth signe Leo raigneth in July, and hath the name of a Lyon; forasmuch as Daniel the Prophet was put into a Lyon's den: Whosoever is borne in this signe shall be a bold and stout man, and a hardy.

"The sixt signe Virgo raignes in August, and hath the name of a Virgin, forasmuch as our Lady that blessed Virgin before birth, in birth, and after birth, was a pure Virgin: Whosoever is borne under this signe shall be wise and learned, and shall suffer blame for a just cause.

"The seventh signe Libra raigneth in September, and hath the name of the ballance that hang in equal poise, forasmuch as Judas Iscariot tooke counsell with the Jewes for the betraying of our Saviour. Whosoever is borne in this signe he shall be a wicked man and a traytor: an evill death

shall he dye if the course of Nature prevaile, but if he seeke after grace and mercy he may escape it.

"The eight signe Scorpio raigneth in October and hath the name of a Scorpion, forasmuch as the children of Israel passed through the Red Sea: Whosoever is borne in this signe shall have many angers, tribulations, and vexations.

"The ninth signe Sagittarius raigneth in November, and hath the name of the Archer, forasmuch as David fought with Goliath. Whosoever is borne under this signe shall be hardy and Lecherous.

"The tenth signe Capricornus raigneth in December, and hath the name of the Goat, forasmuch as the Jews lost the blessing of our Lord Jesus Christ: Whosoever is borne under this signe shall be rich and loving.

"The eleventh signe Aquarius raigneth in January and hath the name of the water-man; forasmuch as Saint John Baptist baptised our Saviour in the flood of Jordan to beginne to institute the new law of Baptisme and end the old law of Circumcision: Whosoever is borne in this signe shall be negligent, and lose his goods, and shall be careless in his course of life.

"The twelveth signe Pisces raigneth in February and hath the name of fishes; forasmuch as Jonas the Prophet was cast into the sea; and three daies and three nights lay in the belly of a whale: Whosoever is borne in that signe shall be gracious and happy, if he make use of time."

C. A. WHITE

THE USE OF CRITICISM.

Is criticism, in literature, of any value at all? With one honorable exception in favor of his own private verdicts, Mr. Walsh in *Lippincott's Magazine*, thinks that criticism is a failure. "An accurate history of criticism would be a delightful burlesque on the fallibility of human judgment," says "knowing Walsh," if we may borrow the phrase from Pope. The topic is always new, and doubtless may be argued either way, but criticism has more to say for her children than Mr. Walsh supposes. The historian of the art, he thinks, should recognize that "our Shaksperes, and Goethes, and Dantes, and Virgils may be the puerile intelligences that their contemporaries mostly believed them to be." This kind of assertion brings the question to a point. About contemporary opinion of Dante's genius it is not easy to learn much,

for his contemporaries were probably more interested in Dante the politician, than in Dante the poet. But it is absolutely certain that Goethe, Shakspeare, and Virgil were not believed to be puerile geniuses by their contemporaries. Bavius and Mævius may have been envious of Virgil, but the learned and lettered society of the age, and Augustus and his court, and all the famous poets of the day, loved and admired the Mantuan as later ages have admired and loved him. As for Shakspeare, it is plain from Ben Jonson's words that many already adored him even on the other side of idolatry. The position of Goethe among contemporaries was that of a prince of poetry and wisdom, though of course he had his opponents. In short, contemporaries on the whole and taking the mass and weight of opinion, have scarcely ever been wrong about the writers of their time. Every now and then there has been a momentary craze for the work of a Montgomery or a Chapelain, but these unlucky people have lived to see the craze die out in universal contempt. Every now and then, from disturbing political and social causes, a poem like 'Paradise Lost' has had to wait for general recognition. But these cases are extremely few. Can any one remember a book which failed in the author's lifetime, and which tardy posterity welcomed? Occasionally a work finds an enthusiastic audience among a very few readers of peculiar taste, a few in the crowd of posterity. Some one reprints the dead work, and heralds it with a preface, as Kingsley did for the 'Fool of Quality,' as has been done for Wells's 'Joseph and His Brethren,' but the experiment is commonly a failure. Posterity rejects what contemporaries would not accept. One may admire 'Death's Jest Book,' but one cannot revive it. These

dead bones never live with a large life, they are worshipped only in the reliquaries of the curious. An author may indeed be brought back to life, but he will always be an author who pleased the people of his time, and who was extinguished by a reaction in the next generation. Thus it was possible to restore his laurels to Ronsard, but no laurels will grow on the graves of Duck and Pye. Hence it seems that the verdict of contemporary criticism is on the whole, just, and that the reaction which attacked Byron, for example, or Ronsard, was less than just.

Mr. Walsh (whose real object in his paradox is to defend a lady novelist, better beloved by the public than by reviewers) damages his own case by extracts from old critiques. When we speak of criticism we do not mean the opinion of this or that writer in *The Quarterly* or *The Athenæum*. We mean the bulk of educated opinion. If *The Quarterly* scorned 'Endymion,' *The Edinburgh* defended it; if *The Edinburgh* called many of Wordsworth's things "absurd," they actually *were* absurd, and it is not on his 'Betty Foybles' that his glory depends. When *The Quarterly* attacked a number of Keats's newly-coined or revived words and turns, *The Quarterly* was quite right, and Keats was very capable of profiting by rebukes which were often well grounded though they were uttered in a tone of flippant coarseness. A great deal of the famous *Quarterly* article is by no means "valueless," and Keats's later poems prove that he was taking pains, and successful pains, to write with more dignity and less eccentricity. In 'Hyperion,' and the immortal odes, ladies' locks are no longer "gordianed up," and turtles do not "passion their voices."

The notorious *Quarterly* critique of young Mr. Tennyson in 1833 is another

er example of contemporary reviewing utterly wrong in tone, and yet so correct in detail that the poet altered, for the better, the passages which were denounced. For example, the reviewer ridiculed the "gummy chestnut buds" of 'The Miller's Daughter.' By 1846 the chestnut buds have ceased to be "gummy." The water rat, too, has disappeared. "Then leaped a trout" appears to have taken the place of the water rat, and instead of getting a blue dun over it, I watched the little circles die," says the poet. 'The Palace of Art' diverted the critic, "so royalrich and wise." Mr. Calverley sings:

Royalrich "'tis a single word.
Our forefather's deemed it two,
Can you imagine so absurd
A view?"

The reviewers mocked at

Isaiah with fierce Ezekiel,
Swarth Moses by the Coptic sea,
Plato, Petrarca, Livy, and Raphael,
And Eastern Confutzee.

The reviewers mocked, and where
are swarth Moses, and Livy, now,
and "bold Luther," and—

Cervantes, the bright face of Calderon,
Robed David touching holy strings,
The Halicarnassian, and alone,
Alfred the flower of Kings?

There place in the Palace of Art knows them no more. Such are the valued effects of contemporary criticism, even when it is as dully and stupidly contemptuous as the reviewer must have been who, in the Poems of 1833, could only see the blemishes. The wise author profits by correction and improves his earliest essays in verse or in prose. There remains a classic in place of a brilliant and beautiful but blemished first sketch. The unwise author, if supported by a popular demand goes on multiplying his errors, becomes worse and worse, and finally criticism is justified by his disappearance when a new favorite arises. In short as it seems, the

general current and tendency of criticism generally moves in the right direction, and posterity, from whom the unsuccessful expect so much, will never roll away the stone that covers the grave of their endeavors. The young lady whose novels and whose drama of 'Herod' have so much divided public opinion may possibly prove, in the long run, to have literary staying power and sterling qualities; but before she reaches this point she will have regretted and corrected the freaks of her literary salad days, and criticism will be rather justified than rebuked.

PORTRAITS IN FICTION.

A critic who writes about "Dr. Hyde" and "Dr. Jekyll" does not perhaps command much respect. Neither the novelty nor the accuracy of his allusions invites attention. A writer who deals thus with two notorious offenders contributes to *Temple Bar* an essay on 'The Prototypes of Thackeray's Characters.' Little or nothing is new in the paper, except the valuable remark that Pendennis undoubtedly represents "the vain, frivolous, snobbish side, the Dr. Hyde side," of Mr. Thackeray's own character. A man must be pretty good who has no worse "Dr. Hyde" than our old friend Pen. That Mr. Thackeray was ever very like that "resplendent swell" who was invited to "untie his choker white" is a little improbable. We can imagine him with many faults, but not with the amusing fatuity which in Pendennis was balanced by excellent social and literary qualities. Every one who cares to hear it has heard that the descendant of Herr Volcker, Harry Foker to wit, was Mr. Archdeckne, and that he once said "Thack, you want a piano." He lives by that ethereal witticism,

but Harry Foker has a less terminable immortality. The face of mankind is overspread with friendly smiles at the very sound of his name, and to be well acquainted with his humors is a considerable part of a liberal education. Defending M. Daudet, who is accused of introducing his old patron, the Duc de Morny, into a novel, a critic remarks that de Morny could scarcely object to the portrait. It is certain that Mr. Archdeckne might be well content, after the first blush of the thing, to have suggested the young man who poked Lord Rosherville in the ribs with a cue, and told him he had made a fluke. But the question of morality, in the sketching of real people for purposes of fiction, cannot be decided by a mere reference to the hypothetical feelings of Mr. Archdeckne and the Duc de Morny. A nove'ist who reveals many secrets of the study bids young authors keep a list of the real characters who appear under fictitious names in their works. It is bad to get them mixed, as chanced on a familiar occasion, when the real name stole in on a certain page. But novelists are nearly agreed that all characters are portraits, more or less veiled, of some actual person, or they are "invented out of scraps, heel-taps, odds and ends of characters." The question of morality in introducing pictures from life is one of degree.

There are examples in which an author steals a character ready made from real life. Fred Bayham and the Mulligan were probably but little "made up" or disguised. Of Becky Sharpe (or is it Blanche Amory?) a legend runs too curious to be further defined, but the legend says that the lady's later fortunes were and are singularly Thackerayan. Colonel Newcome is known to have been suggested by a Scottish officer, and *Adsum* is the inscription on his tomb.

In other cases the character is a blend, as in Warrington and in Emmy Sedley, whose various elements are mentioned in the 'Letters to Mr. and Mrs. Brookfield.' There is no use in asking for the original of Bulwig; this was an example of transgression; nor is it easy to see much humor in these personal sarcasms. Youth, the manners of the times, and association with people like Maginn, may account for that odd escapade of Jeames's. According to one story, some one proclaimed that Sir Pitt Crawley (the elder, he who killed the little black pig) was impossible, and then learned that he was a sketch from life. But authors have a way of making this defence (if it is a defence) when any of their characters are called impossible. It is always easy, if not courteous, to reply that the color and drawing must be in fault. Not much harm can have been done by Mr. Thackeray's portraits. He rarely hurt people in this way, except when he intended to do so, and then, perhaps, he hurt them a good deal. The real Lord Steyne may have admired, but he could not have enjoyed, his masterly portrait. But the real Lord Steyne was used to it—Mr. Disraeli described him—and was a philosopher. Was the gentleman who lent some features to Mr. Wenham pleased, or did he prefer Macaulay as an opponent? When Mr. Dickens borrowed from real life he was not always fortunate. If Harry Foker had been Thackeray's father, or brother, we might have had no Harry Foker; but Mr. Dickens went no further back in his genealogy than his own father for Mr. Micawber. Could the original object to a copy so friendly, so courageous, and so diverting? The case of Harold Skimpole was much less lucky. Such sketches are rarely drawn from the life except for the purpose of wounding in a cowardly manner, and yet there can

be no doubt that Mr. Dickens did not intend to wound. He only wished to disengage and appropriate his model's manner, gay, childlike, and bland, *not* to suggest that his model had Skimpole's profoundly detestable character. It was an attempt to do the impossible, and an unhappy attempt. Landor, no doubt, supplied the mere manner of Boythorne. Mr. Boythorne was an amiable type, and Landor had no reason to regret his existence. These copyings only cause noisy trouble when the originals are well known, but who can tell how many families have been agitated when a young author described his uncles, aunts, and the parson of the parish? Some authors attempt a compromise: they take one man's face, another man's manner, and throw in a few anecdotes which are true about a third person. In that case they either make three enemies or have three very good-natured acquaintances. When Charlotte Brontë caricatured the three curates these good fellows took it as a joke—a really Christian and creditable way of facing the business.

There are novels, of course, which live merely by the repute of being novels *à clef*, stories full of real, notable, or notorious persons. These works belong rather to "Society Journalism" than to romance, and live not long, when curiosity has abated, when people tire of asking, "Who is this, that, or the other?" At best, like the 'New Republic,' they are satires, not romances. Many novelists practise a familiar and not very lofty form of spite by putting their private enemies or antipathies into novels. This device does not prosper artistically. You hate Jones because you once liked him, because he has reviewed you, because you have quarrelled about a horse. In your next novel you determine to "go for"

Jones. You take his personal appearance, his tricks of manner, his way of life, and you then possess him with a demon of your own raising. He walks through the novel, a detestable, malignant being, and you perhaps have him horsewhipped every now and then. All your friends, and all Jones's friends, read it, and are extremely diverted, especially the friends of Jones, who loudly express their indignation. But the chances are that the actual Jones of middle-class life is not possessed by a demon. He does not lie, forge, marry his sainted grandmother, and habitually rob churches and defraud the poor. Probably a person who behaved in this way would not physically resemble the true Jones whom you have described. The wrong soul is in the wrong body. In a Welsh legend there is a knight so ugly that in battle nobody was assured whether he was a real warrior of flesh and blood or "an auxiliary fiend." Unless the Jones of your detestation is like this knight the part of villain may fit him but badly. He is "something over-parted" or mis-parted, and art is sacrificed to private animosity. The expedient is perfectly safe, especially if Jones is a small man, and nobody would try it with a Jones of six foot four, strong in proportion, and skilled in the art of self defence. It is safe, but it is not good art, nor "good form," and may recall an historical remark about "the stingless insults of a coward." As a general rule, it would be the safest plan for novelists to read the description of a character to the original sitter. He or she never recognizes himself or herself, and so the novelist's conscience is saved. But could Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh have read 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball' to the Mulligan? When Mr. Thackeray wrote about "the Welbores of the Barrow," he probably meant to indi-

cate a county family whose members were bores, nothing more. The writer in *Temple Bar* detects a possible suggestion from the Welbores of Pondes, in a Clavering which is not his Clavering. This is considering too curiously. A novelist is pretty secure in historical novels; few will recognize an acquaintance of to-day in chain armor, in a friar's cowl, or in an Assyrian costume. There are not many real persons to be discovered in the Waverley novels, except in 'Redgauntlet,' where Scott's father, himself, and his friend come in, or in the Antiquary, who is partly Scott himself, and partly an old friend of his family.

BIBLIOKAUSTON.

The irrepressible and undaunted bibliocrank and neologist, Mr. Ruggles of Bronson, Mich., whose premises and stock-in-trade were recently destroyed by fire, is once again to the fore with one of his eccentric broadsides, which he entitles, 'Biblioconflagratio.' Mr. Ruggles eager for the fray, scorns the idea of "reclining among the roses of relaxation"; and although his "knicknackatory," with not only his stock but his private bibliographical collections, autographs, "avalanche of quaint bric-a-brac, miles of correspondence, oceans of newspaper clippings, common-place books filled with uncountable intellectual notes, &c., &c.," has been "forced to surrender to the insinuating fury of the remorseless fire-fiend" he announces his intention to resume business at once.

"Do we propose phenixing?" he asks. "Most assuredly," he replies, "the answer must be in the affirmative, for are we not 'in for life,' and 'wedded to our idols until death do us part?'" And he adds—dropping unconsciously into Wegg-like poetry:

"How could we retire
Even did we so desire?"

No, Ruggles crushed to earth will rise again, and will continue as aforetime his bibliopolocrankic career at his new philosophical Mecca for enthusiastic bibliophiles, at the corner of Chicago and Matteson Streets, Bronson, Mich. "Having," concludes the undeterred Ruggles, "for years possessed all assets, no liabilities" (O Phoenix among bibliopoles) "the loss will not affect our financial standing, and we shall continue to purchase and sell goods—(goods, O Ruggles, is not bibliopolished English for books)—for cash as heretofore, and proceed on our mission of diffusing intelligence, handling the most precious goods (O, J. Ruggles! J. Ruggles O!) on earth, the ink preserved brain-drops of the 'Knights of the Pen,' the 'Monarchs of the Mind' until the time comes to close the volume of Existence, when the future scribe can truthfully write upon the final page 'he fought the great Battle of Life, he kept the moral faith, fire could not conquer him, the idiotic mouthings of blatherskiting empty-heads could not swerve him from his purpose and he never got off from his hobby until the grim monster did them separate! Thus with a goodly amount of insurance, a comfortable bank account, valuable real estate and outside resources we propose keeping step to the music of progress and ever retaining as our watch-word *Biblionidesperandum*." Rare J. Ruggles.

HAROLD KLETT.

DR. CHARLES C. ABBOTT, whose 'Naturalist's Rambles about Home' has been so fully appreciated, has in preparation another book, bearing the title of 'Days out of Doors,' which will be published early in the summer by D. Appleton & Co.

THE 'PUNCH' PUBLICATIONS.

Of late years the publications issued in connection with *Punch* have been numerous as well as important, including the republication of the social sketches by Leech, Keene, and Du Maurier, and the cartoons of Tenniel. In the earlier days of *Punch*—now more than a generation ago—there were also many extra publications, some of which are, perhaps, forgotten, and copies of which are sometimes met with at enhanced prices in second-hand booksellers' catalogues. For example, the other day in such a catalogue a copy of 'Mr. Punch's Guide to the Chinese Collection' was offered for 3s. It was published, price 6d., in the year 1844.

It might be interesting to give the titles and dates of publication of other works in connection with *Punch* that were "published at the *Punch* Office, 194, Strand," or at a later date at the "*Punch* Office, 85, Fleet Street." Gilbert Abbott à Beckett's two tiny volumes 'The Almanack of the Month' (1846) illustrated by Doyle, bore the latter address on their title-pages, although they had no connection with the weekly journal. A copy of those two volumes is now worth 17s. *Punch* was commenced July 14, 1841, at 13 Wellington Street, Strand; and in the second volume and its immediate successors appeared Albert Smith's 'Physiology of London Evening Parties,' in which he first introduced the Mr. Ledbury whom he afterwards turned to much account. The illustrations were chiefly by Newman, with a few by "Phiz." He then contributed to *Punch* his 'Curiosities of Medical Experience,' in the number containing No. 10 of which series appeared Thackeray's 'Legend of Jacobrahim - Heraudee.' To the third volume Albert Smith contributed 'The Medical Student: New Series,' and the 'Physiology of the London

Idler,' illustrated by Leech; and to the fourth volume 'Side-Scenes of Society,' illustrated by Leech. Were any of these republished and issued from "the *Punch* Office"? The 'Physiology of London Evening Parties' was republished, and I think the 'Side-Scenes of Society,' but by D. Bogue. Were 'Punch's Heathen Mythology' and the Labors of Hercules,' illustrated by Hine, republished at the *Punch* Offices?

In the third volume of *Punch*, 1842, were commenced 'Epistles of Punch to his Son,' shortly afterwards altered to 'Punch's Letters to his Son'; and in the next volume appeared 'The Story of a Feather,' both productions being illustrated by Kenny Meadows. They were republished "at the *Punch* Office," 1844, in two five-shilling volumes, with the name of the author "Douglas Jerrold." His 'Punch's Complete Letter-Writer' was also republished "at the *Punch* Office" in a half-crown volume. 1845. Gilbert A. à Beckett's 'Comic Blackstone' was also republished "at the *Punch* Office" in a half-crown volume, and the same author's 'Rejected Comedies' (1844) at one shilling. In the same year at the same office were republished "Punch's Anti-Graham Wafers," price 2d., and "Punch's Anti-Graham Envelopes," price 1d. 'Punch's Almanack' was also issued, price 3d., and 'Punch's Pocket-Book,' price 2s. 6d. Leech did all the etchings for the Pocket-Books up to the issue for 1849, when, except the folding plate ('Higgeldy Piggeldy'), the page illustrations were on wood with a tint.

In 1844 also was "published at the *Punch* Office" a half crown volume, gilt-edged and in stiff paper covers, 'Punch's Snapdragons for Christmas,' illustrated with four steel engravings by Leech. No names of writers are given to the 112 pages of letterpress.

One of the four illustrations by Leech reappeared in 1852 as the frontispiece to 'Prose and Verse,' by Mark Lemon, the book of which Douglas Jerrold said "you meant Prose and Worse." It illustrates the article 'Christmas Eve in a Sponging-House,' which, therefore, we know to be Mark Lemon's contribution to the previous volume. Were 'Punch's Guide to the Watering-Places' and 'The Lions of London' republished as separate issues from "the *Punch* Office"?

'A Bowl of Punch,' by Albert Smith, illustrated by Henning, Hine, and Sala, was published by Bogue, 1848, but was so called "because some of the ingredients—altered, however, and freshly illustrated—first appeared before the public in that periodical." The first article in the book, 'An Act,' &c., will be found in *Punch*, iv. 245.

Gilbert A. à Beckett's 'Comic History of England,' with Leech's illustrations, was published at the *Punch* Office in two vols., 1847-8. So also was the later edition of 1864. At the conclusion of the second volume of this work (the death of George II.) its author states that he only bids "farewell for a time" to his history, and that he hoped "to resume" it on a future occasion. I imagine that his design was (happily) not carried out.

Douglas Jerrold's 'Man Made of Money,' with twelve illustrations by Leech (1849, price 7s.), was published at the *Punch* Office. So also were John Leech's twelve colored lithographs, 'The Rising Generation,' price 10s. His 'Young Troublesome,' price 7s. 6d, was, I think, issued by "Bradbury & Evans." But *Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine* was "published at the *Punch* Office 92, Fleet Street," 1845. The first two volumes contain Leech's twelve etchings to the editor's 'History of St. Giles and St. James.' This magazine extended

to seven volumes (1845-8), the last three of which were not illustrated. His five plays, 'Time works Wonders,' 'Bubbles of the Day,' 'The Catspaw,' 'Retired from Business,' and 'St. Cupid' (which was pronounced to be a misprint for "Stupid"), were originally issued, at one shilling each, from the *Punch* Office, and reissued by "Bradbury & Evans" in 1853 in their collected edition, in 8 vols., of the works of Douglas Jerrold. But his 'Chronicles of Clovernook' were republished from his *Illuminated Magazine* at the *Punch* Office, with a frontispiece by Kenny Meadows, 1846.

Another issue from the *Punch* Office in 1844 was 'Scenes from the Rejected Comedies by some of the Competitors for the Prize of £500 offered by Mr. B. Webster, Lessee of the Haymarket Theatre, for the Best Original Comedy illustrative of English Manners.' Thackeray's 'Our Street' and 'The Book of Snobs' were issued from the *Punch* Office in 1848; and, unless I am mistaken, the twenty shilling monthly parts, in yellow covers, of 'Vanity Fair'—the manuscript of which had been rejected by many London publishers—also came from the *Punch* Office in 1847-8, though I think that the two title-pages of the volumes bore the names of Bradbury & Evans, 1848. It is worthy of mention that in a second-hand bookseller's catalogue, December, 1888, the twenty monthly parts of 'Vanity Fair' with the suppressed woodcuts of Lord Steyne, are offered for £18 10s.

CUTHBERT BEDE.

Perhaps some further particulars in addition to the exceedingly interesting notice by Cuthbert Bede on this subject may not be out of place, especially those relating to the several alterations in the wrappers of the early numbers of this facetious periodical. The first number was published for the week ending July

17, 1841, and has on the cover an illustration of the show as seen at the present day, with Punch and Judy occupying the stage board, while a gaping crowd, in the costume of the period, are looking on, and in the foreground a boy is easing a stout gentleman of his handkerchief, with the words "Punch" in large sprawling letters at the top, and underneath, "or the London Charivari"; at the bottom, "London, published for the proprietors, by R. Bryant, at Punch's Office, Wellington Street, Strand." The engraving is probably by E. Landells. This cover was used for the first twenty four numbers, forming vol. i. With No. 25 commenced a new cover, by H. K. Browne ("Phiz"), which will bear close inspection, every figure being characteristic of the subject, and is by far the best wrapper issued. With No. 51, vol. iii., an entire change takes place; the Punch and Judy disappear, and the drum and pipes only remain, occupying the foreground. This is by Landells. With No. 77, vol. iv., another cover is introduced, also by E. Landells, when Punch again occupies the post of honor, with his bowl before him. With No. 103, vol. v., another change occurs. This time the cover is by Kenny Meadows, and cannot compare with either of the preceding ones. With No. 130, vol. vi., another alteration takes place, when Judy puts in an appearance in addition to Punch. There is no name to this, but in all probability it is by Doyle. No further change occurs till No. 391, vol. xvi., when there is a considerable alteration. This bears the initials of R. Doyle, and is the facsimile of the present wrapper, with which we are all so familiar, no perceptible alteration having taken place since 1848. On the cover of No. 157, July 13, 1844, is the comic Mulready envelope and wafers, or the *anti-Graham* envelopes,

one penny each, and the wafers, sixteen on a sheet, price twopence. On the cover of No. 212, Aug. 2, 1845, is "Punch in Chancery."

Perhaps the advertisement on the wrapper of No. 24, the close of vol. i., may be worth preserving:—

"Tremendous Sacrifice of Jokes!!! The Proprietors of Punch, or the London Charivari, have made arrangements with the Heirs-at-law and next-of-kin of the late Joseph Miller for the purchase of the whole of the unpublished stock of Witticisms of that inveterate wag, which they are determined to offer to the public at a ludicrous abatement. The Sale will commence with No. 1 of the New Series of Punch, on Jan. 1, 1842, comprising Punch's Almanack, 1842, embellished with an infinity of cachinnatory cuts, and enriched with upwards of five hundred original jokes! at the irresistibly comic charge of threepence!! jokes are warranted to go in any climate."

I give a few additions to Cuthbert Bede's list of *Punch* publications. January, 1844, 'Punch's Twelfth Night Characters.' In March, 'The Song of the Shirt,' with music by J. H. Tully, price 2s. 6d.; also 'The Small Debts Act,' price 6d., and 'A Shillings Worth of Nonsense'; and in 1847, 'Quizziology of the British Drama,' price 2s. Another book of importance was George Cruikshank's 'Table Book,' published in twelve numbers. My copy has on the title-page, "London, published at the *Punch* Office, 92, Fleet Street, 1845." 'Punch's Letters to his Son' was first published in book form (of which I have a copy), by W. S. Orr & Co., 1843, and is confirmed by the advertisements in *Punch*. This was also published by the office in the following year.

There can be no doubt that Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' as first issued in the yellow covers, was published at the *Punch* Office, as there are many advertisements on the covers of *Punch* to that effect. I have the first edition of this work, with the woodcut of Lord Steyne on p. 336, bound up from numbers, but unfortunately I did not preserve the covers; also

the first edition issued in cloth, the title-pages of both being exactly alike, published by Bradbury & Evans, 1848; but the woodcut previously alluded to is not in this last edition. The first

number came out in January, 1847, under the heading of "New Work by Michael Angelo Titmarsh, published at the *Punch* Office, 85, Fleet Street."

JAS. B. MORRIS

LIBRARY NOTES.

GEORGE H. BAKER, who was Melvil Dewey's assistant in the Librarianship of Columbia College, has been formally appointed as his successor. He has been acting in that capacity for several months.

THE new library building which accommodates the Library and School of Arts and Science at Cheltenham, Eng., erected at a cost of \$75,000, was opened by Sir Michael Hicks Beach, Bart., M.P., on April 24th.

MRS. H. H. BAXTER, of New York City, will give \$35,000 for a public library at Rutland, Vt., in memory of her husband.

DR. BEANEY, of Melbourne, Australia, a native of Canterbury, Eng., has intimated to the Mayor his desire to found a free library in the Cathedral city.

THE whole of the library which belonged to the late General Gordon has been presented by Miss Gordon to the Southampton, Eng., Free Library, together with a portrait of the hero of Khartoum. The books contain the general's autographs, and have annotations and notes, such as "Please return to C. G. G." and "Read prayerfully." Miss Gordon declined to hand the books over to the British Museum, preferring they should remain at Southampton.

THE report of the Board of Governors of the Adelaide, South Australia, Public Library (folio, pp. 43 and 6 plates) for 1887-8 has been published. The number of visitors in 1888 was 75,914. The present number of books

in the library is 25,433 volumes. During the year \$9,390 were spent on the library.

THE Orlean, N. Y., Library Association has finally succeeded in raising the \$10,000 necessary to secure the Foreman donation conditionally offered to that institution. This consists of a beautiful structure on Union Street, where the library will have an elegant and convenient home.

A BILL has been introduced into the Minnesota Legislature to allow the St. Paul Council to issue \$50,000 bonds for the purpose of building a library.

THE Sunday attendances at the Wigan, Eng., Free Library during 1888 were 11,356. The library contains 33,619 volumes.

"How," asks Dr. Harry Campbell an English Scientist, "can we expect that wonderful organ the brain to carry on its functions aright when it is soaked in an impure plasma, and how can the blood plasma of a man be otherwise than impure if he spend hours together in an impure atmosphere?" As these questions form part of an appeal to the learned, Dr. Campbell is no doubt justified in omitting to append an explanation of his terms. For the rest, the context of his appeal will make it clear even to what the old compilers used to call "the meanest capacity" that the warning refers to the deadly influences that lurk in public libraries. Some time since a banquet was held in one of these peaceful retreats of the studious, and more than a week

afterwards this medical authority was able to detect the "dinner smell" mingling with the more familiar odor of leather bindings. The "plump head-waiter at the Cock," as readers of Tennyson will remember, had grown used to "dinner smells" in greater number and of far higher degree of antiquity; but he was no doubt an exceptional person. Dr. Campbell tells us that public libraries are places of danger. So impure is the air in the library of the British Museum that he is himself practically debarred from reading there. And yet the ventilation of libraries must be a comparatively easy matter, for it seems to be a mere question of occasionally opening your windows, if you happen to have any.

THE sixty-eighth annual report of the Mercantile Library Association of N. Y. shows that the number of volumes circulated during the year was 158,683, an increase of 7,369 over the previous year, and the largest since 1878. The average daily circulation was 520 volumes. The number of volumes added to the library was 7,315. 'Robert Elsmere' was the most popular book of the year, the demand for it necessitating the purchase of 140 copies. The others next in order were 'John Ward, Preacher,' 62 copies; Bryce's 'The American Commonwealth,' 35 copies, and Motley's 'Correspondence,' 26 copies. Of subscribers entitled to use the Library there are 5,246. The year's income was \$30,349.39, and the amount expended for books \$10,599.98. The Library now contains 223,544 volumes. The Trustees of Clinton Hall have decided to begin the erection of a new building on the Astor Place site in May, 1890. The plans have not yet been prepared.

MR. E. R. NORRIS MATTHEWS, librarian of the Bristol, Eng., Museum and Library, has lately disinterred

the early registers of the Bristol Library Society, established in 1773 and merged in the present institution in 1855. Here are to be found the list of books borrowed by Southey between 1793 and 1795, when he was living at Bristol and giving lectures on history. Within two years, he is recorded to have taken out no fewer than thirty-seven different works, mostly historical, but including Godwin's 'Political Justice,' Mary Woolstoncraft's 'Rights of Women' and Burns's Poems. In 1795, the name of Coleridge occurs frequently in conjunction with that of Southey, the friends sometimes borrowing consecutive volumes of the same work.

MR. ADOLPH SUTRO has been traveling about the world in search of ideas and plans for the great public library building which he proposes to present to the city of San Francisco. Mr. Sutro will also give his own Library, said to contain 200,000 volumes (?) to the city.

SEVERAL friends of the late Dr. F. A. Paley have purchased his classical library and presented it to Cavendish College, Cambridge, England.

MR. CHARLES WELCH, the librarian of the London Corporation Library recently read a paper on "The Guildhall Library and its work." He said that the first mention of the public City library was in the records of the Corporation dated September 27, 1425, the founders being the famous Richard Whittington and William Bury. This library existed for a century and a quarter, but not one volume or one catalogue had been preserved. From 1530 to 1824 was a long step, but that was the date at which, owing to the exertions of Mr. R. Lambert Jones, the library was reinstituted, and the year following the library consisted of 1,380 works in 1,700 volumes. In 1829 there were 2,800 volumes 2,000 prints, and 100 drawings. By 1840

the library had reached nearly 10,000 volumes and extensive additions had been made to the library buildings. The present buildings were opened in 1872, though they were not open to the public until 1873. Sixteen years had elapsed since the opening of the free library. The accommodation for books was exhausted, the reading-room was inconveniently overcrowded, and even the library itself was

often too full. The total number of visitors last year was 396,720, of whom 150,000 were readers in the library. The books had recently been counted, and it had been found that there were 40,000 works in 56,737 volumes. As regarded the character of the books read it was gratifying to find that fiction was read only to the extent of 15.76 per cent., and that was the best fiction.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

THE number of letters written by the Duke of Wellington is altogether incalculable; so vast indeed was his correspondence, and so scrupulous was he in replying to every writer, that he was compelled to have some lithographed forms executed to diminish his labor. These so exactly imitate his handwriting that great care is necessary to avoid purchasing these lithographs instead of holographs.

HERRICK is one of the few poets who seem to have been properly appreciated by their contemporaries. In Samuel Austin's 'Naps upon Parnassus: a sleepy Muse nipt and pincht, though not awakened,' London, 1658, he is thus noticed:—

And then Flaccus Horace,
He was but a sowr-ass,
And good for nothing but *Lyrick*;
There is but one to be found
In all English ground
Writes as well; who is hight *Robert Herick*.

A 3, verso.

Milton's nephew, Phillips, does not "pass him over" in his 'Theatrum Poetarum,' 1675, but gives an average amount of space to him, and says he was

"not particularly influenc't by any Nymph or Goddess, except his *Maid Pru*. That which is chiefly pleasant in these Poems, is now and then a pretty Floury and Pastoral gale of Fancy, a vernal prospect of some Hill, Cave, Rock, or Fountain; which but for the interruption of other trivial passages might have made up none of the worst Poetic Landskips."

THE manuscripts of the British Museum are stated to increase at the rate of about one thousand a year.

It is, perhaps, not generally known that the rare autograph of Edmund Hoyle, the celebrated whist player, is contained in every copy of 'Hoyle's Games.' It was written as a guarantee that the book belonged to the genuine and authentic edition. At the death of Hoyle in 1769, when the fifteenth edition was issued, the signature was then and afterwards supplied from a wood-block facsimile.

THE library at Venice boasts that it possesses the genuine autograph of St. Mark, the Evangelist.

IN the archives of the French Government, and in the hands of private collectors, there are known to be no less than forty thousand letters, either written or dictated by Napoleon.

ONE of the best hits at the Brown-ing Clubs is that related by Mr. Arlo Bates in a recent *Book-Buyer*: "I heard on the street the other day one newsboy yell derisively to another, who vulgarly advisedly him to 'Go soak your head,' 'Oh, yer go home and read Brownin'!" What the dirty little gamin thought it meant, and where he got the phrase, are alike mysteries to me; but who, after that, can say Boston is not the home of true culture?"

AMONG the very numerous forms in which books have been printed, none perhaps is more curious than a book printed on white silk at Nismes, in 1606, in 4to. It is entitled 'De epidemia in Galliam Narbonesen et Nemausum de que Prefectura Henrici Montmorantii panegyris,' and was written by Cheironus. It appears to have been one of the very first books printed at Nismes. The British Museum possesses a copy, on the title-page of which may be seen the very pretty device of the printer, viz., a chained crocodile hanging across a palm-tree. This book escaped the notice of Brunet, but is referred to in Cotton's *Typographical Gazetteer*.

ROUSSEAU'S friend, Caperonnier de Gauffecourt, both printed and bound books for profit and amusement in his villa near Geneva. His bindings are usually in lemon-colored morocco; and amongst the books known to have been bound by him is Levesque de Pouilly's little volume, 'Reflexions critiques sur les Sentiments Agréables.' A short time before he died, "to make use," as he expresses it, "of his old age and happy ease," he wrote a 'Traité de la Reliure des Livres,' and himself printed twenty-five copies of seventy-two pages each. These he bound with his own hand, in order to illustrate precept with practice, but they were not successful. His want of experience is plainly shown in them: the tools are stamped with an uncertain hand, the titles are badly placed, and the margins unequally cut.

WITH respect to the preservation and restoration of ancient binding Mr. Zaehnsdorf writes:—It may be of interest if I state how I treat a book in which it is desirable to preserve the old binding. Except in cases where it is absolutely needful to rebind the book (and a book must be in

very bad condition to require it), I prefer to use the old cover and back, and to strengthen rather than restitch the volume. I carefully remove the old back, raise portions of the sides, and then insert a new leather back. On this leather I replace the old portions, filling in with tooling in keeping with the original work. Where the book must be rebound, and the back is completely gone, I use the sides as a double—that is, inlay them on the end boards—thus retaining all that originally belonged to the book. Very often, in removing covers, I find pasted down on boards MSS., black-letter sheets, &c. These I always bind in at the end of the volume. Pigskin is largely used in reproducing old bindings, and lends itself very well to blind tooling.

CHARLES LAMB acknowledging the receipt of an early copy of Rogers's illustrated poems thus frankly expresses his jealousy of "the combination of the sister arts":—Let them sparkle apart. What injury (short of the theatres) did not Boydell's "Shakspeare Gallery" do with Shakspeare? To have Opie's Shakspeare, Northcote's Shakspeare, wooden-headed West's Shakspeare, (though he did his best in 'Lear'), deaf-headed Reynolds's Shakspeare, instead of my, and everybody's Shakspeare. To be tied down to an authentic face of Juliet! To have Imogen's portrait! To confine the illimitable! I like you and Stothard (you best), but "out upon this half-faced fellowship." The letter is given in Mr. Clayden's recently published volumes 'Rogers and his Contemporaries.'

MR. GALPIN, of Cassell & Co., stated recently that over a million copies of the 'Popular Educator,' have been sold, over four thousand tons of paper having been used in its production: Of the "National Library" over three million copies have been sold.

It is stated in *The Bookbinder* that a single plate of perforated zinc, about a foot square, suspended over a gas-jet, will retain the noxious emanations from burning gas. If this is true it will be good news to librarians and bibliophiles who use gas.

THE following is the reply which a bibliophile sent to a bookseller who had forwarded him an account:—"I never ordered the book; if I did you didn't send it; if you sent it, I never got it; if I got it I paid for it; if I didn't I won't."

THE much-vexed question of the origin of printing survives to trouble the brains of curious students; and Mr. Hessels's contributions to the subject have had a considerable effect in stimulating the interest of inquiry. The claims of Haarlem are still put

forward with admirable ingenuity, on the strength of the well-known story in Junius's *Batavia*, fortified by the familiar assertion in the Cologne Chronicle and the actual existence of *Donatus* fragments undoubtedly Dutch and very primitive. Without the passage in the Chronicle, the other two *pieces* would have little value; and unfortunately it is usually quoted without its context, so as to produce an erroneous impression of the writer's meaning. A catalogue which Mr. Quaritch is about to issue will contain the full text of the Cologne Chronicle in so far as it relates to printing, with a collateral translation; as well as a description of the so-called 'Mazarine Bible,' the Psalter of Fust and Schoeffer, the Catholicon, and other products of the earliest presses.

BOOK REVIEWS.

'Phœnicia.' By Prof. Rawlinson. (Story of the Nations Series. Putnam's.)

It is delightful to read about Phœnicia: delightful, in this age, to contemplate that warm, strenuous, luxurious civilization, splendid in enterprise and the arts, successful and renowned for over a thousand years. They occupied a region at the western end of the Mediterranean, especially set apart for them, as it seemed, by nature. Small indeed it was: its area was less than that of Yorkshire in England; and much of even this small space was rocky and uncultivable mountain land. But there was room for power and renown. The westward mountains opposed an inaccessible barrier to attacks from that direction: and on the east, the sea was their own. The spurs of the mountains, coming down to the coast, created broad and fertile valleys, in which flourished a long array of

sumptuous cities. Palms thronged the slopes of the lower land; above the superb cedar clothed the acclivities. The indentations of the coast afforded natural harbors, which were improved by sea-walls, and breakwaters. Through profound ravines, cool rivers dashed down to the sea; the summits of the distant hills shone white with naked limestone in summer, and in winter were mantled in dazzling snow. The walls of Tyre and Sidon, those great cities, rose to a height of one hundred and fifty feet; and the temples and palaces were built of huge blocks of stone each as large as a modern room, and were roofed with beams of cedar incorruptible. Gorgeous and voluptuous were the rites of their deities; mighty was the wealth of their kings; their robes were of finest wool, dyed with imperial purple. In manufactures there were none to equal them; they first discovered commerce, and

brought the ends of the earth together. From their mountain heights they saw the islands of the archipelago, sleeping rich and verdant in the sapphire sea; thither they made their way in tiny boats propelled by oars, to barter and to colonize; and everywhere were received with favor and welcome. They brought home gold and silver and precious stones; they established a foothold in Egypt, closed to all save them, in Sicily, Sardinia and Britain: Carthage sprang from their adventurous loins; they circumnavigated the vast continent of Africa. From so small a nucleus, never did rays extend more far and glorious. The sun shone upon them, and they reflected his splendor over all the known world. They invented letters; and the narrative of their career glows as a jewel in the dusty perspective of history.

Prof. Rawlinson's book is meritorious; it is careful and precise; but it hardly rises to the height of the occasion. To write the story of the Phœnicians as it should be written, a poet would be needed; he might have all the facts at his fingers' ends, but he should be able to group and fuse them by poetic imagination. These short volumes are not for scholars, but for people who can afford but a glimpse at the times and nations treated of, and who are not critical nor sceptical. They want a picture, not a map. They are not curious about authorities, nor mindful of trifling particulars. They expect the truth, but do not care to be continually reminded of the limitations of fact, and of the imperfect results of research. To an imaginative and hospitable mind, however, Prof. Rawlinson affords the material from which a satisfactory picture can be constructed: and the book contains numerous illustrations which aid materially in bringing the scene before

us. Is there no novelist among us who can place his story in ancient Tyre, and make its magnificence live again for us dried up folk of the nineteenth century?

'The Ideals of the Republic.' (Knickerbocker Nugget Series. Putnam's.)

This is a good specimen of a nugget. It contains the Declaration of Independence, and the Constitution of the United States: the two Inaugurals of Washington, and his Farewell Address, and Lincoln's two Inaugurals, and his famous speech at Gettysburg. The "Series" idea is a popular one just now, and has much to recommend it, both to the publisher and to the public. The latter is thus provided, in a handy and often handsome form, with much desirable information of which it would otherwise have remained in ignorance; and the former does a shrewd stroke of business in producing volumes which, so to speak, sell one another; for the customer who takes two or three of the series, is likely to take all of them for the sake of owning a complete set. The present volume might, perhaps, have been improved by the addition of a few prefatory lines to each of the articles, giving some information regarding the time and circumstances of its production. Mr. Ford has a brief appendix concerning one of the Washington Inaugurals; but that is all. There were some picturesque circumstances connected with Lincoln's second Inaugural which would have been worth recalling. There was, as is known, a plot to assassinate him on his way to the capitol, the conspirators being a number of Southerners, and Vice President Andrew Johnson. Lincoln, however, reached the Capitol by another route than the expected one. It had been raining in Washington uninterruptedly for five days; and up to the moment

when Lincoln stepped out on the platform in sight of the people, there had been no sign of any cessation in the downpour. But, just as he laid his hand upon the book to take the oath, the clouds about the sun broke away, and a flood of light fell directly upon his figure, like a sign of favor from Heaven. This phenomenon produced a profound effect upon the vast multitude that witnessed it; and the conspirators seem to have been cowed by it; at all events, though Lincoln drove back from the Capitol along Pennsylvania Avenue, in an open carriage, bowing to the people, and a fair mark for a bullet at any point of his progress, no hand dared lift itself against him. His hour had not yet come. The storm of so many days vanished, and after the sun had set, the evening star floated in the clear western sky, a promise of prosperity and peace.

The Century Guild Hobby-Horse. No. XIV. (New York, White & Allen)

It is pleasant to see an American

edition of this incomparable quarterly. It is identical with the London issue, the sheets being printed in London, and imported. It contains a reproduction of one of Rossetti's strange, rich, compact designs—'Fazio's Mistress'—which is well worth possessing; a 'Ballad of Bitter Fruit' after de Banville, by Austin Dobson, weird and gruesome, antique and quaint; essays by Addington Symonds and William Busby; a Threnody on Matthew Arnold, by Arthur Galton; an account, by Herbert P. Horne, of James Gibbs, the architect; and a singularly fascinating and original design by the same gentleman of 'Silvarum Potens Diara, Candida Dea.' Fascinating, indeed, it is in all respects, and a wonderful example of the charm that can be produced by simple black and white. It cannot be described: it must be seen; and if the Hobby Horse had contained nothing else, this design would warrant it in claiming a front place among art periodicals. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

BOOK NOTICES.

MESSRS. RAND, McNALLY & Co. publish 'Is Marriage a Failure' edited by Harry Quilter. This is an out-come of the recent controversy in the London *Daily Telegraph* set afoot by Mrs. Mona Caird's article in the *Westminster Review*. There are chapters on 'Case of the Plaintiff, and Case of the Defendant,' 'Marriage Abroad,' 'Mrs. Lynn Linton's article on the Philosophy of Marriage,' 'The Causes of Success and Failure,' and 'The Remedies Proposed.'

DR. BRUSHFIELD has issued in pamphlet form, his papers from the transactions of the Devonshire Association for the Advancement of Science, Literature and Art, on "Andrew Brice and the Early Newspaper Press; and Who wrote the 'Exmoor

Scolding and Courtship'?" The pamphlet is illustrated with a quaint portrait of Brice and three facsimiles of the earliest Exeter news sheets. The account of Andrew Brice's struggles and vicissitudes and of his 'Grand Gazetteer' is most interesting. Andrew found compiling a gazetteer but dry work. He concludes one of his semi-pathetic, ludicrous addresses to his subscribers as follows:—"Judge therefore whether I have not Reason to rejoice at having brought the DICTIONARY Work so near to a full Period. And so chear'd up, the said Detail of Tasks so many shall serve to introduce a Note, — (for having now spit out my whole deal of venom, conclude would I in perfect good-humor)—viz., That had it not been for the relieving

Facetiousness and Pleasantry of my Disposition, and the allowance of some short Excursion of Fancy, some brief Comments, some serious Reflections, some Flights of Humour, necessary Ridicule and innocent Drollery, some Slyness of Inuendo, and such like *what-d'ye-call-ums*,—(Trash you may call 'em) now and then when Occasion seemed to require, or would well enough admit, why then the very weighty huge Burthen had been intolerable. Alas! to be doom'd without Mercy *servilely* to select, compile, or transcribe, a great much dry, dull, and dulling stuff, would be the saddest of Deaths to

Andrew surnamed Merry.

'RANDOM RECOLLECTIONS OF COURTS AND SOCIETY.' By a Cosmopolitan. (Ward & Downey, London.) This is a most entertaining book. Envy itself must admit, that like Horace, its anonymous author has lived among the great; and the great of our author are not the aristocracy of birth alone, but also the aristocracy of talent. Although he has a keen relish for good stories, he has not in his zeal for amusement forgotten his good nature. The only exception to this is, perhaps, his evident animus against the empress of the French. His account of Fanny Cerrito, the famous *danseuse*, is pretty and lively.

"Once," he says, "she was threatened with blindness; but an operation was successfully performed by Dr. G——, and light has returned to the gentle little fairy's bright brown eyes."

On the next page (167) we read of Mdme. Ratazzi, who

"affected a gushing and passionate love for her second husband, testified by girlish demonstrations, kissing him in public, &c., and even going so far that when she invited a party of twelve to dinner she had only eleven chairs in the room, so that she was compelled, as she archly expressed it, 'to sit in her old man's lap.'"

Although our Cosmopolitan has a marked predilection for women who have made their mark upon the stage,

he has also associated with men of more serious callings. He tells us of M. Devaux, the Belgian historian of the Roman empire, who became totally blind before his work was done, and who, by a prodigy of memory, *dictated* the maps with which his history is profusely interspersed (p. 239). He also knew intimately another blind historian, William Prescott, whose blindness was the result of inflammation of the eyes, produced by a piece of bread thrown in jest across the table at a college supper by a fellow student at Harvard. This misfortune did not sour his disposition, as a more genial or amusing companion never lived (p. 255). It is hardly fair to pick from the memoirs before us all the good stories they contain, and we will content ourselves with one more about Agassiz. That famous naturalist missed one morning three snakes he had brought home the night before. On searching high and low he found two, but one was still missing. Mrs. Agassiz (who was dressing) in putting on her boots found it coiled inside her boot.

"Her scream of surprise brought Agassiz, who exclaimed, 'Oh, Lizzee, how terrible it might have been.' 'What!' said his wife, 'are they poisonous,!' 'Oh, yes, the most poisonous little serpents you can think—so rare—and you might have crushed the nice little thing'" (p. 264).

To conclude a very brief notice of these 'Recollections,' we may say that they are far from being the idle notes of an idle man. The book, though vastly entertaining, contains more information than is to be met with in many works of more pretension.

ALL who have ever found it difficult to verify a quotation from Burns will welcome Mr. J. B. Reid's 'Complete Concordance' to his poems and songs (Glasgow, Kerr & Richardson). A goodly quarto of 568 double-column pages, it contains over 11,400 words and 52,000 quotations. So far as we

have tested the work we can speak highly of its accuracy, though both "Chrichton" and "Chricton" are unfamiliar forms of Crichton. The indexing is perhaps a trifle perplexing. 'Hiland Mary' and 'Mary Morison'

are always cited by their first lines; whereas "Go fetch to me a pint o' wine" (known often as 'A Farewell') appears only as 'My bonie [*sic passim*] Mary.' But as a whole the 'Concordance' deserves unstinted praise.

MAGAZINE NOTES.

THE form of *The Chautauquan*, beginning with the first number of Volume X. — October, 1889 — will be changed to a page six and a half by ten inches in size. The magazine will be larger, and will contain a greater number of pages. Hereafter the volume will begin with the October issue and close with September instead of July, containing twelve instead of ten numbers. The price of *The Chautauquan* in its new form will be \$2.00 per year. In clubs of 5 or more, \$1.80 each.

MR. F. MADAN contributes to the *Library* for May an article entitled 'Some Curiosities of the Oxford Press' — a subject which he has made his own, and upon which we are glad to hear that he proposes to write at length. Here he first touches upon the famous 'Expositio Hieronymi' which purports to have been printed at Oxford in 1468, six years before Caxton set up his press at Westminster; and he adduces some arguments to show that this date may not after all be a misprint. He then refers to the fragmentary *editio princeps* of St. Barnabas (1642), discovered a few years ago by the late J. H. Backhouse; to the illustrated Oxford almanacks, which go back in an unbroken series to 1674; and to the forged 'Uranus' of Simonides, which the Clarendon Press published, on the authority of Dindorf, in 1856. He concludes with some statistics of the Oxford press, from the fifteenth century down to the present time.

THE May number of *Book News* (John Wanamaker, Philadelphia) leads off with an article by Edward E. Hale on 'Good Nature,' in which he gives instances of the kindness and forbearance of some of our most noted authors toward their weaker brethren. The number contains reviews of about a dozen of the books of the month, notably Motley's 'Correspondence,' Mrs. Burnett's new book, *Amelie Rives's* latest novel, and the *Reminiscences of Lester Wallack*, with illustrations from some of them. The miscellaneous reading matter is interesting, and the detached portrait of Count Tolstoi which accompanies the number is good.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS discusses in *Harper's Magazine* for June "the question of how much or how little the American novel ought to deal with certain facts of life which are not usually talked of before young people, and especially young ladies." Among other things he says: "Most of these critics who demand 'passion' would seem to have no conception of any passion but one. Yet there are several other passions: the passion of grief, the passion of avarice, the passion of pity, the passion of ambition, the passion of hate, the passion of envy, the passion of devotion, the passion of friendship; and all these have a greater part in the drama of life than the passion of love, and infinitely greater than the passion of guilty love. Wittingly or unwittingly, English fiction and American fiction

have recognized this truth, not fully, not in the measure it merits, but in greater degree than most other fiction." Again, referring to "the two great novels which above all others have moved the world by their study of guilty love," he says: "If by any chance, if by some prodigious miracle, any American should now arise to treat it on the level of 'Anna Karenina' and 'Madame Bovary,' he would be absolutely sure of success, and of fame and gratitude as great as those books have won for their authors. "But what editor of what American magazine would print such a story? Certainly we do not think any one would; and here our novelist

must again submit to conditions. If he wishes to publish such a story (supposing him to have once written it), he must publish it as a book." Of the American magazine, he says: "Perhaps it is a little despotic, a little arbitrary; but unquestionably its favor is essential to success, and its conditions are not such narrow ones. You cannot deal with Tolstoi's and Flaubert's subjects in the absolute artistic freedom of Tolstoi and Flaubert; since De Foe that is unknown among us; but if you deal with them in the manner of George Eliot, of Thackeray, of Dickens, of society, you may deal with them even in the magazines."

AMERICAN NOTES.

THE marriages of British peers with American heiresses will form the subject of a novel which the author of 'Aristocracy' is now engaged in writing. 'Aristocracy,' which has been taken too literally by some critics, and conceded by others to be the most brilliant satire in recent literature, is daily gaining in popularity.

In their "Globe Library" Rand, McNally & Co. have recently published 'The Ladies' Gallery,' by Justin McCarthy and Mrs. Campbell Praed, 'The Englishman of the Rue Cain,' by H. F. Wood, 'Almeda,' by Dr. Oliver, and 'Mademoiselle Solange,' translated from the French of François Le Juliet.

Table Talk for June. As soon as the weather begins to tighten a warm grip on humanity, humanity is apt to lose its grip on appetite, or, at least, on its fancy for such dishes as were wont to amuse the palate in cooler seasons. *Table Talk* thoroughly apprehends this condition of affairs, and its profession is to apprehend and

apply the remedy. The peculiarly interesting manner in which it does this we won't attempt to explain here; the better way for our readers to do—if they have the curiosity and wisdom with which we credit them—is to get a copy of the June number, wherein they will plainly see with what ingenuity Mrs. Rorer patches up the appetite for its summer work. They will also find a great deal there to lure the mental appetite, for there are literary delicacies, as well as culinary,—a combination which it has the deserved reputation of mixing up in the most delightful manner. The magazine is published by the *Table Talk* Publishing Co., 402, 404 & 406 Race Street, Philadelphia. \$1.00 a year, single numbers 10c.

MR. JOSEPH THOMAS, the author of 'Through Masai Land,' and as an African traveller second only to Stanley, has just written a book on his recent explorations 'Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco,' which will be published immediately in New York by Longmans, Green & Co. It

will contain six maps and more than sixty illustrations.

MR. EDWARD W. EMERSON has written a book upon the private and domestic life of his father Ralph Waldo Emerson, which admirably supplements Mr. Cabot's excellent biography of Emerson that treated more especially his public career as author and lecturer. The title of the new book is 'Emerson in Concord,' and Houghton, Mifflin & Co., are the publishers.

MESSRS. APPLETON & Co. will publish shortly an important work, by Prof. G. Frederick Wright, on 'The Ice Age of North America, and its Bearings on the Antiquity of Man.' The volume will be fully illustrated, and the discussion of the theme will be full enough to commend it to the scientific public, and at the same time plain enough to meet the wants of every intelligent reader. The illustrations will be more ample than have ever before been applied to the subject, being mostly reproductions of photographs taken by various members of the United States Geological Survey in the course of the past ten years, many of them by the author himself.

THE Long Island Historical Society will soon print, for subscribers, about 150 unpublished letters of Washington, from its manuscript collections, in a large and handsome volume, with a portrait of Washington, not heretofore engraved, from a painting by Charles Peale (1787), owned by the Rev. Mason Gallagher of Brooklyn; also a portrait of Washington's only sister, Betty Lewis. The historical introduction and annotations will be prepared by Moncure D. Conway.

LEE & SHEPARD have just ready 'Incidents of a Collector's Rambles,' by Sherman F. Denton, of the Smithsonian Institution, a bright volume

of travel by a keen observer of nature and a graphic story-teller, illustrated with views and pictures of strange people and things seen in the far-off countries which he has visited; 'Burgoyne's Invasion of 1777,' with an outline sketch of the American invasion of Canada, 1775-1776, by Samuel Adams Drake, with maps, portrait, and illustrations, the first of a contemplated series of decisive events in American history, designed as a text-book for supplementary reading in schools and for general reading.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. will shortly publish the life of C. B. Vignoles, an English civil engineer who was assistant-surveyor in South Carolina in 1817-20, and who surveyed and mapped Florida a little later. He aided Ericson in building the "Novelty" as a rival to Stephenson's "Rocket"; and he became one of the foremost of English railway engineers.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have published 'Vanity Fair,' in two volumes, being the initial volumes in an illustrated library edition of Thackeray's works, in twenty-two volumes; 'The Story of Patsy,' by Kate Douglas Wiggin; 'A Girl Graduate,' by Celia P. Wooley; 'The Sleeping-Car, and Other Farces,' by W. D. Howells; and 'The Cup of Youth, and Other Poems,' by Dr. Weir Mitchell.

RABBI DAVID PHILIPSON, D. D., is about to publish through Messrs. Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati, a work entitled 'The Jew in English Fiction.' Dr. Philipson examines the dramas and novels of English authors in which Jews play an important part; he traces the origin of popular superstitions regarding them, and endeavors to point out how far such descriptions are true to life, and also where the conception of the writer is at fault. Amongst the works submitted to a critical examination are Marlowe's

'Jews of Malta'; Shakspeare's 'Merchant of Venice'; Scott's 'Ivanhoe'; and 'Tancred'; and George Eliot's Dickens' 'Oliver Twist' and 'Our Mutual Friend'; Disraeli's 'Coningsby' and 'Daniel Deronda.'

FOREIGN NOTES.

'The Plague and the Printing Press: being a Bibliographical Record of the Literature relative to the Plague, printed in England since the Year 1480,' with introduction and numerous notes, by Henry R. Plomer, is the attractive title of a book which Mr. Elliot Stock is about to publish by subscription.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD is preparing for publication a volume entitled 'In My Lady's Praise'; being poems, old and new, written of his wife, and now collected for her memory.

MARY HOWITT'S autobiography, edited by her younger daughter, Miss Margaret Howitt, will shortly be published by Messrs. Isbister. It will occupy two volumes, and will be illustrated.

WE understand that Mrs. Oliphant (the novelist), who wrote the sketch of the late Laurence Oliphant which appeared in *Blackwood*, is engaged on a larger biography, to be published in a separate form. Mrs. Oliphant has secured the help of Mrs. Wynne-Finch, Laurence Oliphant's mother-in-law, and of other members of his family, and this will greatly contribute to the fulness and accuracy of the work.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD & SONS will publish during the present season two works by Sir Edward Hamley: one a collection of papers and speeches on the subject of national defence; the other a volume of literary and miscellaneous articles contributed during recent years to *Blackwood* and other magazines, including 'Shakspeare's Funeral,' which has long enjoyed popularity as one of the most genial of Sir Edward's lighter efforts.

MESSRS. SAMPSON LOW & Co. will publish during the coming season 'The Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe.' The narrative of Mrs. Stowe's life will be told in her own words, and will contain many letters and documents of unusual interest, including an original composition written by Mrs. Stowe when a child of twelve years, also numerous letters from Canon Kingsley, Mrs. Browning, Mr. Lowell, Archbishop Whately, the late Mr. Bright, and others.

UNDER the title of 'My Lyrical Life' Mr. Gerald Massey is about to issue, in two five-shilling volumes, a collected edition of his poems, old and new. In his prospectus the writer says:—

My poems have never had a publisher to keep them before the public, and the separate volumes have now been out of print for many years. I do not think they are wholly outgrown and superseded, or I should not have reprinted them. Some of my earlier critics prophesied that my books contained immortal verse; but whether they do or not must be ultimately determined by that furnace and crucible of the future which await the work of all. I have called them 'My Lyrical Life,' because that only includes one half of my literary life."

MR. T. WEMYSS REID is now busily engaged on his promised biography of Lord Houghton and finds no lack of interesting material. Lord Houghton, from youth to age, was the intimate friend of statesmen, authors, wits, and poets; indeed, he probably knew more or less intimately at least one half of the celebrities of the century. Charles Buller, Arthur Hallam, Sydney Smith, and Alfred Tennyson were amongst his earlier friends, and doubtless Mr. Reid will be able, from the valuable letters and papers placed at his disposal to produce a valuable memorial.

"M. GEORGES PALLAIN," says the Paris correspondent of the *London Times*, "who published a few years ago the correspondence of Talleyrand with Louis XVIII. during the Vienna Congress, has now in the press 'La Mission de Talleyrand à Londres, 1792.' The book contains Talleyrand's letters and despatches hitherto unpublished, M. Pallain adding the notes necessary to elucidate them.

THE first authentic narrative of the early proceedings of Stanley's Expedition will be published by Messrs. Ward & Downey, under the title of 'With Stanley's Rear Column'. The

author, Mr. J. Rose Troup, who was the transport officer of the expedition will give a full account of the experiences of the party left at Yambuya. His narrative will include a description of the voyage up the Congo, the camp on the Aruwimi, and a complete diary, showing how events led up to the assassination of Major Barttelot, and the failure of this branch of Stanley's expedition.

HACHETTE & Co. have just ready 'Ecrivains Modernes de l'Angleterre,' par Emile Montegut, deuxième série; including Mrs. Gaskell, Mrs. Browning, George Borrow, and Lord Tennyson.

GENERAL NOTES.

MR. MARION CRAWFORD'S 'With the Immortal' is being translated into French, and M. Renan will contribute a preface.

THE last volume published of the "Camelot Series," is 'The Fall of the House of Usher,' with other Tales and Prose Writings of Edgar Allan Poe, edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys. The approximate dates of first publication of the tales and essays included is given, and the volume contains an introduction and biographical appendix.

THE German Shakspeare Society has just celebrated the anniversary of its establishment twenty-five years ago. The "jubilee volume" of its *Jahrbuch* will contain a photo-lithographic copy, in full size, of Shakspeare's will.

CONTINENTAL papers report a regular literary treasure trove from Bologna. In a bundle of papers lying loosely tied together in the Biblioteca Comunale there were found, among various historical and poetical manuscripts, treatises by the famous physician Galvani and by the eminent physician Morgagni, besides several older Italian plays, and an account of the great trial, in the sixteenth century, of four Bolognese students for heresy. There is said to be in consequence great rejoicing in the learned circles of Bologna.

It is proposed to place a brass in a prominent position in St. Bride's Church, Fleet Street, London, in memory of Samuel Richardson who was born in 1689.

How comes it that within a short time of the publication the Grolier Club's books can be obtained by the local booksellers in New York? It seems to us that any member who is so pressed for money that he is compelled to sell his copy should at once resign his membership. Each copy should have printed in it the name of the member for whom it is intended.

THE assertion recently made that Walt Whitman is about to be introduced for the first time to readers in Germany reminds the *Publishers' Weekly* that Ferdinand Freiligrath twenty years ago translated quite a number of the poems of the original edition of the 'Leaves of Grass,' which linguistic feat he prefaced in the final edition of his works with an excellent critical and appreciative biographical notice of Walt Whitman.

MR. H. RIDER HAGGARD has, it is said, made publishing arrangements for a new story, in which Queen Esther will prominently figure. To study local color for the new volume Mr. Rider Haggard will shortly start for a tour in Asia Minor and Persia, visiting Persepolis, Shiraz, and probably Baghdad.

MATTHEW ARNOLDS 'Strayed Reveler,' 1849, and 'Empedocles on Etna,' 1852 are priced in a recent catalogue \$66.25.

THE lines (In Memoriam) prefixed by Lord Tennyson to the life of the late Dr. W. G. Ward by his son, which Messrs. Macmillan will issue, are as follows:—

Farewell, whose living like I shall not find
—Whose faith and work were bells of full accord—
My friend, thou most unworldly of mankind,
Most generous of all Ultramontanes, Ward!
How subtle at tierce and quart of mind with
mind!
How loyal in the following of thy Lord!

The Bookseller says the importing department of the business of A. S. McClurg & Co. has for a long time been on the increase, until now it has assumed unanticipated proportions. These importations are mainly of rare old books from England. Late-ly the younger Vanderbilt made a large purchase of old, rare and valu-

able works. On his last visit to Chicago Henry Irving paid this firm a visit and bought over \$600 worth of rare old books, more than \$500 worth of which had been imported direct from London. This fact somewhat astonished the great actor, who, with his own characteristic accent, observed, "Dear me; I really don't know where you found them, do you know? It's very remarkable." Shortly before his death Richardson, one of America's greatest architects, purchased of this firm \$1,200 of valuable books which he could not possibly find in Philadelphia, New York, or Boston. Amongst the rarest of their treasures McClurg & Co. have George Washington's copy of Burns. The volume is in excellent condition,—containing Washington's autograph on the right-hand corner of the title-page, with Washington's book-plate containing the motto, "Exitu acta probate."

BOOK AUCTIONS.

At the sale of Sir Thomas Thornhill's Library the following prices were obtained by Messrs. Sotheby: Bewick's Fables, 1818, large paper, \$101.25; Baskerville Addison 4 vols., 4to., blue morocco, \$62.50; Walton's Angler, 1653, some leaves wormed and mended, \$360; 'Shakspeare's Yorkshire Tragedy,' 1608, rather short copy, \$105; and a second Folio Shakspeare, \$87.50. The English county histories brought good prices ranging from \$250 for an extra illustrated copy of Blomefield's Norfolk to \$55 for Lewis's Sole of Thanet.

MESSRS. PUTTICK & SIMPSON of London sold by auction at the latter end of April the library of the late Sir Isaac Lyon Goldsmid, Bart. It was chiefly interesting on account of the ancient MSS. it contained, some of which realized good prices. Evangelien Buch, German MS. on vellum, fifteen century, with miniatures, \$225. Gospel of St. John, MS. on vellum, twelfth century, \$90. An old German MS., with curious woodcuts inserted, \$92.50. A beautiful MS. Horæ, on vellum, fifteenth century, \$205; another, in a superior style of French art, \$265. A Hebrew Bible, MS., sixteenth century, \$51.25. The same auctioneers

sold also the library of a collector which contained, amongst other rare books, a first edition of Walton's Angler, \$900; Dame Juliana Berners' Boke of Hawking, Hunting, and Fishing, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, 1496, \$600. David Garrick's copy of the Bible, Barker, 1640, \$46.25. Bible Illustrations by Hans Sebald Peham, 1533-9, \$76.75. Stephen Gosson's Ephemerides of Phialo, 1579, \$67.50. Heroldi Origines Germanicæ, with the arms of Henry, Prince of Wales, son of James I., \$85. A fine illuminated Horæ, fifteenth century, \$205. A ditto, dated 1544, in contemporary morocco binding, \$180. Horologium Devotionis Bertoldi, with woodcuts (1480), \$85. Sir Thos. More's Works, first collected edition, 1557, \$102.50. Salisbury Primer, 1558, \$100. Shakspeare's Venius and Adonis, a very scarce edition, 1675, \$172.50. Whitbourne's Discoverie of Newfoundland, both parts in original vellum, 1620-22, \$255.

THE following is an interesting list of prices which sundry "first editions," in the best condition have brought in London. Burton's The Book Hunter, 1862, \$32.50; Lord Byron's Waltz, 1813, \$250; Lord Byron's Poems on Various

Occasions, 1807, \$230; Lord Byron's Hours of Idleness, 1807, \$38.25; Cock Fighting: Directions for breeding Game Cocks, with Methods of Treating Them, &c., 1780, \$104.37; Cock Fighting, by W. Sketchley, 1814, \$97.50; Captain Cook's Catalogue of Different Specimens of Cloth collected during Three Voyages to the Southern Hemisphere, quarto, 1787, \$28.12; Dickens' Sketches by Boz, 1839, \$75; Oliver Twist, 1838, \$44.37; Pickwick Papers, three volumes, 1841, \$50; A Curious Dance round a Curious Tree, 1852, \$41.25; Tale of Two Cities, 1859, \$147.50; Great Expectations, 1861, \$52.50; Our Mutual Friend, 1865, \$120; Library of Fiction, 1836-7, \$150; Pierce Egan's Life of an Actor, 1825, \$37.50; Pierce Egan's Finish to the Adventures of Tom, Jerry and Logic, 1830, \$52.50; English Spy, 1825-6, \$53.75; Fielding—Adventures of Joseph Andrews: History of Tom Jones and Amelia—in all twelve vols. forming a complete set of the 1st edition, \$72.50; Fielding's History of Tom Jones, 1749, \$27.50; Game Preserving, by L. Rawstorne, 1837, \$24.37; The Complete Gamester, 1709, \$43.75; Gray's Elegy, quarto, 1751, \$15.75; S. Howitt's Collection of British Field Sports, with twenty colored engravings, 1807, \$90; Ingoldsby Legends, in 3 vols., 1840-42-47, \$195; W. H. Ireland's Joan of Arc, 1824, \$22.50; Johnson's Dictionary, 2 vols., folio, uncut, 1755, \$105; Charles Lamb's Elia, and the Last Essays of Elia, sequel to the foregoing, 2 vols., 1823-33, \$58.75; John Leech's Ask Mamma, 1858, \$16.25; Real Life in London, colored prints by Rowlandson, Alton, Deighton, &c., 1821, \$37.50; Gervase Markham's Pleasures of Princes, quarto, 1614, \$78.75; Sir William Stirling Maxwell's Annals of the Artists of Spain, 3 vols., 1848, \$125; H. L. Meyer's Colored Illustrations of British Birds and their Eggs, 1842-50, \$61.25; Meyrick's Armour, 1824, \$48.75; Thomas Moore's Lalla Rookh, 1817, \$26.25; W. H. Ireland's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, 4 vols., 1823-8, \$66.25; Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins, 2 vols., 1751, \$46.25; Rowlandson's Microcosm of London, 1811, \$87.50; Annals of Sporting, 1809, \$21; English Dance of Death, 1814-16, \$187.50; Miseries of Human Life, 1808, \$46.25; Poetical Sketches of Scarborough,

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THE library of the late Mr. J. Eglington Bailey, F. S. A., of Manchester, England, consisting of about 15,000 volumes, will be dispersed under the hammer in the last week of June. Mr. Bailey was an energetic collector, and many of his books are understood to be rare. The sale will occupy six days.

AN interesting lot was sold at Sotheby's on the 29th of March: it was a volume of quarto plays and contained Shakspeare's Hamlet, 1611; King John, 1611; Henry IV., 1613; Richard II., 1615; Richard III., 1612; there were four other plays bound in the volume which was knocked down for \$2,950.

IN many cases the prices given for autographs at the Mackenzie sale were without precedent. An interesting letter of Mrs. Abington, addressed to Mrs. Pope, 2½ pages, 4to, was sold for \$15. Album Amicorum, a volume nearly filled with Autograph Letters and Autograph Inscriptions of various Theatrical and Musical Celebrities, most of the Signatures accompanied with a Quotation, or Composition. Among the signatures were Mrs. Honey, F. Vining, W. Edwin, B. Webster, Harley, W. Vining, C. Mathews, &c., with drawings, &c., fetched \$50.

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Tue. 11	EIDER.....	Bremen.....	12.30 P. M.
Wed. 12	ALLER.....	Bremen.....	12.30 P. M.
	BRITANNIC.....	Queenstown.	12.30 P. M.
	CITY OF PARIS.....	Queenstown.	12.00 P. M.
	BEIGENLAND.....	Antwerp.....	2.00 P. M.
Thu. 13	WIELAND.....	Hamburg.....	2.30 A. M.
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Sat. 15	LA BRETAGNE.....	Havre.....	3.00 A. M.
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Sat. 22	LA CHAMPAGNE.....	Havre.....	9.30 A. M.
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Wed. 26	CITY OF N. YORK.....	Queenstown.	12.30 P. M.
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Thu. 27	AUGUSTA VICTO.....	Hamburg....	2.30 A. M.
	EDAM.....	Amsterdam..	2.30 A. M.
Sat. 29	LA BURGOTNE.....	Havre.....	2.00 A. M.
	AURANIA.....	Queenstown.	2.30 A. M.
	ANCHORIA.....	Glasgow.....	3.30 A. M.
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8	MARATHON.....	Queenstown.	12.30 P. M.
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22	CEPHALONIA.....	Queenstown.	13.0 P. M.
29	SCYTHIA.....	Queenstown.	7.30 A. M.

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BIBLIOHIPPONUSTICS.

In answer to numerous letters that have come to us of late we will say that bibliomania affects different people so differently that medical science has come to regard and to treat the several maladies as distinct mental diseases. There are, as we are told, eight classes of bibliomaniacs, as follows:

1. The bibliophiles are those who love books and collect them for the good that is in them. These people are kindly, tolerant, and indefatigable.

2. The bibliophools are those who try to make other people believe that

they are book-lovers, and with this deception in view they buy all sorts of truck but never read anything.

3. The bibliophrodisiacs (sometimes called "teazers") are those who, loving books, incite others to the love and purchase of books. They are always males.

4. The bibliocranks are those who recognize no reason in any fad but their own. While they are collecting Americana, they regard old English balladry as the variest rot, and they have no patience with any crank unless he is a crank of their own kind.

5. The biblioparanoiaks are such as enjoy being known as patrons of literature, but they buy very little. The woods hereabouts are full of them.

6. The bibliophrenetics are those who fancy that they are bibliophiles simply because they read old catalogues.

7. The bibliophobiaks are those that buy up and destroy other books in order that books which they possess shall thereby become uniques; an extravagant, dangerous, and incurable class.

8. The bibliopelts are the vulgar bibliophools who glory in costly bindings without regard to taste. Seventy-five cent reprints are decked out in \$20 covers. The bibliopelts are too plenty.

Our friend, Mr. Ben T. Cable of Rock Island, presents one of the most interesting cases of bibliomania we have ever met with. His mania was the clear, straightforward case of a bibliophile until a curious complication set in about the middle of last winter. Sometime in January he bought the George Washington copy of the first American edition of Burns's poems (Albany, 1798). For this veritable treasure he paid only \$150, and when it was known that the sale had been concluded certain Chicago friars devoutly wished themselves laymen temporarily, in order that they might indulge, without sin, in those emphatic expletives which their disgust seemed to demand for its soothing and satisfaction. As soon, however, as Mr. Cable became possessed of this Washington Burns, or shortly thereafter, he learned that only one other copy of the first American edition was in existence, and he determined to hunt that other copy down and buy it. He talked to us about it, and, after the manner of the sagacious family doctor, we plied him with questions in order to discover all the symptoms, for we suspected that our friend was threatened with a bibliophobioid (or bibliocidal) complication.

"So you want that other copy?" we asked.

"I am determined to have it," said Mr. Cable, eagerly. "I will pay any price for it."

"But you already have *one* copy," we said. "What demoniacal greed, what febrile lust, instigates you to the comprehension of *another* copy?"

"I am determined," answered the unhappy man, "to make my Washington Burns a unique! Do you understand?"

"Unfortunate man! what would you do? What frenzy has possessed you? Can it be that you would de-

stroy—that you would first purchase and then obliterate this costly treasure?"

"I should burn it up," said Mr. Cable, solemnly. "I should remove forever every possibility of its ever becoming a blot or a stigma upon the fame of that other book. Pray, what value attaches to a unique if there is a duplicate? But, mind you, the destruction of that second copy shall be no commonplace, ribald affair; it shall be consummated solemnly and with becoming pomp."

"What do you mean?" we asked.

"I shall give a dinner at Delmonico's," said Mr. Cable, "and there shall be present a goodly company of maniacs as hopelessly insane as myself. It shall be understood that the occasion is the funeral, or, if you please, the incineration, of a notable book. We shall have an address from Mr. Steadman upon the 'Justice of Death' and a poem from Brander Matthews. Extemporaneous remarks will be made by Mr. Stoddard, Mr. Gilder, Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. Howells, Mr. Lathrop, Mr. Buell, and many others who will extol the many virtues of the morbid volume. Then, while my friend 'John Paul' Webb delivers an original thanatopsical ode, the guests will file around to take a last view of the remains, after which the volume, reposing upon a silver salver, shall be consigned by me to the flames of a sandalwood fire, into which the servants shall anon cast copious libations of frankincense, spikenard, and myrrh. After the conflagration the remains shall be gathered up and sealed in a bronze vase which ultimately shall be cast into the East river. So you see that the obsequies of this tenderly hated and irreconcilably beloved volume will really be most honorable and imposing."

Mr. Cable's case is, as you see, a most interesting one. We were not

able to diagnose it and we had to lay it before a commission de bibliomania inquirenda, consisting of Dr. Poole, Lawyer Ed. Mason, and Mr. Franklin H. Head. This distinguished commission decided that Mr. Cable was a bibliophile suffering temporarily with an accute attack of monobibliophobia. And there the matter rests.

As in cases of ferbile or nervous excitement curious hallucination frequently occurs, so in bibliomania are the most peculiar symptoms sometimes exhibited. Mr. Barker, the bookseller, was talking with us the other day about a certain clergyman, and he praised him for a most admirable gentleman and simon-pure bibliophile.

"Why," said Brother Barker, "he came in here the other afternoon and bought six volumes of Scotch ecclesiastical history and paid me \$9 for them. Before he went out he gave the books back to me. 'Here, Brother Barker,' said he, 'you may have these books; I don't want 'em.' Yes, sir; he gave them back to me and wouldn't take a penny for them!"

"That was certainly a most extraordinary proceeding!" said we. "Why did he buy the books in the first place?"

"Oh, he wanted the pictures in them said Brother Barker. "He took *them* out before he gave the books back to me."

"Oh, he did. And how many pictures were there?"

"Ninety or a hundred, for that matter," said Brother Barker, "but they were not all necessary to the understanding of the text.

Now this self-same clergyman has been constant and loud in his mouthings against the sin of grangerism, yet even *he* could not stand against that sin when temporarily infected with the poison of bibliophobia.

The swapping fever is a harmless

malady that fastens itself upon the average bibliomaniac about once a year. If neglected it sometimes becomes chronic. We have in mind at this moment two very worthy and admirable maniacs who live near each other on the south side of town. They are continually trading books and manuscripts. One afternoon one of them got hold of a finely extra-illustrated life of Abraham Lincoln. He went over to his friend's house to exhibit the treasure; the friend coveted it and suggested a trade. In less than two hours that book changed hands five times, each trade suggesting some new deal. We know of one instance where a book still at the binder's was sold, bought back, resold, swapped, and rebought among the original principals.

A baptist clergyman in Chicago recently made a book-trade with a congregational clergyman and he discovered that the congregationalist had carelessly slipped his next Sunday sermon into one of the beautiful folios. Somewhat of a humorist, the baptist clergyman determined to profit by his brother's labor, and to deliver that sermon from his own pulpit. The preachers occasionally enjoy a joke on one another. But this joke was a double-edged one. Along about the middle thereof the congregationalist's sermon bore down rather severely upon the doctrine of immersion, and the confusion that this discovery caused our baptist friend rendered the concluding part of his discourse exceedingly brief and desultory.

As handsome a specimen of printing and of binding as we have seen in many a day is now on exhibition at McClurg's. It is the 'Memoirs of the Count Grammont' in French, with double set of India proofs, and fresh from the Paris binder. At Miller's arcade there is an interesting bit of

Americana in the 'Memoirs of Davy Crockett, by Himself,' first edition, with Crockett's autograph and presentation inscription upon a fly-leaf. Frank Morris has at his Old-Book Shop a "breeches" Bible of 1587; the most interesting feature about it, as we think, is a prescription written 200 years ago upon one of the inside leaves. This prescription tells the reader "How to Cure a Ake."

EUGENE FIELD.

—*Chicago News.*

THE PHILOBIBLON.

'The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury.' Edited and translated by Ernest C. Thomas. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.)

There is a fashion in reprints as in other things. A year ago translations and editions of 'Aucassin et Nicolette' were "in the air," now it is the turn of the 'Philobiblon.' Prof. Henry Morley lately reprinted the translation of Inglis as one of the last additions to his "Universal Library." Prof. Andrew West, of Princeton, is said to be actively preparing an edition for one of the American Book Clubs. Mr. Thomas's long-promised and long-delayed volume is at last before us. This is in every respect an admirable piece of work, and possesses the further advantages of beautiful type, good paper, and a tasteful binding. By the elaborate scale on which it has been planned it rises altogether above the level of Prof. Morley's popular reprint, and by the excellence of its execution sets for any future editor a standard which he may well be proud if he surpass.

An introduction, which gives a summary of all that is known of De Bury's life, and includes also a bibliography of his book, a carefully revised text with annotations at the

foot of each page, and, lastly, a translation—these are the heads under which Mr. Thomas's edition of the 'Philobiblon' falls to be considered. In his account of his author (if, indeed, Richard de Bury may so be called) Mr. Thomas was in one respect unfortunate; for it was not till after his introduction was in type that his attention was directed to a hitherto unprinted and unnoticed obituary record of De Bury by his contemporary, Adam Murimuth. The record is not kindly in its tone, for it speaks of the Bishop as one who "*ipsum episcopatum et omnia sua beneficia prius habita per preces magnatum et ambitionis vitium adquisivit*," and whose prodigality caused him to die in the most miserable poverty, deserted and robbed by all his household. Even worse than this is the accusation that his world-famed library was the collection of no true scholar, but of a man "*mediocriter literatus, volens tamen magnus clericus reputari*" Now, in seven of the MSS. of the 'Philobiblon' its authorship is distinctly assigned, not to De Bury himself, but to his chaplain, Robert Holkot; and Adam Murimuth's sneer at the bishop's attainments comes as an unpleasant reinforcement to the otherwise rather weak arguments against the bishop having written the book which has so generally been associated with his name. In any case his character cannot be greatly admired. Besides his love of being surrounded with learned men and learned books he seems to have had no other virtue save a certain lordliness in his prodigality; and, according to his own unblushing confession, his library was largely recruited by books received as bribes.

Whoever was its author, and whatever his character, the popularity of the 'Philobiblon' is beyond question, and is amply attested both by the

number and by the distribution of its MS. copies. Of these thirty-five are now known to exist; and as no less than seven of them were brought to light within the last three years of Mr. Thomas's labors, it is highly probable that the list may still be extended. Twenty of the thirty-five manuscripts are in English libraries; fifteen have, or had, their homes abroad. Of these two—one Flemish, the other German—are in private hands, three are at Paris, three more (all late) at Brussels, two at Munich, and one each at Hamburg, Basle, Venice, Rome and the Escorial.

The strong foreign interest in the 'Philobiblon' to which the existence of these MSS. in such widely separated libraries bears witness is still more evident when we come to the printed editions. Of these the first—a small quarto volume of forty-eight leaves—was published at Cologne in 1473 the second at Spire ten years later; the third ornamented with one of Jean Petit's pretty title-pages, at Paris, in 1500. Not till nearly a hundred years later, in 1598-99, did the edition of Thomas James (Bodley's Librarian) relieve the monotony of English neglect of our first bookman. In 1610 came Goldast's Leipzig edition (as an appendix to his 'Philologicarum Epistolarum Centuria'), the last of three reprints of which appeared in 1703. Then for one hundred and twenty-nine years no edition English or foreign, can be recorded; but in 1832 there was published in London an anonymous translation afterwards assigned to Mr. J. B. Inglis, and in 1856 a new edition of the text by M. Cocheris appeared in Paris. Thus, before Mr. Thomas set to work only one Englishman had cared to translate, and only one to edit, our earliest bibliographical classic, and the inaccurate edition of Cocheris held the

market. Everything thus encouraged De Bury's latest editor to begin his task in the spirit of one who is wiping out a national disgrace.

For the English *editio princeps* James appears to have had at his disposal six MSS., of which two, belonging respectively to Magdalen and Lincoln Colleges, were the most important. M. Cocheris's edition is stated to be a mere reprint of that of 1703, with the readings of the three Paris MSS. added at the foot of the page. For the present volume Mr. Thomas has examined no less than twenty-eight of the thirty-five MSS. known to exist, as well as every printed edition, and has formed his text on the basis of the four best MSS. of which he records every important variant, together with many from less weighty authorities. His promise of "a more elaborate critical edition, if there should appear to be a demand for it," is thus surely superfluous. Would that yet more venerable classics could be presented to us in a text as nearly approaching original purity as we have every reason to suppose is the case with this of the 'Philobiblon.' Purity, however, is perhaps hardly a word which should be used in connection with De Bury's style. His syntax, it is true, is on the whole above suspicion; but his language is affected and obscure, and his vocabulary painfully full of coinages from Greek and Arabic. What, for instance, would Quintilian have had to say to such words as *anthropospatos*, *assub*, *elemosynarium* (for a "wallet"), *hyperduliam*, or *genzahar*? This last has always hitherto been treated as a proper name; but Mr. Thomas is able to record its identity with a Perso-Arabic astronomical term meaning "dragon," its reference being to the relation between the equator and the ecliptic, the points of intersection of which—i.e., their nodes—were respec-

tively called the head and tail of the dragon. *Hereos* is another word which has hitherto been a puzzle. "Licet mentem nostram librorum amor hereos possideret a puero," writes De Bury to the confusion of his editors, who have vainly sought refuge in such conjectures as "herus" or "haerens." Mr. Thomas's suggestion is *deinos* and, when we remember the frequent Graecisms in the 'Philobiblon,' it becomes quite convincing on the production (from a letter of the Emperor Julian) of the striking parallel—*emoi biblion kthseos ek paidariou deinos enteteke pothos*. A skilful emendation like this is a feather in an editor's cap; but, quite apart from such happy hits, almost every page of Mr. Thomas's commentary testifies no less to its compiler's unwearied diligence than to his ingenuity and width of reading.

The translation of a work bristling with so many obscure words and allusions as the 'Philobiblon' is no easy task. From Mr. Thomas's version it would be possible to collect a little array of passages in which he has allowed himself to omit some unimportant word, or to vary slightly the exact shade of meaning of his original; but De Bury has, perhaps no claim to be treated with the unswerving reverence due to a classical author, and at the hands of his latest translator he has met with all substantial justice. Where difficulties most abound Mr. Thomas is seen at his best; and a famous passage from chapter xvii., in rendering which he has given careful heed to the force of every word, is also an excellent specimen of his style. It relates to a peculiarly odious example of the "badly brought up" race of scholars, and in Mr. Thomas's version runs as follows:—

"You may happen to see some headstrong youth lazily lounging over his studies, and when the

winter's frost is sharp, his nose running from the nipping cold drips down, nor does he think of wiping it with his pocket-handkerchief until he has bedewed the book before him with the ugly moisture. Would that he had before him no book, but a cobbler's apron! His nails are stuffed with fetid filth as black as jet, with which he marks any passage that pleases him. He distributes a multitude of straws, which he inserts to stick out in different places so that the halm may remind him of what his memory cannot retain. These straws, because the book has no stomach to digest them and no one takes them out, first distend the book from its wonted closing, and at length, being carelessly abandoned to oblivion, go to decay. He does not fear to eat fruit or cheese over an open book, or carelessly to carry a cup to and from his mouth; and because he has no wallet at hand he drops into books the fragments that are left. Continually chattering, he is never weary of disputing with his companions; and, while he alleges a crowd of senseless arguments, he wets the book lying half open in his lap with sputtering showers. Aye, and then hastily folding his arms, he leans forward on the book, and by a brief spell of study invites a prolonged nap; and then, by way of mending the wrinkles, he folds back the margin of the leaves, to the no small injury of the book. Now the rain is over and gone, and the flowers have appeared in our land. Then the scholar, we are speaking of a neglecter rather than an inspector of books, will stuff his volume with violets and primroses, with roses and qatrefoll. Then he will use his wet and perspiring hands to turn over the volumes; then he will thump the white vellum with gloves covered with all kinds of dust, and with his finger clad in long-used leather will hunt line by line through the page; then at the sting of the biting flea, the sacred book is flung aside, and is hardly shut for another month, until it is so full of the dust that has found its way within, that it resists the effort to close it."

Not a pleasing picture this, either in Latin or English, but very ably rendered from one to the other by Mr. Thomas. *Duplicatis cubitis*, however, is surely too mercifully translated by "folding his arms." I am afraid it means "bending his elbows," i. e., so as to dig the sharp points into the parchment and make it cockle, a truly satanic offence which perhaps Mr. Thomas could not bring himself to contemplate as possible. For to the true book-lover the wickedness of the Philistine must ever appear unnatural and incredible; and to the title of book-lover, by the affectionate care which he has bestowed upon this

beautiful volume, the latest editor of the 'Philobiblon' has established a worthy claim.

ALFRED W. POLLARD.

HENRIK IBSEN.

One of the most truly notable books published in England for some time past appeared as the September issue of the "Camelot Series." All or most of the publications of that series have been, in their way, useful and interesting; but it is after all saying little to say that the volume entitled 'The Pillars of Society, and other Plays, by Henrik Ibsen,' is of quite different and quite superior value to any of the mere reprints—Swift or Lowell, Shelley or Carlyle—for which a very proper gratitude is due to editor and publisher. The book, quietly as it comes before us, is no less than a literary event, for it introduces to English readers almost for the first time, and for the first time adequately, a writer of immense genius, who is to-day the chief power among the Scandinavian races—'the chief figure of European significance,' says Mr. Havelock Ellis, the editor of the volume, 'that has appeared in the Teutonic world of art since Goethe.'

Henrik Ibsen was born at Skien, a small town on one of the southern fjords of Norway, on March 20, 1828. His father was a small merchant, and at the age of sixteen Ibsen was apprenticed to an apothecary at Grimstad in the south of Arendal, a position he quitted after six years in order to carry on his medical studies at the University of Christiania. Here he had as fellow-students several of his future comrades in letters—Björnstjerne Björnson among others—and it was not long before medicine was definitely abandoned for literature. While still at Grimstad, Ibsen

had written a classical drama, 'Cæcilina,' subsequently revised and published among his more mature works, and for some time he made futile endeavors to gain a living by his pen. It was in the autumn of 1851 that the first important event of his life occurred. This was the appointment as director of the National Theatre which had recently been established by Ole Bull at Bergen. This position he relinquished in 1857, to assume the directorship of the Norwegian Theatre at Christiania. In 1852 Ibsen had paid a fruitful visit to Denmark and to Germany, and during the period of his practical connection with the stage he had not only gained that intimate acquaintance with theatrical requirements without which no poet can ever become a playwright, but he had exercised himself in what was perhaps little more than journeyman-work for the boards of his theatre—journeyman-work which was still further training him for his great dramatic achievements of the future. About the time of his removal to Christiania, to assume the post vacated by his friend Björnson, Ibsen married Susanna Thoresen, the daughter of a clergyman of Bergen. In 1864 he left Norway and went to live at Rome, which he quitted in 1868 for Dresden. He has since lived at Munich, Ischia, Monaco, and other places, never, I believe, revisiting his native country till three years since. The exile was voluntary, but it was doubtless Ibsen's fate to know himself a prophet without honor in his own country and among his own kin.

Ibsen's dramatic career has been curiously regular in its course and development; so that a chronological list of his works presents an orderly view of the various styles which divide it into groups. First come the historical plays, interesting and effective in their way, but of comparative-

ly little moment in a consideration of Ibsen's position as a writer. These are: 'Catilina,' 1850; 'Fru Inger til Ostraat' (Dame Inger of Os raat), 1855; 'Gildet paa Solhaug' (The Feast at Solhaug), 1855; 'Hærmændene paa Helgeland' (The Warriors at Helgeland), 1858; 'Kongs-emnerne' (The Pretenders), 1864; 'Kaiser og Galilæer' (Emperor and Galilean), begun in Norway, but not finished till 1873. The second group consists of three dramatic poems, 'Kjærlighedens Komædie' (Love's Comedy), 1862; 'Brand,' 1866; and 'Peer Gynt,' 1867. It is in these fantastic romances in verse, full of wild imagination, and more characteristically northern than any other of his works, that we see Ibsen the poet. Their special kind of poetry—a homely strangeness, a pathos which comes out of near and remote elements, a humor which is grotesque and, like all really poetical humor, only just over the edge of tragedy—is a plant which could grow only on Scandinavian soil. Some passages of Miss Schreiner's wonderful romance, 'The Story of an African Farm,' could alone, it seems to me, of anything in English give some idea of the nature of this style. Perhaps in the future, as Mr. Ellis hints, 'Brand' and 'Peer Gynt' will come to be regarded as the greatest of Ibsen's works. At present, certainly, it is by his social dramas that Ibsen is best known; it is by these that he has gained his European reputation; it is by these, we are told, that he wishes to be remembered. They are his latest work, the deliberate work of his maturity; they are what we might call his 'message.' It is of these, then, that I shall speak here, and I shall confine myself as much as possible to the plays now accessible to the English reader. The social dramas are seven in number: 'De Unges Forbund' (The Young Men's

League), 1869; 'Samfundets Støtter' (The Pillars of Society), 1877; 'Et Dukkehjem' (A Doll's House), 1879; 'Gengangere' (Ghosts), 1881; 'En Folkefiende' (An Enemy of Society), 1882; 'Vildanden' (The Wild Duck), 1884; and 'Rosmersholm,' 1886. The plays which Mr. Ellis gives in his volume are 'The Pillars of Society,' 'Ghosts,' and 'An Enemy of the People.' Besides these (which are admirably translated—the first by Mr. William Archer, who has also revised Miss Lord's translation of 'Ghosts,' and the third by Mrs. Eleanor Marx Ave'ing) there is a version, somewhat less successful, of 'A Doll's House,' published by Miss Lord in 1822 under the title of 'Nora.'

The art of Ibsen in his social dramas is of that essentially modern kind which is not content with holding the mirror up to nature, but desires to drive in certain reformatory ideas over and above the impression conveyed by an impartial reflection of life. Indeed, art such as Ibsen's is never impartial, and yet, if it be art at all, it is precisely in its reflection of life that almost the whole of its value lies. Ibsen is passionately in earnest; he hates the false and loves the true more warmly than a mere artist finds it needful to do; and it is with a deliberate purpose that he takes up his pen. But the power of his work—the justification, and the only artistic justification, of such a line of work—is in this, that his purpose thrusts him of itself into the very midst of humanity, forces him to know men and women as they are, to describe them as they are, and thus to base his art on the only unshifting basis. The very passion which moves him serves to sharpen the outline of the characters who move, types yet never abstractions—rather living men and women who reflect ideas—across the stage on

which they appear so much at home. Ibsen's grip on his subject-matter is prodigious, and his subject-matter is modern life—life and the abuses of life. To read one of his plays is to pass an hour in a centre of existence—in a great city, where the crowds have their passions and agitations, or, better still, in some small place, a selected corner out of all this bustle, in which the action, more circumscribed can be concentrated, and thus strike home with a deeper intensity. The action of one of the greatest of his dramas, 'Ghosts,' takes place in a country house by one of the western fjords during the hours of a single day from noon to sunset; but in its scope it embraces humanity, and speaks to universal nature. Here again the 'purpose' with which he writes justifies itself: it is because he has a purpose—because, that is, he is a thinker who goes right down to Nature, who weighs, and finds wanting, a society which does not grow out of that one true soil—that his art becomes universal: his purpose is the life-blood of his art.

Ibsen's 'purpose,' in these social dramas, is nothing narrow or fanatic; it cannot be too distinctly said that he is not a vendor of nostrums, philanthropic or other, nor that terrible being, a man of one idea. His satire plays freely on every angle of that great mass of conventions which we call society; it is now political, as in 'The Young Men's League,' now purely social, as in 'The Pillars of Society;' he can even seem to satirize himself, as in 'The Wild Duck.' His fundamental demand is for individual liberty; he would have men live according to nature, and he can conceive of a reasonable society only as an organization founded on the truth of things, and bound together by sincerity. 'To revolutionize people's minds,' as he himself has said, 'that is the

one thing that avails.' Thus his plays are no party-pamphlets, but a gospel of real light: they illuminate, they do not merely argue. Nor is Ibsen an idealist in the contemptuous sense which people often give to the word—an impractical visionary. He is directly and steadily practical, full of common sense, shrewdness, attention to fact, to detail. He can found a play on a sanitary question; nothing is trivial, common, uninteresting to him. And he has the courage of his convictions—abundance of courage, or he would never have written 'Ghosts.' What his pet ideas may be in political matters, in what is properly called party politics, the only kind of politics which the ordinary mind seems able to conceive, I neither know nor care to know. I am not aware, even after reading 'A Doll's House,' in which the woman question is treated with so firm a grasp, so broad a comprehension, if he is of the opinion, like Miss Cobbe, that female suffrage is the paradise of woman's progress. But I do know that for sane and suggestive treatment of social questions; for clear light upon difficult ways, straight speech on shrouded topics; for satire which is cruel and healing as the burning iron that cauterizes a wound; for earnestness that is never without judgment, sincerity that is never without tact; for the qualities that make a social drama helpful and illuminating, the work of Ibsen is pre-eminent, and in these days unique.

But Ibsen is not only a great thinker, he is a great artist. Nothing shows us better than Ibsen's social dramas the true meaning of the word realism—a word which has unhappily come to be associated with pictures of life which are necessarily sordid, frequently unclean. The connection between the realistic and the abominable is a question I have never been

able to fathom. Realism is a picture of life as it really is, and in life as it really is the element of grossness is only one of many elements. Ibsen's realism stifles nothing; it is daring to discuss matters over which society draws a veil, but it is never gross, never unhealthy, it 'sees life steadily, and sees it whole.' Ibsen paints ordinary life; his people are (if I may speak in terms of another nationality) the people one meets in the City, one's lawyer, one's banker, the men one hears discussing stocks and shares, business people; or, again, the officials of a country town, the clergyman, the ladies who work for charitable institutions, the doctor, the newspaper editor, the printer. All these people meet, talk over their own affairs, speak of their business, go to and fro, just as if they were really living their parts. Every character down to the merest 'walking gentleman,' is carefully finished; we get from all the same impression of reality. It is life, and yet life from a point of view which is not the point of view of the crowd. Everywhere there is a deep undercurrent of irony, and irony is the judgment of an outside observer, who is not in the throng. So cutting is the irony, that Ibsen's plays would be terrible reading for the Rörunds and Helmers and Bernicks of society if one could only hope in them so much inner light as would suffice to show them themselves. That is what I am a little doubtful about; however, Ibsen's irony though cutting, is so moderate, so singularly free from the exaggeration of caricature, that I have good hope it may be so. And, indeed, conventional people everywhere hate Ibsen—because they fear him; he shocks them—because he tells the inconvenient truths. A caricaturist is never feared, but in Ibsen you never lose the lesson in the laugh. His style is

precision itself; in the dialogue there is scarcely a metaphor. Energy, conciseness, and exactitude are the qualities by which his style rises through its simplicity to the finest literary art. The secret of this style lies in the precision with which every word is always used, and no more. Ibsen's dialogue is our everyday talk pruned of its waste—not pruned so as to lose any of the sap of life, for his art shows itself nowhere keener than in a cunning use of broken sentences, interjections and interruptions, apparent trivialities and casualities. Nowhere does there seem to be any sacrifice of nature for literary effect; there is no word-brilliance, no display; and here, as always, the restraint of the true artist is justified by the finer art of the result.

In the construction of his plays, as in the management of his dialogue, Ibsen works by simplicity, rapidity, and concision. The plot is always elaborately woven, with a care which is directed to the clear presentment of a sometimes rather complex network of action. There is often an underplot, worked into the very stuff of the main action, and contributing to its development. But in the final result all is clear and undistracted; the impression is single. In 'The Young Men's League' the action centres in a political pretender, Stensgaard; he rises and falls, through the course of the vivacious comedy, steadily pushing his way onward toward the prize that will one day crown his determined seeking of it. Here, as elsewhere, Ibsen expresses his distrust of 'compact majorities'; his profound distrust of a sounding progress which does not begin from within. In 'The Pillars of Society,' the sweep of the satire, like the course of the action, is more extensive. It falls on the conventions, small and great, which are the 'pillars' of a

rotten society, touching now here, now there—the tattle of the ladies at their sewing-meeting, the barbarous inhumanity of the shipowner who sends out unworthy ships, finally and most forcibly the foundation of lies, domestic and social, on which the apparent success of Consul Bernick has been built. The play is not all gloom, for it traces the moral regeneration of man who is manly enough to rise through confession to a spiritual victory—a regeneration brought about through the agency of a woman: in Ibsen, as in Shakspeare, in Scott, in George Meredith, the heroes are women.

'A Doll's House'—with 'Ghosts' the finest and most impressive of Ibsen's social dramas, and certainly altogether the most charming, quite the most perfect—is an utterance on the marriage question. The portrait of Nora is the most wonderful piece of character-drawing that Ibsen has ever done, and Nora herself is the most charming creature conceivable. In the three days in which the action passes she develops from a child to a woman; a series of events—whose rapid and inevitable march, the encroaching or the fate that lies in our deeds and us, almost suspends the breath in the sympathy of pity and terror—brings her face to face with immense issues: for the first time she sees things in their true light, for the first time she speaks seriously with her husband, and the step she takes is taken with clear conviction and in full seriousness. Her story is a protest against that fatally false view of women which turns marriage, only too often, into a bargain between a beautiful slave and a kind slave-owner. In Helmer we see the man who builds a 'doll's house' for his wife, worshipping her as his idol, if you will, but with a chivalry which is but the softer side of contempt.

He is the normal man, and Nora is the normal woman trained in exquisite ignorance of life, in delicate seclusion from facts, to become the dearest possession, but a possession, a property, of that superior being the normal man. When at last her awakening comes she cries to her husband, with a strange shiver of recollection: 'Torvald, in that moment it became clear to me that I had been living here all these years with a strange man, and had borne him three children.' The consciousness overwhelms her that the marriage is no marriage, that she is no fit wife for her husband, nor he a fit husband for her, that she is not fit to be the mother of her children. And she leaves him, only to return, if that should ever be, when their living together will be a true marriage.

'Ghosts,' with which I compared 'A Doll's House,' for its concentrated power, has none of the charm, none of the variety, of that play. Its subject is the most sombre of all that Ibsen has essayed, and, like 'A Doll's House,' it has roused a violent opposition. It is a tragedy which encroaches as far as art can well go in the direction of physical horror, and the prolonged anguish of its action is unrelieved by even a momentary ray of really cheerful light. The play shows, in its few intense hours of crisis, the working of the relentless law of heredity. It is the final triumph of nature over conventionality, and Ibsen has not spared the morality of conventional suppression one drop of the bitter cup. The play is certainly very painful reading, but the painfulness is justified, from the moral point of view by the 'purpose,' from the artistic point of view by the unquestionable power of it. I know nothing in any play so complete in its mastery over the springs of horror and sympathetic suffering as the last

scene, the expected and dreaded climax—the final flowering of the latent germ of madness in the innocent Oswald. The horror of ‘The Cenci’ is less dreadful than this.

When ‘Ghosts’ came out, it was of course honored with the epithet of immorality. In ‘An Enemy of Society,’ a play which appeared in the following year, it is supposed that Ibsen alludes to his own position among his countrymen in the representation of Dr. Stockmann, the soberly heroic doctor who dares and loses all but the consciousness of duty in a fight against unconquerable prejudice. The position in which Ibsen places his hero is dramatically excellent, and the complications give the finest opportunities for social satire and that truthful exhibition of social abuses which is more deadly to them than any satire. The whole action is full of life and bustle; one scene, the scene of the public meeting, must have immense effect on the stage: never has the whole aspect, the whole movement, of such a thing been so truthfully and so brilliantly put on the boards. Here, as so often elsewhere, the demand of Ibsen is for the liberty of the individual, the ‘revolutionizing of people’s minds.’ In ‘The Wild Duck,’ a play of inferior quality, the satire seems to turn round upon the satirist: its exposure of the unballasted idealist does but show how ‘steadily’ Ibsen sees life, and how he ‘sees it whole.’ ‘Rosmersholm,’ the latest and not the least of Ibsen’s plays, is, unlike the others, primarily a drama of passion. It has something of the individual intensity of Browning, and like one of Browning’s finest works it might have been called ‘A Soul’s Tragedy.’ For a moment society is forgotten in the contemplation of a human soul.

Ibsen’s art, to return to our starting-point, is the art of a renovator, a

satirist; ‘his work throughout,’ as Mr. Ellis well says in the powerful and thoughtful introduction to which I have before referred, ‘is the expression of a great soul crushed by the weight of an antagonistic social environment into utterance that has caused him to be regarded as the most revolutionary of modern writers.’ Such a writer is not to be weighed as we weigh the impersonal literary artist to whom all nature is a mere sketching-ground, and men and women but models. He demands of us other standards, and we must, if we would do him justice, view him as he would have himself regarded. This is what I have tried to do in the foregoing pages.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

AMOR IN EXTREMIS.

“ ‘Say, hast thou lied?’ And ‘I have lied
To God and her,’ he said, and died.”

R. BROWNING (*Count Gismond*)

Lord, I have sinn’d; yet grant me grace
Once more again to behold her face,
Ere I go to mine own appointed place.

Lord, I had vowed to fight for Thee there,
Where Paynims are holding Jerusalem fair,
That Christian men might kneel in prayer

Before the place where Thou, Lord, didst lie,
Upon the spot where Thou, Lord, didst die,
And gave up the ghost with that bitter cry.

Yet for my vow is there nought to show,
I broke no lance with the heathen foe,
Lord, I have lied unto Thee, I know.

Lied, because a woman was fair,
And the sun shone warm on her golden hair,
Ah, but her beauty was passing rare!

Blame her not, Lord, for the sin was mine,
She had not sworn to fight for Thy shrine,
Let me drink of the cup that is bitter as brine.

But Lord, if I ever found grace in Thy sight,
Let no drop from that cup dim the gold so bright
Of her hair; which drew me away from the light.

I mid the lost on the Judgment day
Must go to my place; yet to Thee, Lord, I pray,
That Thou wilt have mercy on her alway.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

ROGERS AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

'Rogers and his Contemporaries.' By W. P. Clayden. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1889.

Mr. Clayden may, we think, look upon his now completed biography of Rogers with considerably more satisfaction than some recent biographers are entitled to feel. Like the former volume of 'Early Life,' but in much fuller measure and with far more interesting subjects, this book not only collects all the most valuable part of what had previously been known about its subject, but adds a very great deal of new matter, some of it very interesting indeed. That this new matter, which has, as we gather from Mr. Clayden, been put in more than one instance at the service of previous biographers of other people, should not have been more fully drawn upon is sometimes surprising, but not perhaps quite so surprising as Mr. Clayden seems to think. For instance, Wordsworth's nephew and biographer may have had good reasons for not printing fully the valuable series of Wordsworth's letters here given. For these letters exhibit the poet of Rydal, not indeed in a new light, but certainly not in a very favorable one, as an ungracious critic of others, eaten up with self-esteem, as troublesome about his matters, and with much less reason, as poor Mephibosheth, and not above something rather like begging. It is rather curious, by the way, that, despite the persistent cry about Roger's "ill-nature," people seem to have written to him with rather unusual freedom and self-revelation, a circumstance telling in his favor certainly, if not always in theirs.

Mr. Clayden makes a brave fight for his hero and connection in this ill-nature question, and we do not think that he is wholly unsuccessful. Cer-

tainly the victim of Byron's ferocious and treacherous lampoon (which we think that Mr. Clayden is both courageous and charitable in trying to pass off as only Byron's fun) does not suffer from that lampoon so much as Byron himself. It is also perfectly true, as Mr. Clayden urges, that much of the unfavorable and respecting Rogers are due either to the deliberate *écartement* of Theodore Hook, or to the gossip of certain awkward, if not exactly malevolent, persons who, like Dyce, Lady Morgan, and even Lady Dufferin and Mr. Hayward to some extent, knew him chiefly in his later days when he was first a little and later much "failed." Yet that there must have been an unpleasantness about Rogers which is not to be denied or explained away by jealousy of his singular good fortune, and by other accidents of his long life, there can be little doubt. Mr. Clayden's book, though it supplies us with ample facts, does not enter on the curious question on the other side, why Rogers was so extraordinarily cultivated and esteemed, especially as a poet, by his contemporaries. His case is a very peculiar one. Although well to do, he never was an extremely rich man; though respectably, he was by no means highly connected; he never at any time, for all his familiarity with great men, disposed of much official patronage (some of the most creditable letters here show how long and how vainly for long he had to plead even such a case of clear desert and hardship as 'Dante' Cary's). Even his ability was not extraordinary. The singular delusion which prevailed so long about his very creditable, but hardly in the least poetic, verse has now, it may be supposed, finally disappeared; for even Sir Henry Taylor, a friend, a generous critic, and to some extent of the same school himself, had, writ-

ing about it so lately as eight years ago, little that was not apologetic to say. His best sayings derive all their merit of substance from an ill-nature that borders upon rudeness, and of form from persistent and assiduous practice. Lastly, he had absolutely none of those advantages of education and consequent early acquaintance-ship which count for so much. But Rogers united in a very singular degree those advantages of relative position which are collectively and vaguely called "luck," and as such, vainly sighed after by one set of fools and as vainly denied or poohpoohed by another. He was not as we have said, a very rich man, but he was much richer than most men of letters. He was not an extraordinarily brilliant man, but he was much cleverer than most men of wealth. He was a man of leisure, but he had passed through a serious business training which had both qualified him to enjoy leisure and given him some remnants of occupation to diversify it. He had a great many tastes, and he cultivated them all sedulously, not letting any one get the mastery of him. Even his poetry had this same singular luck of time and place. He was not a great poet, hardly a poet at all. But he was a Homer, or at least a Virgil, compared to Hayley and Pye, and, moreover, having not merely means, but *moyens*, he set them all to work to the business of being half-patron, half-comrade to writing fellows, half-*protégé*, half-equal of society. And he had his reward in the way in which, it is said by some parcel-optimists, a man always does have his reward when he determinedly and unweariedly wishes and works for some one thing.

The majority of readers, however, will probably not trouble themselves much about the philosophy of Rogers's career, and Mr. Clayden himself has

not forced it on their attention. What the book will be read for, and deserves to be read for, is its immense abundance of detail about all sorts of interesting things and people. We begin it, or almost begin it, with a letter from "Picturesque" Gilpin, who carries us far back into the middle, if not to the early, eighteenth century and we do not quite end it with a picture of Lord Tennyson trying on, as the newly made Laureate, that celebrated Court suit of Rogers's which had already been stretched to fit Wordsworth in the same capacity and which might, if Rogers himself had had a little less good sense, have actually belonged to one Poet Laureate as well as being worn by two.

Between these the most curious collection of personages presents itself, not absolutely for the first time, but generally so, in Mr. Clayden's pages. Moor's and Crabbe's Diaries, as well as other books of the same kind, have been drawn upon to complete the record: but the staple of news is unpublished. At one time it is Wordsworth varying a published dictum of his by a declaration (by no means unjustified) that Crabbe's verse is not poetry at all, but a mere statement of facts; or high sniffing at Jeffrey's declaration in the *Edinburgh* that Rogers and Campbell are the only living bards whose laurels are unwithered. This is an unpleasant passage, not because of "W. W.'s" wrath—which was natural—but because he insinuates that Campbell is not worthy to be coupled with his correspondent, which even he, rigid and awkward as were his canons of poetry, must have known to be—something that we had rather not mention in connection with the author of the Ode on Immortality. Campbell perhaps is not a great poet; but there is more poetry in a line of

'Hohenlinden' or 'The Battle of the Baltic' than in all Rogers's works. And it will always be to Rogers's credit that, while in many ways Campbell was a closer rival of his than any other of his contemporaries he constantly defended and befriended him; though, with the joint instincts of a rich man, a man of business, and a man of sense, he did more than once denounce Campbell's sleevelessness and indolence. One of the pleasantest stories about Rogers (which Mr. Clayden duly quotes) is Campbell's defence (literally justified by his own experience, and therefore all the nobler) of his friend. Some one said that Rogers was always speaking evil of his acquaintances. "Is he?" said Campbell. "Borrow five pounds of him, and he will never say anything unkind of you till you try to pay it back." That is good—as good almost as the very different story which Mr. Clayden tells, not in its best form we think, and of a different person from the person of whom we have heard it told. According to Mr. Clayden's version, Lady Davy said one day across a dinner-table, "Mr. Rogers, I am sure you are talking about me." "Lady Davy," replied he, "I pass my life in defending you." This is not very pointed. The other version has it that the late Mrs. Procter said to Rogers, "Mr. Rogers, I hear you have been attacking me." "Attacking you, my dear lady! Why, I pass my life in defending you." That has point enough.

If Rogers, however, had an evil tongue, he achieved not the least difficult or uncommon of the beatitudes by being a famous peacemaker in others' quarrels. That he was the chief agent in composing the quarrel in which figures "Little's leadless pistol" (which by the way, was not leadless, though Jeffrey's was) may be well known; but it is not so well

known that, according to at least one account, he suppressed a remark of the military arbitrator called in, that "*Mr. Jeffrey* was not called on to go out again," which, if he repeated to Moore, would pretty certainly have brought on a fresh challenge. Perhaps the wittiest thing in the two volumes is Lord Howden's. Writing to Rogers, he says, which is true enough still, that the hatred of the French for England is inextinguishable. "It is inextinguishable for one reason that must always exist. Not our burning of the 'Pucelle,' not Waterloo, not the incarnation of Bonaparte—these things may be forgotten—but because we prevent France from being the first nation in the world." Any Frenchman would give his ears to have said that, and there is a placidity of audacity about it which no Frenchman could reach. The most instructive and valuable is Rogers's statement that the Duke of Wellington was "the most sensible man going." For, though Rogers's Whiggism was not very deep or well-argued, it was uncompromising, and quite late in life he (more shame to him) declared that he had never wished well to the English arms. The most comic, perhaps, is Fanny Kemble's history of the occasion on which Rogers, quite overcome by Wordsworth's "boeing," exclaimed in genuine bitterness of soul, "He *won't* let me tell my story." And the most novel is the publication of certain memoranda which show that Sheridan, at the time when most of his biographers have professed themselves utterly unable to know how he made a living, was possessed of by no means inconsiderable landed property which some one rented at "near \$2,100 a year." Somebody ought now to find out how the dramatist-politician managed to buy this.

A book of this kind, however, can only be reviewed in the most haphaz-

ard manner, because of the multiplicity of subjects with which it deals. It is rather a panorama than a picture. But for two purposes it will always be valuable and interesting—that of reading lazily and that of consulting diligently. Rogers knew so many people, and his life covered so large a space of time, that few celebrated men of the last quarter of the last century and the two first quarters of this failed to touch him in some way or other. Why people thought of his poetry as they clearly did think will long remain as great a mystery as Macaulay confessed it was to him. But why he was in general such a considerable person is not difficult to find out, now that Mr. Clayden has placed the full evidence before us, while for those who do not care about evidence, and merely care for a readable book, the volumes may be almost equally recommended.



READING UNIONS.

"Come and play with me," said the boy to the dog, in the story. But though he cried "Dog, dog," the Pharisaic animal pretended that he had business. Now, everybody knows that it is really dogs who are anxious to get a playfellow. A dog notoriously cannot even go for a walk by himself. Though he is growing fat, and regrets it, still he is so much the slave of his social instincts that without company walk he will not. It appears that men and women are growing as much the serfs of society, as unable to enjoy themselves by themselves, and unencouraged by company, as the dog himself. Were it not so, women and men could surely read books without joining "Reading Unions." Reading is a solitary pleasure. In the long run it would have been far better for Francesca and

Paolo to have studied the tale of Lancelot by themselves, not in a Reading Union of two. But people have no longer the lonely fortitude of study. They make up little clubs, and pay small subscription, and actually set themselves "papers," all that they may push themselves into the pleasures of study. Their consciences are much more powerful than their innate love of literature. "We ought to read," they say, and they bind themselves to read half an hour a day, by instalments; and so they salve their consciences, though they can hardly learn very much. To people so incapable of enjoyment from letters it were wise to say, "Go, and pretend to read no more." Reading is really not a solemn religious or moral duty. People should not let themselves be morally bullied into pleasures from which their nature revolts. They will never take pleasure in books if they are not made in that way. And if kind Nature gave them the best of her gifts, the power of losing themselves and forgetting their sorrows in printed dreams, then nothing will prevent them from reading. They will not need to be asked questions and to be set "papers" on authors—nay, as soon as study becomes a matter of examination they will detest it. They will only study competitively under competition. Hence the blunder of schoolmasters who set boys holiday tasks in Shakspeare and Scott. This is the way to make boys hate poetry and romance which are turned into lesson books. They would not read Marryat and Cooper if these favorites of youths were to be made matter for "papers" and "marks."

Some grown-up folk are less sensible than boys, and are turning what should be the first of mental pleasures into a labor and an exercise. They have associated themselves into the

"Wit and Wisdom Reading Union." They pay about a dollar each, they promise to read the books which the "Director" appoints, and they may drink delight of battle with their peers in a competitive examination. The members are earnestly advised *never* to read without a sheet of paper and a note-book in hand. Macaulay preferred to record the number of times the heroine fainted, on the fly-leaf of his novel, but that, to be sure, is a slovenly practice. Members are to send abstracts of their books to the much suffering Director, whom we would be understood to regard as an excellent man, but one likely to become acquainted with misfortune. He will have to read, "I think Pelham a sad fop," and similar marginalia by ladies who use a pencil in place of "a most observant thumb." As no prizes will be offered, the Unionists must be filled with the pure love of being able to understand people who talk about books, as some people still do. The examination papers, it may be admitted, would "floor many a Lady Violet Lebas. "What do you understand by transcendentalism?" What, indeed? Did anybody ever understand it at all? What did Thoreau mean when he said, "I love a broad margin to my life"? Probably he meant no more than he loved leisure and loafing, like Carlyle's lady who was "so singular in her taste for pleasure." "Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mould myself?" Mr. Thoreau asked. We would suggest a comparison with Mr. Punch's cabman. "You call yourself a man, why I've seen a better man made out of (blank) tea-leaves." "'Our whole life is startlingly moral.' Comment upon Thoreau's meaning?" American life may be startlingly moral, but that is not the precise impression made on Mr. Gladstone by a distant view of the Law of Divorce in a few States. Then

the poor reading Unionist is asked what mistakes Mr. Jefferies made about his own literary powers. Is it not written in the Book of the Eulogy of Mr. Walter Besant?

A great many papers might be set and a hard-worked Director may be thankful for a few hints. "'Count Robert of Paris" is not the author's best but it is better than any novel that has been written since!' Comment on this, naming any better novel if you can." "Examine the metrical system of Walt Whitman, comparing it with that of Pindar, and mentioning any criticisms by Mr. Swinburne. Can you account for slight variations in his estimate?" "'Enter Tasso and Sappho, the spirit father and mother, or guardians of Edgar Poe.' In what play does this stage direction occur?" "Who was Jasper Packlemerton; what were his last words?" "Whom do you consider decidedly the worst of living poets? Give reasons for your answer." "Give a brief abstract of the squire's argument in 'Robert Elsmere.' How would you have dealt with it if you had been Robert?" "Sketch the plot of 'Sidonia the Sorceress,' Do you detect any analogies with 'Uncle Silas?'" "Who were Sidonia, M. Lecoq, Cuff, Frank Berry, Ripton Thompson, Madam Honor, and Salvation Yeo?" These are a few elementary questions which it would be quite a pleasure to answer. But thousands will readily occur, and many more difficult queries might be put to advanced pupils. Perhaps the most practical of the Rules of the Union is, "Embrace every seasonable opportunity of recommending the Reading Union to your friends." And why should there not be a Reading Union for children? They need it almost as much as grown-up people. "Give details of the mill between Tom Brown and The Slogger. What

was the Slogger's surname!" "'The tizzy is safe, anyhow.' What philosopher said this, and on what occasion? "Mephistophiles, who was he? Describe the Triangular Duel." "Discuss the morality of Hop o' my Thumb, defending, if possible, his course of conduct." "Who has impeached it?" "Account for the success of younger brothers in fiction, giving any reason for supposing that 'Puss in Boots' was written by a nurse, to spite the older ones." "State your views of Governesses, and criticize the Theory of Governesses in the works of the Miss Brontës." Perhaps this last is rather too difficult for beginners. But it is plain that the system may be carried out to any extent. Perhaps it will not make many people readers who were not readers before, but it may give an impulse to the sale of books, and that will be an excellent thing for authors. More books are purchased than read; indeed, an author is only successful when it becomes generally recognized that his works are the right things to give away. According to a news paper, Mr. Gladstone and Lord Randolph Churchill have given away fifty copies of 'Little Lord Fauntleroy.' The members of Reading Unions will have to be kept in books by their friends when they are young, and to the author, as long as the Union buys books, it does not matter much whether the Union reads them or not. It is hardly possible to cherish hopes that the Union will make people who are naturally not readers into "bookworms." The officer, when asked if he had seen *Punch*, thanked fortune that he "was no bookworm," and persons of his kind will ever be the majority. Fifty thousand will always remain an enormous sale for a book amid all the millions of our population. Real readers are a tiny remnant of man-

kind, but any one with a superfluous half-dollar may become a book buyer. However, the Union means well, at least, and there is no harm in wishing it well. Good wishes hurt nobody.



REFERENCES TO SHAKSPERE AND CHAUCER.

I find the following references to Shakspeare and Chaucer in a book entitled 'Caroloideas Redivivus; or, the War and Revolution in the Time of K. Charles the First. An Heroick Poem. By a Person of Honour.' Edward Howard is the "person of honour," and signs his name to the preface. The first edition of this poem is dated 1689, mine is 1695. At p. 129 Howard describes the dwelling of a certain Polyaster, "a denomination under which is here described a character of science whose then abode near Oxford's confines stood." Polyaster's study was adorned with statues of eminent mathematicians and men of science; Napier, Briggs, Outred, and Hobbs were there, whose merits are all set forth at length in most unmeritorious verse. Besides them were "persons whom the muses did renown," powerful sons of Phœbus (p. 137):

Of which he Chaucer, Speucer, much beheld
And where their Learned Poems most excelled,
Tho' words now obsolete express their Flame,
Like Gemms that out of Fashion value Claim.
Near these in Statue witty Shakspeare stood,
Whose early Plays were soonest next to Good.
And Like a vast Dramatick Founder show'd
Bounties of Wit from his large Genius flow'd.
Whose worth was by this Learned duely weigh'd,
As in Effigie there he stood display'd.
But more stupendious to his Soul appear'd
Proportions which gr. at Johnson's form declar'd,
Whose deep Effigies he wish'd longer date
Then Polish'd art in stone cou'd Celebrate.
Admiring next the wit that Crown'd his Bays
Whose Scenes were works, when most fell short
of Plays.
Whilst other Dramaticks like Planets were,
Rambling to find their Center near his Sphere.
A Province Phœbus did on him bestow,
When made his Wits Lieutenant below.

As duly he did Fletcher's Soul explore,
The Stage's most Luxuriant witty Store:
With worthy Beaumont to his Figure Joyn'd,
Adapted most the Muses Twins in mind
Whose Genius so conspired that Beaumont might
Divide with Fletcher wit by equall right.

H. C. FIRTH.

THE INTRODUCTION OF PRINTING INTO NEW YORK.

Antiquarians, book collectors, and bibliographers generally have for a long time accepted it as an incontrovertible fact that the volume known as 'Bradford's Laws, 1694,' was the first book printed in New York, being partly printed in 1693. The following Pennsylvania Act is also supposed to have been printed in that year, as well as two or three separate New York Acts usually bound in that volume:

Anno Regni Gulielmi & Mariæ, | REGIS & REGINÆ | Angliæ, Scotiæ, Franciæ & Hiberniæ, | QUINTO. An ACT for granting to King William and Queen Mary the Rate of One Penny per Pound upon the | clear Value of all the Real and Personal estates, | and Six Shillings per Head upon such as are not | otherwise rated by this Act. To be employed by the Governour of this Province of Pennsylvania and | Territories thereof, for the Time being, towards | the Support of this Government. | Folio, pp. (4).

William Bradford, it will be remembered, was the first printer not only of New York but of Pennsylvania as well. He was born in Leicester, England, May 20, 1660. Being a Quaker he emigrated in 1682 and landed on the spot where Philadelphia was afterwards built. In 1685 he began printing under the patronage of the Friends. In 1692 he incurred the displeasure of the dominant party in Philadelphia through his sympathy with George Keith and was imprisoned for libel. After his release, he accepted the offer of the New York Council to set up a press in that colony, and on April 10, 1693, was duly appointed "Printer to the

Majesty King William and Queen Mary;" establishing himself in the present city of New York and his salary in that office commenced on that day.

It has been commonly accepted, as we remarked, that the book quoted above, or either of three other Acts, were the first fruits of Bradford's press in New York, which have been preserved and are still extant in one or more specimens of each. To these George H. Moore, LL.D., the Superintendent of Lenox Library, now adds the record of a publication hitherto unrecognized, but which he thinks may prove to be the earliest of them all.*

Upon the news of the French invasion of New York in the winter of 1692-3, Dr. Moore says: "Governor Fletcher displayed great energy and activity, taking the field in person, proceeding with uncommon celerity to the scene of action and providing by every means in his power for the security and protection of the frontier. His services were cordially recognized by all, and by none more emphatically than the friendly Indians in alliance with the English, who bestowed on him the name of *Cayenquirago*, the *Great Swift Arrow*, to commemorate the rapidity of his movement from the city of New York to the scattered settlements in the wilderness above Albany.

"The journal of this expedition and other documents, official and semi-official, illustrating the transactions connected with it, were brought together and printed in New York by authority of the Governor himself. The exact date of appearance of the

* This information is quoted from a most interesting pamphlet entitled 'Typographiæ Neo-Eboracensis Primitiæ'—Historical Notes on the Introduction of Printing into New York 1693, by George H. Moore, LL.D., Superintendent of the Lenox Library. N. Y., Printed for the Author, 1888. 18 p. O. pap.

work cannot be readily fixed; but it is certain that before the summer of 1693 was fairly forward, that valiant soldier was enabled to read the flattering record of his achievements from the types of William Bradford, the poor printer whom he had just rescued from Quaker persecution in Philadelphia. It is not difficult to understand with what zeal and alacrity the grateful protégé would hasten to perform his part in the work of 'booming his benefactor.'

"It would be unreasonable to doubt either that Fletcher was desirous to give the publicity of print to the record of his successful expedition or that the printer was eager to gratify his friend and patron. The thanks of the popular branch of the legislature were formally voted to the Governor for his promptness and zeal in appearing against the French on the frontier, by a resolution of the 22d March, 1693, the very day before the 'encouragement to the printer' passed the Council: and a copy of this resolution duly authenticated is the last article in the book.

"The work thus produced in New York was reprinted a few weeks later in London, and we are indebted to that publication for the greater part of our present knowledge of its existence. It was licensed in London, September 11, 1693, and in one of the London journals of the 16th September, 1693, the following advertisement announced the fact that

"On Tuesday next, the 19th Instant will be published

'A Perfect Journal of the late Actions of the French at Canada, with the Manner of their being Repulsed by His Excellency Benjamin Fletcher, their Majesties Governour of New-York. Impartially related by Collonel Nicholas Reyard and Lieutenant Collonel Charles Lodowick: To which is added the Present State and Strength of Canada given by 2 Dutchmen, late Prisoners there.

'Price stitich'd 6d.

'Printed for Richard Baldwin. 1693.'

"It is not improbable that this was part of the title of the original publication in New York, excepting the imprint—and that the variation in the English edition belongs to that alone. The title of that edition is as follows:

"A Journal of the Late Actions of the French at Canada. With The Manner of their being, Repuls'd by His Excellency, Benjamin Fletcher, Their Majesties Governour of New-York. Impartially Related by Coll. Nicholas Reyard, and Lieu-tenant Coll. Charles Lodowick, who attended His Excellency during the whole Expedition. To which is added, I. An Account of the present State and Strength of Canada, given by Two Dutch Men, who have been a long Time Prisoners there and now made their Escape. II. The Examination of a French Prisoner. III. His Excellency Benjamin Fletcher's Speech to the Indians. IV. An Address from the Corporation of Albany, to His Excellency, Returning Thanks for His Excellency's early Assistance for their Relief. Licensed, Sept. 11th, 1693, Edward Cooke. London. Printed for Richard Baldwin, in Warwick-Lane, 1693. 4to. Title and Preface, 2 leaves. Text, 22 pages.

"The English edition is introduced by a spirited preface to the reader, who is assured by the editor that 'we have this Credit to the Truth of our Narration, That 'tis no more than what has already been printed at New-York by his Excellency's (the Commander in chief in the Expedition) particular Authority there, etc.

"Governor Fletcher's successor and bitter enemy Lord Bellomont furnished, a few years later, an account of this publication, which is very entertaining, though by no means complimentary to his predecessor or the people whom they governed, whether lay or clerical.

"Writing to the Lords of Trade, November 12, 1698, he says: 'The printed accounts of his great exploits against the French which he published and sent into England I cannot possibly get one of them for love nor money, and I am told he made it his businesse to get up all the printed copies, which is an argument with

me of his consciousness that he had imposed a romance instead of a true narrative,' etc., *N. Y. Col. MSS.* iv. 426. It is not difficult to understand the reason why a publication which had disappeared within five years after it was printed in New York in 1693, should be well-nigh unknown two centuries later.

"The facts now stated seem to warrant the suggestion that 'The Perfect Journal,' etc., may have been 'the first born of the press in New York.' They certainly deprive the first edition of the Laws of the honor—hitherto commonly assigned to that interesting and valuable volume, which still remains the most considerable monument of typography in New York before 1700."—*Publishers' Weekly*.

A BIBLIORHILES VERSES.

'Volumes in Folio.' By Richard Le Gallienne. (Elkin Matthews, London.)

Mr. Le Gallienne's second volume appeals wholly, as his first appealed partially, though very unmistakably, to the person known as the "book-lover"—a very different being from the mere "reader," who is, as Mr. Ruskin pleasantly puts it, "filthy and foolish enough" to get books from a circulating library, and to whom a first folio of Shakspeare and a "Globe edition" would be equally welcome were not the latter so much cheaper and so much more convenient. The three "Book-lover's Songs" in 'My Ladies' Sonnets' which are reprinted have proved Mr. Le Gallienne to be a devout member of the fraternity of bookmen; and still more conclusive proofs of his initiation are provided by 'Volumes in Folio,' in which sworn brothers of the rule will recognize the signs and pass-words of their order, concealed from the profane vulgar

by a cunningly woven veil of charming verse which they, simple souls, will take to be verse and "nothing more."

Since the publication of his maiden volume Mr. Le Gallienne has made advance in the handiwork of his craft. In feeling and form, "the weightier matters of the law," his earlier book failed not, or failed seldom; but in mere style he had clearly something to learn, and it did not require the keen eye of the literary Pharisee to detect deficiencies in his tribute of the "mint, anise, and cummin" of perfect phrasing. The deficit was not serious, but there it was, and of necessity had to be noted—a necessity all the more urgent because, as one of Charles Lamb's favorites might have put it, in the treatment of trifles treatment is not a trifle. The signs of Mr. Le Gallienne's added mastery of his vehicle are to be found not alone in the new work, but in various happy emendations of poems which do not now appear for the first time. In the course of a very hasty collation of the two versions of 'The Bookman's Avalon' I have found one or two new readings which are little triumphs in their way, because by removing a jarring modern and colloquial note they allow the harmony which belongs to "once upon a time" and "no man's land" to flow on undisturbed. Indeed, Mr. Le Gallienne, unlike Wordsworth, is so uniformly successful in his recasting that he might with advantage have done more of it. In the poem just named the pleasant description of Leigh Hunt's prison study is rather spoiled for the careful reader by a bad false quantity in the rhyme-word "Amphion"; the delightful paraphrase of Elia's lament over book-borrowers is a pot of ointment, which has for its intruding fly the terrible phrase "thou took"; and here and there are to be

found identical rhymes, such as "mistiness" and "consciousness," "catalogue" and "decatalogue," which Mr. Le Gallienne knows are not rhymes at all. Of course, in this last respect he sins in good company, and his little volume contains nothing quite so bad as the rhyming of "Ruth" (proper noun) and "ruth" (common noun), which appears, alas, in one of Milton's sonnets; but I think he will be inclined to make a frank confession of the sin of his youth rather than to shelter himself behind a great name.

A poem, however, is not enjoyable or even admirable in proportion to its faultlessness, and while the faults of 'The Bookman's Avalon' are few, the qualities which bring enjoyment are many. From the first stanza to the last the conception of a book-lover's palace of delight is satisfyingly embodied; the motive which enables the writer to bring the poem naturally and gracefully to a close is a pleasant fancy; and a sprinkling of light humor deprives the general Keatsian luxuriance of any cloying quality. In quotation, allusion, and paraphrase, Mr. Le Gallienne is specially happy; and good Richard de Bury himself would surely take pride in the vesture of metrical English wherewith the Latin prose of his 'Philobiblon' is here adorned.

"Ay, come ye hither to this pleasant land,
For here in truth are vines of Engaddi,
Here golden urns of manna to thy hand,
And rocks whence honey flows deliciously;
Udders from which comes frothing copiously
The milk of life, ears filled with sweetest grains
And fig-trees knowing no sterility;
Here Paradisaal streams make rich the plains,
O! come and bathe therein, ye book-enamored
swains."

Of the absolutely new poems the most important and, I think, the most winning is 'Love among the Folios,' in which "Darby the Bookman talketh with Joan his wife" of the memorable day when, among the dusty

books, which had long lain despised of men on the floor of the ancient garret, they made their great "find"—nothing less than the very copy of the 'Life of Bishop Sanderson,' on the fly-leaf of which the 'Compleat Angler' himself had traced, in "quaint twigs of ancient penmanship," the words, "For Mistress King, I W." One cannot help thinking—and hoping, too, for the sake of a good book-lover like Mr. Le Gallienne—that the "find" itself belongs to the world of the actual; but, were the poem a mere dream of what might have been, it could hardly have been richer than it is in the delicate fancies which breathe an air too highly rarefied to sustain the coarse life of fact. Mr. Le Gallienne's blooms, however, will not serve as cut flowers, so as samples of his latest horticulture I take two little seedlings of song, "root and all," and transplant them here. The first is a sonnet written for Mr. Ireland's *Booklover's Enchiridion*, which is praised most fitly by saying that it is worthy of its fair companionship in those pleasant pages:

"When do I love you most, sweet books of mine?
In strenuous morns when o'er your leaves I
pore
Austerely bent to win austere lore,
Forgetting how the dewy meadows shine;
Or afternoons when honeysuckles twine
About the seat, and to some dreamy shore
Of old Romance, where lovers evermore
Keep blissful hours, I follow at your sign?
Yea, ye are precious then, but most to me
Ere lamplight dawneth, when low croons the
fire
To whispering twilight in my little room,
And eyes read not, but sitting silently
I feel your great hearts throbbing deep in quire,
And hear you breathing round me in the
gloom."

The second little poem is in one of "the forms," and is none the less welcome for reminding the connoisseur in these things of a graceful predecessor, Mr. Austin Dobson's 'With Pipe and Lute.'

"With Pipe and Book at close of day,
O! what is sweeter, mortal, say?"

It matters not what book on knee,
Old Izaak or the Odyssey,
It matters not meerschaum or clay.

"And though one's eyes will dream astray,
And lips forget to sue or away,
It is 'enough to merely Be'
With Pipe and Book.

"What though our modern skies be grey,
As bards aver, I will not pray
For 'soothing Death' to succor me,
But ask thus much, O! Fate, of thee,
A little longer yet to stay
With Pipe and Book!"

Yes, a pipe is best, for cigarette ash
has sometimes been known — but
why allow bitter memories to mingle
with thoughts of a little volume so
pleasant as this?

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

WERE PROOFS SEEN BY ELIZABETHAN AUTHORS?

It is generally stated that they were not. And doubtless authors living in the country did not receive proofs from a London printer, but had to trust to the supervision of "a reader," sometimes, as appears from the 'Return from Parnassus,' a disappointed university man. But the following instances will, I think, make it tolerably clear that proof-sheets were seen by town authors if they wished it:—

1. When Scot's 'Hop-Garden' was first published in 1574, the publisher inserted this note:—

"Forasmuch as M[aster] Scot could not be present at the printing of this his Booke, whereby I might have used his advise in the correction of the same, and especiallie of the Figures and Portraictures conteyned therein, whereof he delivered unto me such notes as I being unskillfull in the matter could not so thoroughly conceyve, nor so perfect expresse as the Authour, or you," &c.

2. At the end of Bishop Babington's 'Exposition of the Lord's Prayer,' 1588—as communicated to me by my friend Mr. W. G. Stone—there is the following:—

"If thou findest any other faultes either in words or distinctions [—, I presume, "in punctua-

(tion"] troubling a perfect sence (Gentle Reader), helpe them by thine owne judgment, and excuse the presse by the Authors absence, who best was acquainted to reade his owne hande."

3. So at the close of N. Breton's 'The Wil of Wit,' &c., 1599—a bit recalled to my memory by Mr Tyler—there is at its close:—

"What faults are escaped in the printing, finde by discretion, and excuse the Author, by other worke that let him from attendance to the presse; Non hà che non sà.—N. B. Gent."

4. Similarly in 'the Mastive or Young Whelpe of the Olde-Dogge, Epigrams and Satyres,' 1615, we find:—

"The faults escaped in the Printing (or any other omission) are to be excused by reason of the Authors absence from the Presse, who there to should have given more due instructions."

5. As another very strong proof I would refer to the accuracy of Jonson's quartos, and more especially of his first folio, not only as to the words, but as to the very careful punctuation, a punctuation which is clearly his own, and not that of his compositor. Certainly there are occasional, but very occasional, word errors, and more in the quartos than in the folio; but as to these I would remark that no one but those who have tried know how readily a press error may escape notice, and, secondly, that Jonson was notoriously over-fond of liquor stronger than milk and water.

6. I would also urge that the corrections and alterations made while copies of the edition, say of a play, were being printed off must have been due to earlier sheets having been seen by the author. The press "reader," having once finished his work and passed it, was not at all likely to revise it while it was passing through the press, especially when, as in the case of a play, it was almost a pamphlet. And, secondly, there is the fact that some of these alterations could not have come but from the author.

BR. NICHOLSON

—Notes and Queries.

*UPS AND DOWNS OF THE
BOOK MARKET.*

The new volume of 'Book Prices Current,' published by Mr. Elliot Stock, is in one important regard, a decided improvement on its predecessor; for it gives the amateur book-buyer better means of comparing the "condition" of the copies. As many a sanguine buyer has ere now learnt to his cost, condition is a very important factor in estimating value. Nor does this apply only to those illustrated works which belong to the days when "processes" were unknown, and even "woodcuts" were as yet but little employed for book illustration. There is, for example, the quite recent passion for wrappers, which originated, we believe, in the laudable horror of the Librarian of the British Museum of anything that savors of literary mutilation. Works originally issued in parts are accordingly now preferred when they are bound with the wrappers. Woe betide the luckless purchaser who should take even 'Book Prices Current,' for his guide, without taking into account this important element. Here, for example, he will find a copy of the original edition of Dickens's 'Humphrey's Clock,' knocked down to a bookseller for \$15.87, while in the case of another copy of the same, \$5.25 suffices. The difference arises from the fact that the former comprises the wrappers of the threepenny parts, for it was in this form 'Master Humphrey's Clock' first appeared. A more remarkable case still is the copy of Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' sold, as here recorded, for \$116.25, or more than twenty times its original cost. The explanation is that the copy has not been stripped of the once familiar brimstone-colored covers of the nineteen original monthly parts, without which eight dollars would

be something like its value. How many a possessor of first editions of such serials before this fancy set in, must have torn off the wrappers, or allowed his binder to do so, without a suspicion that the time was approaching when these same wrappers would be worth nineteen times as much as the author's letterpress, together with the artist's illustrations. Mr. Elliot Stock's new volume embraces all the most important book sales in London for nearly the whole of last year, and records the characteristics, condition, and prices realized in the case of nearly eight thousand works of more or less significance, interesting to the book-buyer and book-possessor. But this record will have a still greater interest in the future; for the old book market is subject to strange fluctuations. "Why," asks the Editor, "should the great editions of the Fathers of the Church sell at the present day for no more than they did in 1676" (this, it is interesting to note, is the date of the first sale of books by auction in England), "while the famous Florentine edition of Homer, 1488, of which a perfect copy two centuries ago fetched only \$2.25, now realizes \$750?" At the sale of Dr. Seaman's books in Warwick Lane 213 years ago a copy of Elliot's 'Indian Bible,' with the rare dedication to Charles II., brought \$4.75; at the sale of the Wimpole Library in June, 1888, \$2,900 was considered not too high a price to give for this same volume. Illustrated first editions—which must not be confounded with what are generally called "art books"—are now, it appears, bought at prices which not long ago would have been thought extravagant. Works relating to the American Continent during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries also realize in these days enormous sums—a fact which indicates

that American collectors have now well-nigh drained the old country dry of these once unconsidered trifles. Fine specimens of old typography are rising in the market, as are works printed in Scotland before 1700, and early editions of old English authors, old Bibles and Testaments, and topographical works. On the other hand, the value of second-hand works on natural history depends on whether their plates are colored; with uncolored plates they are practically unsaleable. Art books are falling; antiquarian, genealogical, and heraldic works are stationary; theological and other technical works sluggish; and old Greek and Latin classics, which in the days of "tall copies" were the pride and glory of the book auction rooms, have fallen from their high estate, and, save here and there where special beauty of typography recommends them, are doomed to the humiliation of being knocked down in "parcels" and inferior lots.



BOOKS AND THEIR WORMS.

In the wide and varied history of fabulous creatures, the sea-serpent, the bookworm, and the mermaid run each other very close for premier position. But for our present purpose the bookworm must rank first among the legends of the marvellous in which our forefathers so much delighted. A perpetual bogey and terror to the possessor of books, the little insect itself was rather an abstract certainty than a concrete, optical fact. Its nature, its habits, and even its appearance, were alike matters of speculation and heated controversy, but much of the consequent uncertainty has faded before the light of modern research, and after several specimens have been successfully "slaughtered." The imaginative fac-

ulties of our forefathers had at times elastic tendencies, and, from their descriptions, the term bookworm should call up before the mind's eye all sorts of dreadful insects, and, among them, such as that figured in 'Micrographia,' of which a facsimile has appeared in the *Bookworm*. R. Hooke, the author of 'Micrographia,' which appeared, in folio, 1665, at the expense of the Royal Society of London, gives what he considers a very faithful representation of the enemy, in addition to long and minute remarks relative to the extraordinary figure. But in truth, the bookworm is quite a harmless insect, and not, at all terrible. True, he ploughs his way steadily, industriously, and quite impartially, through one's rare Aldines, cherished Elzevirs, unique black letter tomes, and most precious folios. The humble worm usually commences at the title-page, and sometimes with the cover, and impartially carries his trail to the very last page; but he does *his* reading in much less ostentatious manner than his bipedal prototype!

There are bookworms and bookworms. The entomological species are probably quite as numerous in character as those belonging to the genus *homo*. Magliabecchi, who "ate on his books, slept on his books, and quitted them as rarely as possible," has, to push a simile to an extremity, an insect parallel in the bookworm, which the learned Mentzelius (according to Mr. Andrew Lang) described as crowing like a cock unto his mate—for both were extremes. Every sort of bookworm, insect and otherwise, possesses an inquisitive temper, which, to re-echo the words of *Mr. Spectator*, "gives me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country, for I cannot for my heart leave a room before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it,

and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them." But if the habits of the bookworm itself have been caviare to the general, the peculiarities of the human grub are still less known to the public. True, probably everybody knows that Magliabecchi covered floor, bed, and every available spot in his house with books, and that when he wished to sleep he would throw an old rug over those that were on the floor, and stretch himself upon them; but, as we have already pointed out, he is an extreme example, and not typical, of the genus. The human, like the insect, bookworm leads an existence characteristic for its serenity, and to him books are life, air, water, food, and, in fact, everything. If the two races of bookworms differ in point or degree of utility or otherwise, they are, at all events, identical in living a retired life, in being buried among books, and in following an occupation which is the one absorbing feature of life. The careers of the human "worms" may not in all cases be so useful as they should be, but it is to these snappers-up of unconsidered trifles, to their painstaking investigations of involved points which historians find it convenient to ignore, and to these students of things which antiquity has made sacred, that we owe the solution of innumerable historical problems, the just making or unmaking of careers hitherto misunderstood or misrepresented. As a general marshals his men in regular array before commencing a battle, so the bookworm draws up his premises from incontrovertible facts before delivering judgment either to confirm or disprove the statement of previous writers. And in carrying out this principle, the bookworm does an important work—thankless, no doubt, but invaluable nevertheless. The

trail of the bookworm is very rarely found over beaten literary tracks.

AN OLD BOOKWORM.

—*The Bookworm.*

SALE OF THE HAMILTON MANUSCRIPTS.

It would require the pen of a Dr. Dibden, or that of some other enthusiastic bibliophile of equally literary skill, to convey an idea of the amount of interest taken by amateurs and dealers in this sale. We shall not attempt, however, to rise to the learned doctor's mode of description, but shall confine ourselves to a plain statement of facts, so that those of our readers who were not fortunate enough to see for themselves the treasures of the collection may nevertheless gain some idea of the unique character of the Hamilton manuscripts. On Thursday, May 23d, Messrs. Sotheby's large sale room was simply crowded, and the atmosphere gave one a general impression of the Black Hole of Calcutta. Mr. Hodge, the auctioneer, in his exalted position was to be pitied; however, he got through his task in his usual manner. It was striking one o'clock when he mounted the rostrum, and after a few remarks upon the treasures to be sold, proceeded to say the first, and perhaps most important lot, would be sold last; this was the Latin Gospels, of which we shall speak later on. Every lot was an important one, but as our space will not admit of our detailing them, we shall just mention the principal ones, and commence with lot 7—a French MS. Bible of the 14th century, 2 vols. folio, ornamented with 113 initial letters and 76 miniatures, by a French artist, \$1250, (Quaritch); 'Roman de la Rose' (lot 10), written on 137 leaves, and having 101 exquisite miniatures in grisaille,

heightened in gold, also of the 14th century, \$1625 (Quaritch); 'Saint Augustin, La Cité de Dieu' (lot 11), a grand manuscript in 2 vols., of the 14th and 15th centuries, with 28 paintings in brilliant colors—the freshness of these illuminations was really wonderful—the two volumes looked as if they could well stand another five hundred years; after a short but sharp competition it was knocked down for \$2600.

When Mr. Hodge came to the next lot (12) he said he looked upon this as one of the gems of the sale, and the price it realized showed his opinion to be correct; it was described as 'Les Illustres Malheureux, le livre de Jehan Bocace des Cas Nobles Homes et Femmes Infortunez, traduit par Laurens de Premierfait,' the 84 miniatures, by a Burgundian artist, were of a gorgeous character, the colors were of simply perfect freshness, and, considering the age (15th century), the manuscript was remarkable for its preservation. The bidding started at \$1000, and rapidly rose to \$5000; then came the fight between Mr. Goldsmidt, of Frankfort, and another gentleman; eventually when the latter tired it was secured by Mr. Goldsmidt for \$8500. 'It has left the country,' remarked Mr. Hodge. A very fine 'Antiphonale cum Notis Musicis' (15th century) was lot 15, written on 219 leaves, imperial folio size, with 5 large initials and 577 of smaller size, all beautifully illuminated by an Italian miniator. \$1000 (Goldsmidt); 'Breviarium Romanum cum Calendaris,' manuscript of the 15th century (lot 28) was another pretty book, measuring 7½ by 5½ inches, 2 volumes, splendidly illuminated with 39 borders representing coats-of-arms, birds, beasts, &c., numerous initials, and an immense number of capitals, many executed in gold, \$730 (Staggart); 'Missale

Secundum,' 15th century (lot 30), was another noble looking volume and displayed an abundance of gold and colors—it was of historical interest, originally written for the use of Duke Francis I., of Bretagne (1414-1450), probably on the occasion of his wedding, \$2350 (Goldsmidt); 'Officium Beatæ Mariæ Virginis' (lot 32), circa 1520, beautifully written on 134 leaves 6½ by 4½ inches, by Gerard David, for the wife of Emperor Charles V., with 17 miniatures, 30 initials, and 1050 capitals, all finely illuminated; also 28 Prayers written in letters of gold, \$2700 (Ellis).

Next came a French translation of 'Diodorus Siculus,' of the 16th century, on 173 leaves, from the library of Francis I., for whom the volume was written by Geoffroy Tory; the miniatures represented the king, surrounded by his courtiers and his three sons, and many other subjects, including a portrait of the translator; this was secured by Mr. Quaritch for \$5000. After missing many treasures we come to lot 55, Chansons written and illuminated in the 14th century (the 12 miniatures represent 12 French poets, and are in gold and colors), \$1550 (Goldsmidt); 'Officium Divinæ Mariæ Virginis,' 4to., 1524, measuring 9 by 5½ inches, written on pure vellum by Geoffroy Tory, with 16 full-page paintings, and 29 charming miniatures, described as 'undoubtedly the finest and most precious manuscript in existence,' \$6,150 (Quaritch). The first lot in the catalogue, as we said before, was sold at the end of the sale this was the Four Gospels in Latin, a precious MS. of the seventh century, written on purple vellum in uncial letters of gold, for Wilfrid, Archbishop of York. This fact was not known until the MSS. were lately removed to Germany, where the discovery was made by Professor Wattenbach; upon his report being issued it is

said an English bookseller offered \$25,000 for the volume; the result of its sale here, however, must have proved somewhat disappointing to the vendors, for Mr. Quaritch purchased for \$7,500. We should like to go on, but space forbids, and probably we have said enough to interest our readers; if not, we should advise them to secure a copy of the catalogue where each article is described *in extenso*. M. Morgand, of Paris, was in the room, but we did not observe that any lots were booked to him; probably Mr. Quaritch had his commission, and no doubt some of the MSS. have gone to Paris. The 91 lots were sold for \$75,945.—*Publishers' Circular*.

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SHAKSPERE'S SONNETS IN FRENCH.

Fired with enthusiasm by the perusal of M. François Victor Hugo's translation of Shakspeare M. Alfred Copin has attempted the sonnets in French. We subjoin a specimen of M. Copin's work.

SONNET 81.

Or shall I live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read;
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead;
You still shall live, such virtue hath my pen,
Where breath most breathes, even in the
mouths of men.

M. COPIN'S VERSION.

Où je vivrai pour faire, ami, ton épitaphe
Où tu me survivras quand je serai pourri
Mais je ne veux que rien n'efface le paraphe
Qui doit rendre à jamais ton souvenir chéri.
Et quand j'aurai quitté, mon ami, cette terre,
Par ces vers tu seras dans l'immortalité.
La mort me donnera quelque fosse vulgaire,
Mais toi tu vivras, mort, et pour l'éternité.

Mon vers, ce monument, chantera ta mémoire,
Les langues à venir rediront ton histoire,
Et chacun gardera de toi le souvenir.

Et quand nous serons morts, nous tous tant que
nous sommes,

Toi tu vivras toujours sur la bouche des hommes,
(Grâce à mon gentil vers) jusqu'au dernier soupir.

—————•••••—————

AUTHOR'S ERRORS

One often hears of the misdeeds of the printer, and indignant authors blame him for making them say what they did not mean. But do authors always mean what they say? They say rather strange things occasionally, as some of the subjoined instances (written, but not printed) prove. They are all taken from copy sent in to the office of one of the chief critical journals.

One gentleman was so ungallant as to say 'whether it is Hamlet and Laertes or Romeo and Juliet that fight.' A duel between Romeo and Juliet would surprise most people; it is Mercutio and Tybalt who fight.

Another gentleman, speaking of a book about the Post Office, said that it contained 'tales of the acuteness shown in delivering wrongly *delivered* letters.' But the letters were rightly delivered in spite of being wrongly addressed.

How soon may a great man be forgotten! One writer spoke of 'Garibaldi, and when his attention was drawn to the name said that he was uncertain about the spelling and had no books of reference at hand!

An historian wrote of Mary, Queen of Scots, and stated that the royal and romantic lady believed Bothwell's first marriage uncanonical, and added that 'she did not knowingly marry another man's wife.' He meant to say she did not marry another woman's husband.

An obituary notice began in this way: 'One of the most esteemed of living critics died on the 3rd inst.'

There is a confusion of functions in the statement that 'his practised *eye* thought them to be Saxon.'

A man who had made a speech was described as having used 'expressive and *unconventional* terms.' There is no reason to suppose he had used 'a big, big D,' or words unfit for ears polite. Probably the similarity of sound caused the Académie des Sciences of Paris to be described as the 'Académie des Séances.' It is well to be sure of the meaning of words before using them. A lady one day committed herself by saying, 'A really eloquent exposition *winds up with an exordium*.'

No difficulty is too great to be surmounted on paper. A man was described as one of those 'who carried out the *obviously impossible* work of draining the Lincolnshire fens.'

The Jordan must have had a strange course according to this description of it: 'The Jordan not only flowed into the Dead Sea, as it does at present, but also out of it, through the Gulf of Akabah into the *Dead* Sea.' It should have been the Red Sea.

Arithmetic was evidently not the forte of the gentleman who said that a book contained 'upwards of 500 pages, and the title of the book was repeated at the top of every page, *i.e.* more than a thousand times.'

As we began with the theatre, so we may end with it. Actors and actresses would need to be like Sir Boyle Roche's bird to fulfil the following task: 'During its stay in London the Daly Company will give a performance at Stratford-on-Avon.—*Publishers' Circular.*

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE Lord Provost of Aberdeen wrote to Mr. Carnegie that from eight to ten thousand pounds were required for the proposed new library building in that city. In reply Mr. Carnegie states that he will "be very glad, indeed, to give the last £1000 required."

MISS ELLEN M. COE, Librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library, testifies in *The Independent* that 'the poor people demand the best books they can obtain; they are eager to read standard works on any subject in which they may be interested, the reason being, I suppose, that such books have heretofore been beyond their reach.

THE late Rev. Sir Fredrick Gore Ouseley, Bart., professor of music at Oxford, had probably the finest private musical library in England, containing over 2000 volumes, among which are many rare scores of old French operas, likewise a large col-

lection of MS. sacred music of the Italian school, copied from the library of the late Abbate Santini, of Rome. There is also an extremely valuable MS. of Handel's 'Messiah,' partly in the composer's handwriting and partly in that of J. C. Smith. It was from this copy that Handel conducted the work when it was produced at Dublin, and it contains various readings and curious marginal notes in the composer's handwriting. There are, besides, autographs of Orlando di Lasso, Mozart, Paganini, Mendelssohn, and others.

THE library and manuscripts of the late centenarian, M. Chevreul, have been presented by his grandchildren to the Natural History Museum at Paris. The library contains between eight and ten thousand volumes. The greater portion are on natural science, chemistry and alchemy.

AT Kirkealdy, Scotland, it is proposed to erect, in honor of Adam

Smith, a large memorial hall with accommodation for a free library, &c., at a cost of \$250,000.

MR. JAMES RECKITT has contributed \$60,000 towards a new Free Library for Hull, England.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

A WRITER in *Blackwood's Magazine* for June, 1825, vol. xvii., p. 740, gives the following amusing examples of errors of translation:—

"I remember, among other specimens of the French translators' acquaintance with our tongue, that one of them rendered the verse of 'Bessy Bell and Mary Gray' (quoted in 'The Pirate'),—

They built a house on yonder brae,
And theek'd it o'er wi' rashes,—

into 'Elles se sont battes un maison sur la colline, et elles en ont chassé les imprudens.' 'L'homme verd et tranquille' for 'The Green Man and Still' is nothing to this."

HERE is an aphorism from a MS. collection—'Receuil de Poesies Galantes'—described by M. Beraldi in his ever delightful 'Bibliothèque d'un Bibliophile' (M. Eugène Paillet)—which applies very exactly to the love of books:—

Dés qu'un objet cesse de plaire
Le commerce amoureux aussitôt doit finir,
Le respect des serments n'est plus qu'un chimère,
La perte du plaisir qui nous les a fait faire,
Nous dispense de les tenir.

Directly a book ceases to please you—away with it. 'Twill only be a source of irritation. Get rid of it. 'Tis with a book as with a woman when she ceases to love she begins to hate.

THE London *Public Opinion*, copying from *St. James's Gazette*, states that the well-known lines of Goldsmith commencing

When lovely woman stoops to folly
are taken from a poem by Segur (Paris 1719) as follows:—

Lorsqu'une femme, après trop de tendresse,
D'un homme sent la trahison,
Comment pour cette si douce foiblesse
Peut-elle trouver une guérison?
Le seul remède qu'elle peut ressentir,
La seule revanche pour son tort,
Pour faire trop tard l'amant repentir—
Hélas! trop tard—est la mort.

A CORRESPONDENT sends to the *Bookseller* the following short list of some of the amusing specimens he has collected of English titles as they are misread.

TITLES GIVEN.

Adventures of a Cat.
Lectures on the Origin of Stops.
Mystery of the Unicorn.
An Improved Assertion. By Bruce.
Pulpit Commentary on George Elliot.
Romances of Animal Intelligence.
Influence of Fireirons on Tactics.
Sanitary Specimens of Prose.
Clergy's Mineral Statistics.
The Story of the Giraffe.
Reynolds's Discoveries.
Lord Beaconsfield's Irish Poetry.
Silver Washed by Heat.
Songs of Two Worms.

BOOKS REQUIRED.

Conventional Cant.
Locker on Organ Stops.
Mystery of the Universe.
An Unproved Assumption. By Bruce.
? ?
Romanes (J.) On Animal Intelligence.
Influence of Firearms on Tactics.
Saintsbury's Specimens of Prose.
Clery's Minor Tactics.
The Story of the Caraffa.
Reynolds's Discourse.
Lord Beaconsfield's Irish Polley.
Sylvan Winter. By Heath.
Songs of Two Worlds.

MR. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, in a paper entitled 'Shakspeare once more,' quotes the following passage from the poet Warner as a specimen of a very faulty conceit:

"Hard was the hand that struck the blow,
Soft was the heart that bled."

But surely Mr. Lowell has misquoted these words. They occur in 'Albion's England,' and refer to Queen Eleanor in the act of striking Fair Rosamond:

"With that she dashed her on the lips, so dyed double red:

Hard was the heart that gave the blow: soft
were those lips that bled."

If this latter be the correct reading,

nothing but praise is due to Warner; his lines are simple and touching. Mr. Lowell's version makes the poet so ungallant as to apply the epithet "hard" to a lady's hand.

On Feb. 5, 1569-70, at Christ Church, London, formerly the old conventual church of the Grey Friars, adjoining Christ's Hospital, were married "Mathew Shakspeare and Isbell Peelle." The exact words of the entry in the register are these: "februarii 1569. The v Daye was maryed Mathew Shakspeare and Isbell Peelle." The last figure (9) of the year, like others on the same page of the same year, has apparently been altered from 6; i.e., 1566 into 1569. Was this Mathew related to the future poet, then aged some six or seven years? We know that George Peele, "the City poet," educated in the grammar school here, 1565-71, and afterwards at Oxford, was associated with Shakspeare in after life; that he was a son of James Peele, the clerk of Christ's Hospital from November, 1562, to December, 1585; and that he was at one time connected with the Blackfriars Playhouse as one of "her Majesty's poor players." We know further that he was a shareholder in the theatre with the two Burbages, Shakspeare, and twelve others, and died about 1598.

SEEING Bret Harte's name on the title-page of his latest book recalled to me how general had become the habit with authors of dropping one of their surnames. How odd Francis Bret Harte sounds, for example, yet such is the author's baptismal name. Bayard Taylor's first name was James; only a few others than Wilkie Collins's intimate friends, I imagine, know that his name is really William Wilkie Collins, and so is the case with many others. Austin Dobson was Henry Austin Dobson before he took up literature, and Edmund William Gosse is to-day known to the world only by his first and last names. "Henry R. Haggard" sounds strange to thousands of ears who know "Rider Haggard." Brander Matthews was christened James Brander Matthews, and Duffield Osborne is in reality Samuel Duffield Osborne. Laurence Hutton is a contraction of James Laurence Hutton, and Howard Seeley is Edward Howard Seeley, Jr., Frank Stockton is really Francis Richard Stockton, while Joaquin Miller is a corruption of Cincinnatus Hiner Miller. The principal reason for this contraction of names, I imagine is that one surname is undoubtedly more striking and easier remembered by the public than two. (Pok.)

BOOK NOTICES.

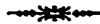
MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. publish, in the 'English Men of Action' series, Sir Richard's Temple 'Lord Lawrence.' Sir Richard Temple has performed his task very well, except in point of style, in which his eccentricities are remarkable; but it would perhaps have been wise to have pointed out the degree in which Lord Lawrence's opinions with regard to Indian frontier defence have become inapplicable to the existing situation. This mat-

ter has more than historical importance, because the one thing which is remembered about Lord Lawrence in England, besides the fact that he did great service in the mutiny, is that he expressed the strongest possible opinion in favor of defending India against Russia on the Indus. The fact that this policy was admirable some years ago, and is altogether inapplicable to the changed circumstances of the present day, should

have been brought out, because the immense popularity of the name of Lawrence is now used by ignorant men to cover their own ignorance and to defend a policy which has no longer any relation to present fact.

DR. FERDINAND TÖNNIES, of Husum (Schleswig-Holstein)—who has long been known as an enthusiastic student of Hobbes—has just printed two elegant volumes (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) containing a revised text of two of the minor works of the philosopher of Malmesbury. These are (1) the *Behemoth*, more commonly known as the 'Dialogue of the Civil Wars of England,' to which is now first given as a subtitle 'The Long Parliament.' Of this work, of which only illicit editions were issued during the author's lifetime, Dr. Tönnies was fortunate enough to discover what he believes to be the original MS., in the library of St. John's College, Oxford. This he has carefully copied, not only marking the words and passages not found in the common printed text, but also restoring several passages which had been erased by Hobbes himself, doubtless on the ground that they were too strong to circulate even in MS. He likewise prints, for the

first time, the dedication to Sir Henry Bennett, the two treatises, called 'Human Nature' and 'De Corpore Politico,' which really form part—as was first recognized by Prof. Croom Robertson—of a single work which Hobbes himself entitled 'The Elements of Law, Natural and Politic.' Many MS. copies of this must have been made for private circulation; for five are now preserved in the British Museum, besides one that has descended to the Duke of Devonshire. The last is apparently the copy which the author kept in his own possession, as it contains many additions as well as corrections. All these MSS. Dr. Tönnies has collated for the present edition, showing in footnotes the variations of reading. At the end of this volume he has appended a short English treatise on 'First Principles,' and extracts from a Latin tract on Optics, both contained in Brit. Mus. Harl. 6796, and both of which he has no hesitation in assigning to Hobbes. Altogether, it may be said that no such important contribution has been made to our knowledge of Hobbes since Sir William Molesworth published his collected English and Latin Works.



MAGAZINE NOTES.

Harper's Magazine, in its June Number, pays a graceful compliment to the men who in recent years, have borne a large share in sustaining the reputation of its pages for artistic excellence. It publishes an essay by Henry James reviewing the work in black and white of F. D. Millet, Edwin A. Abbey, Alfred Parsons, George H. Boughton, George du Maurier, and C. S. Reinhart. Accompanying the article are portraits of these artists, and several views of Broadway, the old English village "in a hollow of the green hills in Worcestershire," where

Mr. Abbey and Mr. Parsons have made their home. As if to confirm Mr. James's appreciative criticism, this Number contains a full-page drawing by Mr. Du Maurier, one of Wordsworth's sonnets illustrated by Mr. Parsons, and Præd's quaint poem, 'Quince,' illustrated with nine drawings by Mr. Abbey. This Number is also notable for two "first appearances." Miss Nannie Mayo Fitzhugh, of Kentucky, contributes a short story, 'T'other Miss Mandy,' and the English psychologist, James Sully, his initial effort in fiction, 'Friendly Ri-

valry: a Story of the Twentieth Century.' Prof. George Howard Darwin, son of the late Charles Darwin, explains "The mystery and the charm" of 'Saturn's Rings.' Joseph Jastrow, Ph.D., gives a clear, scientific estimate of "The Problems of 'Psychic Research.'" In a compact article entitled 'The Negro on the Stage' Laurence Hutton makes a beginning in what has hitherto been lacking—a history of Negro minstrelsy in America. In his second paper upon 'Social Life in Russia' the Vicomte Eugène Melchoir de Vogüé follows the summer flight of the Russian seigneurs from St. Petersburg to their great estates in the interior. C. H. Farnham is the author of a richly illustrated paper upon 'Montreal,' and the famous war correspondent, Dr. William Howard Russell, of an account of 'An Incident in the Irish Rebellion.' Instalments of 'Jupiter Lights,' by Constance Fenimore Woolson, and 'A Little Journey in the World,' by Charles Dudley Warner, together with poems by A. B. Ward, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and an anonymous author complete the list of contributions. In the Departments of the *Magazine*, George William Curtis quotes a hitherto unpublished letter of Motley to a young literary aspirant; William Dean Howells treats of a much-disputed point in the theory and practice of fiction; and Charles Dudley Warner touches upon the fashion and the art of "social screaming."

THE July number of *The Chautauquan* presents as its opening article a study by Gen. H. V. Boynton on 'Our National University,' the city of Washington; Elizabeth Robins Pennell gives some advice about 'Outings for Thin Pocket-books'; the 'Sunday Readings' are selected by Bishop Vincent; Prof. La Roy F. Griffin, of Lake Forest University, furnishes a timely article on 'The Art of Keeping Cool';

Ida M. Tarbell sketches the life of Madame de Staël; a brief description of 'Student Life in Germany' is given by F. M. Warren, Ph.D.; Olive Thorne Miller continues her observations of bird-life, this time writing of their 'Baby-Days'; Prof. A. P. Coleman, Ph.D., of Victoria University, relates some thrilling experiences of his while 'Canoeing on the Columbia'; 'The Foreign Element and Prohibition' is the subject of a thoughtful article by Hon. Albert Griffin, Chairman of the Anti-Saloon Republican National Committee; Bishop Mallalieu tells of his sight-seeing in 'Holy Moscow'; John Murdoch describes 'Hunting and Fishing at Point Barrow'; James K. Reeve suggests 'Perfume Flower-Farming' as "a home industry in which the surplus labor of a household could be profitably employed." 'Chautauqua Life in 1800' is a valuable historical article by Francis Newton Thorpe, Ph.D.; Ripley Hitchcock gives a delightful account of 'Country Club Life'; interesting facts regarding 'The Jews in the United States' are given by Philip Cowen. The poems are by Ada Iddings Gale and Rose Hawthorne Lathrop. Besides the usual editorial and C. L. S. C. matter there is an account of each of the Summer Assemblies with an abstract of the work to be done there, the most prominent lecturers, and the date of Recognition Day.

In the June *Century* Mr. Kennan begins his account of the most important investigations made by him into the Exile System, viz., his visit to the Convict Mines of Kara. He will take several articles to cover fully the description of the mines and the facts learned by him in this part of his extraordinary journey. The article is placed first in *The Century*, and is more profusely illustrated than usual. The frontispiece of this number of *The Century* is a portrait of the famous

French artist, Corot, whose work has had such immense influence on the art of the day and has been subjected to such fierce controversy. The article is by Mrs. van Rensselaer, and along with the letter-press is another portrait of 'Corot at Work,' drawn from a photograph by Wyatt Eaton. The old painter is working away in the open air under an umbrella, with a pipe in his mouth. A number of reproductions of Corot's paintings are also given. The wood engravings are interesting as specimens of American reproductive work of this kind. They are all by Mr. Eldridge Kingsley. An article by an English writer on 'The Bloodhound' is accompanied by wood engravings from sketches by an English artist. This article puts the bloodhound in an entirely new light, and removes some of the terror from his reputation. He seems to be a very different sort of dog from what his name would indicate, and his intelligence is absolutely marvelous. 'An American Amateur Astronomer' is an illustrated sketch of the career of Mr. Burnham, formerly of Chicago. Mr. Burnham is famous in a certain branch of astrono-

my. It is said that "the double stars he discovered were the closest and most difficult known to astronomers." Before becoming one of the corps at the Lick Observatory, Mr. Burnham carried on his astronomical labors while a shorthand reporter in the United States Circuit Court in Chicago. Accompanying the article is a portrait of the amateur astronomer, and a map showing the distribution of the double stars discovered by him. In the life of Lincoln several interesting chapters on important political events are published: 'The Pomeroy Circular,' 'The Cleveland Convention,' 'The Resignation of Chase.' The Old Master written about and illustrated by Stillman and Cole in this number is Spinello Aretino. 'The Relations of the United States and Canada' is the subject of a paper by Charles H. Lugrin. Short stories are published by George A. Hibbard, entitled 'The Woman in the Case,' and by James Lane Allen, entitled 'King Solomon of Kentucky,' illustrated by Kemble. An interesting personal chapter is that by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, the poet who describes Gen. Lee in his home 'After the War.'

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AMERICAN NOTES.

MARGARET DELAND's new novel will be entitled 'Sidney Page.' Though not dealing directly with theology, it will have a religious motive.

MARION CRAWFORD's 'With the Immortals' is being translated into French, and Rénan will contribute a preface. The French Academy has awarded to Mr. Crawford a prize of \$200 for his two novels written by himself in French and entitled 'Zoroastre' and 'Le Crucifix de Marzio.'

MR. B. P. SHILLABER (Mrs. Partington) is writing his reminiscences of the last half century.

JUST before Mr. Lowell sailed for England he put in Mr. Aldrich's hands a long poem entitled 'How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes.' It will appear in an early number of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

ALFRED R. CONKLING, of New York, the nephew of Roscoe Conkling, generally known as Alderman Conkling, has about completed the work of collecting material for his life of his uncle, and has a portion of the book already written. He expects to have the entire work ready for the press in October. The publishers will be Chas. L. Webster & Co.

THE *Boston Traveller* tried its hand at guessing the authorship of 'An Author's Love'—purporting to be the unpublished letters of Prosper Mérimée's 'Inconnue.' The *Traveller* thought Harriet Waters Preston had written the book. Mr. Brett, Macmillan & Co.'s representative in America, however, declares she is not the author. And so the work still remains the literary problem of the day. Possibly, suggests the *Publishers' Weekly*, it is "Vernon Lee."

THE genial "Hans Breitman" (Chas. G. Leland) has just recovered from a lingering illness in Italy. He is now at work upon a series of handbooks of the minor arts and industries, which will be published by Rand, McNally & Co.

It is requested that all persons having in their possession letters from the late President of Columbia College, Frederick A. P. Barnard, send them to Prof. Nicholas Murray Butler, Columbia College, New York, at their earliest convenience. The letters will be returned after copies have been made.

BRENTANO's have just issued, in London and New York, the 'Romance of an Alter Ego,' a new novel by Gen. Lloyd Bryce.

D. APPLETON & Co. will publish next week 'The Ice Age in North America, and its bearings upon the antiquity of man,' by G. Frederick Wright, Professor in Oberlin Theological Seminary and assistant on the U. S. Geological survey, with an appendix on 'The Probable Cause of Glaciation,' by Warren Upham; 'Thoth,' a new novel in the "Gainsborough Series" by the author of 'A Dreamer of Dreams,' and in the "Town and Country Library" they will issue Paul Lindau's new story 'Lace,' which has agitated Berlin society for a month or two.

CASSELL & Co will publish at once a collection of short stories by George Parsons Lathrop, entitled 'Two Sides of a Story.' The volume is made up of the author's more notable contributions to *Harper's*, *The Century* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Whoever has read his stories in the magazines will be delighted to get them in permanent and handsome form, and their collected appearance will raise up a new equally admiring audience.

WHITE & ALLEN announce that by arrangement with Wm. Blackwood & Sons they will publish simultaneously with their appearance in London the new series of "Tales from *Blackwood's*" recently inaugurated. For many years no collections of these celebrated tales have been made. "Choice typography, beautiful paper, and handy size" are promised.

EDGAR SALTUS has in preparation a volume of short stories to be entitled 'Annochiature.'

THE Worthington Company have just ready the third series of Algernon Charles Swinburne's 'Poems and Ballads,' which a writer in the London *Globe* speaks of as including some of the most lasting works produced by the poet in the maturity of his genius. They have also ready a large paper edition (limited to 500 copies) of David M. Main's 'Treasury of English Sonnets.' This renowned selection of English sonnets, now acknowledged to be the choicest and standard, has been out of print for some time. But as the publishers recognized a demand for an exceptionally handsome edition, equal to the English largepaper copies which have sold readily for \$30 each, they have been induced to issue the work in luxurious style. It forms a superb book, printed from large type on laid paper of the best quality, cloth bound with leaves uncut. They announce

for immediate publication 'Two Daughters of One Race,' a new novel, by the gifted author, W. Heimbürg (Bertha Behrens). This story deals with certain peculiar phases of German high life society, and of the fortunes of two young and beautiful noble ladies. The novel is delightfully told and very dramatic in its treatment. It is illustrated with photo-gravures and head and tail pieces.

FREDERICK WARNE & Co. are making extensive preparations for the approaching fall, and call attention to a varied list of literature and novelties. 'The Bedford' Shakspeare will be a charming little edition in 12 volumes, the first red-line pocket edition issued. It will contain all the plays, poems, and sonnets, with carefully revised text, a memoir, and glossary. The printing is being done in Edinburgh, and the best London binders will get up the little volumes in eight different styles of binding, ranging from quiet library-shelf style to the most elaborate gift-book binding. A handsome series of the standard poets will be known as "The Imperial Poets," and will include Milton, Wordsworth, Burns, Mrs. Hemans, Scott, Shelley, Byron, Hood, Moore, Shakspeare, and Gems of National Poetry. Every

volume will have six illustrations, including portraits and landscapes, and the bindings will make the edition specially suitable for presentation. There will also be a one-volume edition of the plays, poems and sonnets of Shakspeare, in the best type compatible with the size, a crown octavo. For young people there will be a new edition of Cooper's 'Leather-stocking Tales' in five volumes; a new fine art color-book for children of 'Old Mother Goose's Rhymes and Tales,' with enamelled board cover; fourteen humorous studies in black and white by a son of Birket Foster, to be called 'Follies, Foibles, and Fancies of Fish, Flesh, and Fowl;' 'A Peep into Catland,' a new picture-book; and 'The Stanley Library of Stirring Incident and Adventure for Boys,' four volumes by well-known writers. Children with taste for painting may be gratified by 'Young America's Painting-Book,' uniform with 'Afternoon Tea Painting,' or with the more elaborate 'Palette Painting-Book,' consisting of about forty pages of studies and copies, shaped like a painter's palette. It will pay dealers to examine this list before getting too much stock on hand.

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FOREIGN NOTES.

M. LEVY's list includes a new volume by the dramatic critic M. J. J. Weiss, entitled 'The Theatre and Morals,' and 'Chinese Tales,' by General Tchong-Ki-Tong, Ambassador from China to France.

THE next volume in the "Lotos" series, published by Messrs. Trübner, will be a selection from Macaulay's essays, dealing with men and books, edited by Dr. Alexander H. Japp, who has added a critical introduction and notes.

M. CALMANN LÉVY announces the approaching publication of the following important works: 'History and Diplomacy,' by Duke de Broglie; 'The Future of Science,' by M. Ernest Renan; and a volume of Studies by M. Jules Simon, containing Mignet, Michelet, and Henri Martin.

WM. ISBISTER, London, will publish shortly Mary Howitt's autobiography, edited by her younger daughter, Miss Margaret. It will occupy two volumes, and will be illustrated.

LA MAISON QUANTIN announces 'Paris,' by Auguste Vitu, a magnificent large quarto volume comprising 500 pages of text and 500 original illustrations by the best artists, and six water-colors.

A BOOK which promises to be of considerable literary and artistic interest, entitled 'Pen and Pencil Sketches of Literature, Science, and Art in the Western Suburbs,' of London, is announced. It will be published by subscription in two quarto volumes, and will contain a large number of full-page illustrations, besides fine wood engravings worked into the text. The editor is Mr. Edward King, and we understand the first volume is devoted to celebrities of the past in literature, art, and science, whose names are associated with the western suburbs of London, such as Turner, Walpole, Pope, and Hogarth. Mr. King, in the second volume, will attempt the more difficult and delicate task of describing 'living authors, artists, and men of science residing within the area named.' The idea is a happy one; but, of course, everything depends on the way in which it is carried out. An indifferent book on such a subject would be positively exasperating; at the same time, there is 'always room at the top,' and we hope that the forthcoming work will be worthy to find its way thither.

BARON NORDENSKIÖLD has now passed through the press the great work upon which he has been engaged for some time—a Facsimile Atlas to the Oldest History of Cartography. It is a folio volume containing reproductions of 51 maps printed before 1600, with descriptive letter-press and other illustrations. There is also included the MS. map of Northern Europe (*circa* 1467), recently discovered by the baron in the library of Count Jamoiski, of Warsaw.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish shortly a one-volume work of fiction, entitled 'The Wrong Box,' which bears the joint names of R. L. Stevenson and Lloyd Osbourne on the title-page. The box, we may state, is sent from Italy to England; and its contents ought to be the dead body of a man, but they turn out to be something else.

THE next volume in the series of "English Men of Action" will be 'Dampier,' written by Mr. W. Clark Russell.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. have in preparation 'An Account of the Aborigines of Tasmania: their Manners, Customs, Wars, Hunting, Food, Morals, Language, Origin, and General Characteristics; collected from all sources, from the time of their first contact with Europeans until their final extermination, by Mr. H. Ling Roth, assisted by E. Marion Butler. The book will also have a chapter on the osteology by Dr. J. G. Garson; and a preface by Dr. E. B. Tylor; besides numerous autotype plates, from original drawings made by Edith May Roth. The edition will be strictly limited to subscribers, and every copy will be numbered.

SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. have published the collection of early letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle, edited by Mr. D. G. Ritchie. In addition to those of Mrs. Carlyle, the volume includes eleven unpublished letters of Carlyle, dealing chiefly with his studies in connection with the projected History of German Literature and his 'Cromwell.'

DAVID NUTT has just published 'Selected Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,' rendered into English prose by Mr. Justin Huntley McCarthy. The book, which is issued in a limited edition, has been handsomely printed, in capitals throughout.

THE publishing house of Ulrico Hoepli, of Milan, has sent us its General Catalogue of works issued between 1872 and 1889. The Arts and Sciences are specially considered and provided for in the Hoepli editions, and the Catalogue contains many names of the most eminent Italian authorities of the day on the Natural Sciences, Agriculture, Chemistry and Electricity. Melani's works on Art, Scaramuzza's and De Gubernati's studies in Dante are also published by Signor Hoepli.

MM. FUENTES Y CAPDEVILLE are going to publish a collection of the best Spanish authors under the title 'Biblioteca de Autores célebres.' Each volume contains about 280 pages and costs one peseta only, or in handsome binding, two pesetas. The first volume, which has appeared, is entitled

'Cartas Americanas,' by Don Juan Valera. A second volume is in preparation, 'Mi última Brega,' by Don José Zorrilla, a poet who in a short time will be 'crowned,' in token of his eminence, at Granada.

M. DELALAIN has added to the many obligations he has already conferred on the French Book Trade and Book amateurs, by publishing, through the Booksellers' Club, the 3rd Part of an Inventory of Printers' and Booksellers' Marks, containing those of Alsace, Austria-Hungary, Belgium, Denmark, Germany, Italy, the Netherlands, Portugal, Spain, Switzerland, and Great Britain. M. Delalain has enriched this interesting work by a preliminary interpretative essay on special marks. The edition is limited, and copies will doubtless be eagerly sought for.

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GENERAL NOTES.

THE vessel carrying the whole of the copies printed (we believe a thousand) of the last volume of the report of the Challenger expedition has been wrecked on its way from Edinburgh, and the edition lost. This is a rather awkward accident, as some of the plates will probably not bear the taking of more impressions, and will have to be re-engraved.

Centralblatt für Bibliothekswesen, for May, contains an article entitled 'The Influence of the Hiberno-Scottish Monks in the preservation and dissemination of Mediæval Science' (with special reference to the still existing Irish MSS. in the libraries of the Continent). This is by Herr Walther Schulze, of Halle, who promises a continuation. Another article, on the Mayence book-printer Peter Jordan, a bibliography of his work from 1513 to 1535.

THE newspapers have recorded the loss of the manuscript of a book about Carlyle, by the late Frederick Martin, editor of 'The Statesman's Year-Book,' who was once Carlyle's secretary, but quarrelled with his employer and wrote the book to 'spite' him. A few days before his sudden death, about six years ago, it is said, he made up and despatched to some unknown address a large parcel of manuscript containing, presumably, the whole of this book, many letters of Carlyle, and the manuscript of a novel which he had had in preparation for some time before. The papers are believed to have gone astray in the post.

DR. PAUL LINDAU, well known in the literary world as the editor of the *Rundschau*, the leading German literary magazine, has just published a romance of Berlin life under the title of

'Lace,' which is pronounced by European critics a powerful novel, and an exceedingly faithful picture of life in Berlin as it is to-day. An English version of the story will shortly appear in "Appleton's Town and Country Library."

MR. BERNARD QUARITCH has now on view, at his house in Piccadilly, an exhibition of the finest illuminated and historical manuscripts of which he has, from time to time, become the purchaser. The "handlist," which is arranged in chronological order, opens with his latest acquisition, the purple codex of the Gospels, assigned to the time of Archbishop Wilfrid, of York. For this he gave £1500 at the Hamilton sale, and he now values it at £2500. Next in value, and scarcely second in interest, is the Prayer-book of John Talbot, first Earl of Shrewsbury, which was bought from a Breton peasant by a fortunate dealer some thirty years ago, and acquired by Mr. Quaritch at the Didot sale in 1879. But these two are only the choicest examples of a collection which numbers about eighty lots, fairly representative of the miniature art during the middle ages in England, France, Italy, Germany, and Flanders.

ONE of the feature of the Minneapolis Industrial Exposition will be a Book-Trade Exhibit, which Mr. Chas. D. Raymer, of that city, has been managing and which he hopes to make a success.

MR. E. F. BONAVENTURE the well known bibliopole has consolidated his book and print business at 232 West 34th St., N. Y. His down-town branch at 4 Barclay St., will be conducted hereafter under the name of "Leroy & Co." During the next few months Mr. Bonaventure's personal address will be 6 Passage de la Madeleine, Paris, France. He has just issued a

"Catalogue of Valuable, Rare and Interesting American and English Books" from 232 West 34th St. which establishment will be managed by Mr. Charles Sotheran during Mr. Bonaventure's absence in Europe.

ROBERTS BROTHERS have just ready in their series of Balzac's works 'Seraphita,' which is the completing volume of Balzac's three philosophical novels, of which the 'Magic Skin' and 'Louis Lambert' have already been issued by this house.

THE London *World* says that 'An Author's Love' is now admitted to be by Elizabeth Balch. It remarks that Miss Balch's writings are as well known in London as on this side of the Atlantic, and that her papers in *The English Illustrated* on English country houses have been "most charmingly and delightfully written"; but her new book "shows a literary power of a much higher order, and her letters are fully inspired by the spirit of Mérimée's 'Inconnue.'"

FRANCIS S. SALTUS, who frequently wrote under the pseudonym of "Cupid Jones," died on June 25th. He was born in New York City in 1849, and at an early age became a humorous writer and paragrapher for the American and foreign press. He was conversant with ten languages and was an accomplished musician. He also wrote poems in French, German, English, and Italian. He was the author of four comic operas and other musical works. In 1873 J. B. Lippincott & Co. published a volume of his verse under the title of 'Honey and Gall.' Francis S. was the elder half brother of Edgar F. Saltus, the novelist.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE is at work upon his memoirs. But they are not to be published—at least during his lifetime.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY have in the press 'Marriage and Heredity; or, Some Aspects of the Law of Evolution,' by Mr. J. F. Nisbet.

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BOOK AUCTIONS.

THE following of Mr. Gould's natural history books were recently sold at Christie's: 'Birds of Europe,' 5 vols., \$351.75; 'Humming Birds,' 5 vols., \$252; 'Birds of Australia,' 7 vols., \$795; 'Birds of Great Britain,' 5 vols., \$525. All of them were finely bound in morocco extra.

REFERRING to the dispersion of large libraries during the last few years, Mr. Quaritch, in his last catalogue, says: 'Can we not imagine what would have been the feeling of Lord Sunderland, or the old Duke of Hamilton, the old Marquis of Annandale, Lord Chancellor Hardwick, or Robert Harley, if he knew that his heirs would cast away the hoarded treasures of Learning and Wisdom for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence? The cry is, "Still they come."' In the same catalogue Mr. Quaritch marks the Schoeffer 'Psalmorum Codex,' which he purchased in the Syston Park sale in 1884, \$26,250. The book, which is in two volumes, then cost him \$24,750.

THE sale of Mr. Chas. Hutt's books took place at Sotheby's on May 13th to 21st. We give here some results: 'Annals of Gallantry, Trials for Crim. Con.,' by A. Moore, 3 vols., \$50.62; Dyce's 'Beaumont and Fletcher,' 11 vols. calf extra, \$54.36; Bewick's 'Æsop's Fables,' large paper, 1818, \$47.25; Boccaccio's 'Decameron,' French edition, 5 vols., 1757, red morocco, \$100; Baskerville's edition of 'Congreve,' 3 vols. morocco, \$33.12; Pierce Egan's 'Life in London,' with the 'Finish,' 2 vols. 1830, calf, \$70; 'Life of Napoleon,' Cruikshank's plates, 1815, \$33; Dickens's 'Story of Little Dombey,' in the original covers,

\$15; Fielding's 'Joseph Andrews,' 2 vols. 1st ed. 1742, \$23.12; Genest's 'English Stage,' 10 vols. \$30; 'Greville Memoirs,' 3 series, 1st ed. cloth. \$25; Hamerton's 'Etchers,' 1st ed. \$31.75; Hæppelwhite's 'Cabinet Maker,' 1789, \$44.36; Jesse's 'London and its Celebrities,' 2 vols. \$21; La Fontaine's 'Contes et Nouvelles,' 2 vols. 1762, morocco extra, \$100; Le Sage, 'Histoire de Gil Blas,' 1838, extensively extra illustrated with many proof and other engravings from various editions—extended to 5 vols. \$157.50; 'L'Heptaméron de Marguerite, Reine de Navarre,' 3 vols. 1780, calf, \$67.50; Montesquieu, 'Le Temple de Gnide,' 4to. blue morocco, a pretty volume, \$127.50; Banier's 'Ovid,' 4 vols. 4to. morocco, \$78.75; Rowlandson's 'English Dance of Death,' 2 vols. 1815-16, boards, \$80; Scott's Novels and Miscellaneous Works, 17 vols. cloth, \$85; Thackeray's 'Comic Tales and Sketches,' vol. 1, 2nd edit., vol. 2, 1st edit., boards, \$52.50; Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair,' genuine 1st edit., \$42.50. The total for the eight days' sale was just over \$14,500.

THE following prices have recently been obtained at various book auctions in London: Illustrations to Maxwell's 'Irish Rebellion,' struck off on folio paper, \$47.50; ten illustrations to 'Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys at the 1851 Exhibition,' on folio paper, \$37.50; illustrations to the 'Humourist,' on 4to. paper (those to Part 1 were colored), \$91.25; Reid's 'Cruikshank Catalogue,' 3 vols. large paper, \$91.25; Dibdin's 'Typographical Antiquities,' 4 vols., morocco, by Rivière, \$61.25 (Bain); Dibdin's 'Bibliotheca Spenceriana, Ædes Althorpiæ, and Cassano Cat-

alogue,' 7 vols. mor., \$117.50; Dibdin's 'Bibliographical Decameron,' 3 vols. mor., \$92.50 (Bain); Dibdin's 'Tour in France,' &c., 3 vols., extra illustrated with Lewis's series of etchings, 3 vols. mor., \$132.50; Milman's 'Horace' (1849), bound in mor. extra, the sides and back covered with elaborate gold tooling, \$25; a series of 30 volumes of the 4to 'Chronicles of England,' those of Froissart and Monstrelet having the illuminations, and Hearne's 'Robert of Gloucester' on largest paper, the whole bound in morocco extra by Rivière, \$555; Alken's 'National Sports,' folio (1820), \$102.50; Buck's 'Antiquities,' 3 vols. mor., (1774) \$200; Du Sommerard's 'Les Arts au Moyen Age,' 5 vols. imp. folio and 5 vols. roy. 8vo., citron morocco extra, \$400; Nichols' 'Literary Anecdotes and Illustrations,' 16 vols., \$70 (Sotheran); Stirling-Maxwell's 'Annals of the Artists of Spain,' 3 vols., \$97.50; La Fontaine's 'Fables,' with Oudry's plates, 4 vols. folio, mor. extra, \$150.

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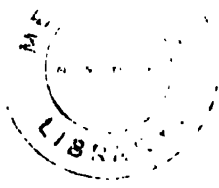
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VOL. VII.

AUGUST, 1889.

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A BONUS ON SOAP.

In the following parable, by Miss May Kendall, the author whose book is given away as a bonus on soap must be a popular English author in America; and the writer whose books wrap up the soap must be an American author ruined by English unpaid competition. I think the British genius has rather less to complain of than his American brother, in a land where successful English novels can be, and are, literally given away, 'thrown in' with soap or cheese as inducements to purchase these commodities.

Alone he stood before the pane,
He let the crowd sweep by,
But what in City stores could chain
That gifted author's eye?

'Twas not the jam attracted it,
The salmon nor the spice;
Above a keg of soap was writ
The following advice:

*'Come hither, nor in darkness grope.
Come hither—buy, peruse—
The Age's most superior soap
And most enlightened views.*

*'New lustre on each countenance
Touched by this soap you'll find;
This philosophical romance
Will kindle heart and mind.*

*'Their hands were never half so clean,
All customers agree,
And their beliefs have never been
So utterly at sea.*

*'To spiritual heights you'll grow
From which you'll ne'er descend.
Such is the novel we bestow,
The Soap that we commend.'*

*'What higher longing could be mine,
That author sighed. 'Enough.
The Higher Life I intertwine
With common household stuff.'*

There dimmed his eye a happy tear:
*'I have not lived amiss,
That I should be so very near
The Nation's heart as this!*

He turned from that attractive sight,
And noted, standing by,
A threadbare and dejected wight,
Who checked a heavy sigh.

*'Brother,' he said, 'a helping hand
To soothe your grief permit:
Humanity's my watchword, and
You are a part of it.*

*'A purer faith I might provide
Upon this very spot.'
That other pensively replied,
'Thank you; I'd rather not.*

*'A momentary weakness shook
My spirit, but is gone.
My book wrapped up the soap your book
Was made a bonus on.*

M. K.

FAVORITE NOVELS.

"What is your favorite novel?" the albums of earnest inquirers ask, and their acquaintances are compelled to answer. The custom of putting such questions, not to idle acquaintances, but to busy strangers, has increased, and is found to be a cheap and easy way of getting "copy" for magazines. If any one could induce Prince Bismarck, the President of the United States and Mr. Spurgeon, to say what their favorite novels are, and to give their reasons, that lucky beggar of "copy" would have done a very good stroke of business. But a contributor to *Belford's Magazine* has hawked at lowlier game, and has not, perhaps hit it. He has induced some novelists to tell him what are their favorites in fiction, but he has not caught very many novelists and with some exceptions has not caught the best. It is always interesting to hear a master discourse about his own art, but several of the masters here are young masters, and even misses. As a rule, they write at length in inverse proportion to their own importance, and the less important they are the more they talk about themselves and their works. Mr. Blackmore, Mr. Hardy, Mr. Besant, Mr. Christie Murray, Mr. Black, Mr. R. L. Stevenson, Mrs. Oliphant, Miss Broughton, Mrs. Ward, Mr. James Payn, Mr. George Meredith give no answers at all, so far. Were they not asked, or have they determined to "keep their ain fishguts to feed their ain sea-maws," or, in other words, *not* to make presents of "copy" to every one who asks for it? From Mr. Robert Buchanan we hear, indeed, a good deal about Mr. Robert Buchanan. From Mr. Hall Caine the world acquires information; we learn, for example, how this genius enjoys Thackeray when he is in high spirits, "for it is only then that I find any

humor in the odd and the ugly." And in what sort of spirits or temper would an amateur enjoy the novels of Mr. Hall Caine? Mr. Wilkie Collins says as little as possible, and that in favor of Scott and 'The Antiquary.' Mr. Rider Haggard tells us scarcely more, but he confesses to a love of Dickens's 'Tale of Two Cities.' That proves a man, some think, to be a bad Dickensite, not a Dickensite, in the orthodox sense. For, of all Dickens's novels, the 'Tale of Two Cities' is the least like Dickens, and the least English. Ladies usually prefer it to his other works. Yet, though the least English of Dickens's works, it seems to be by no means a great favorite among his many foreign admirers. M. Brunetière, in an interesting study of Dickens, has little or nothing to say about 'The Tale of Two Cities.' Mrs. Gamp, Sam Weller, Mr. Micawber, those are the people for M. Brunetière, not Sidney Carton and his friends. However, it is a free country, and nobody can complain if Mr. Haggard disagrees with M. Brunetière and prefers 'The Tale of Two Cities' to 'Pickwick.'

As a rule, the gentlemen and ladies who reply, whether at length and with awful solemnity or as briefly as courtesy will permit, to these questions in fiction, say, with perfect sense, that one novel suits one mood and one another. Mr. Hall Caine, who appears to see nothing but the odd and ugly in Thackeray, can revel perhaps in Beatrix Esmond, and Theo and Hetty, those strange, hideous creations, when he is "in high spirits." When Mr. Buchanan is well and strong, and full of life" he "can hear the great tragedians." All this is profoundly interesting. As a matter of fact, all persons of sense, whether they are novelists or not, "have so many favorites," like one of the authors catechised here, that an

hour or two might be occupied in writing their titles. We remember Thackeray's confession, "*Amo* Dugald Dalgetty, *amo* Athos," and several others. Fortunately literature is full of good novels. Even modern Spanish novels have their admirers, while the adoration of Russian novels is a religion, or a pose, with the cultivated. There are doubtless many excellent Russian novels, but they are practically French novels while we can only read them in French. There are modern Italian novels just swimming into the ken of Culture, and American novels are perhaps beginning to swim out of it a little. A person must be "well and strong and full of life," like Mr. Buchanan, before he can stand a great deal of Mr. Cable. He must be "in high spirits"—like Mr. Hall Caine when he tackles Thackeray—before he can make much way with Mr. Edgar Fawcett. In a railway carriage Mrs. Green, author of the 'Leavenworth Case,' is not too intricate, nor 'Mr. Barnes of New York' too precipitous. Novel reading is, indeed, an affair of mood. We can rise eagerly at 'Les Yeux d'Emma Rose' or at 'Margot La Balafree,' when 'John Inglesant' might fail altogether to exhilarate. We can hardly say to a man, "Tell me your favorite novels, and I will tell you your character," because if he be the right kind of man he has dozens of favorite novels, all perfectly different. 'Tom Brown' may be one of his chosen, and 'Eugenie Grandet' another, and 'The House on the Marsh' a third, and 'Tom Jones' a fourth. It is not forbidden to a lover of Fielding to love Henry Kingsley. That really original writer—original in his pathos, his nonsense, his high spirits, his low spirits, his daring, his power of telling a story, and of drawing a mixed character—seems in danger of being underrated, if not forgotten. He is

partly overshadowed by his brother and by "Westward Ho!" which surely deserves to be a favorite indeed. Partly, too, he suffers from the hasty work of his last years; plotless, planless, unconsidered, as of "some wild artist when he works without a conscience or an aim." But it may be hoped that many are true to our Henry Kingsley, who told the tale of Geoffrey Hamlyn and of Charles Ravenshoe, who drew the immortal children in 'Ravenshoe,' who is the spiritual father of Lord Welter and of Lady Ascot, and many another unforgotten worthy of Romance. He is no dismal conceited analyst, no prowler among the tombs of human character, no waiter on the wreckage of human enterprise. He has adventure, he has humor, and we may trust that he will keep his place among that illustrious band of our benefactors, the English novelists.

When a man is put to it by some fair catechist and inquiring soul, to name his dearest novel, he may well lose himself in memory, and wander in his own *autobiographia literaria*. The Frenchman asks, "Can we love more than one book at a time?" Scott thought people could not love twice; in the matter of books we may perhaps fall in love again and again. Our bookish loves are equal; how are we to prefer 'David Copperfield' to 'Pendennis,' or 'Pendennis' to 'David Copperfield?' The 'Antiquary' is not more nor less dear than 'Old Mortality'; the 'Yellow Dwarf' is as good as 'Puss in Boots.' The *chef d'œuvre* is on a level with the *chef d'œuvre*. They are all at the height of our hearts, and if to many we owe a special gratitude, it may be less for their absolute merits, than for some particular service they have rendered us. In some hour of regret or disgust, we may have been rescued by Captain Hawley Smart; he is not a Fielding,

nor a George Sand exactly, but he may serve and an honorable heart will never forget its gratitude. Occasionally we make a book a favorite because we discovered it for ourselves. 'Richard Feverel' cannot be quite so dear since a mob of late admirers rushed in, where the first readers were almost alone in the pleasures of their affection. Such is human nature. People will worry others into approval of a book, and will nearly cease to care for it when half the world approves or thinks it the right thing to approve. But the true catholic favorites are never displaced. Even Mr. Hall Caine seems unlikely to oust the odd and ugly folk of Thackeray, though it is consolatory to find him saying that "the novel has a great future before it."

THE LITERARY MEN OF BERLIN.

A Berlin contemporary publishes an interesting paragraph on the number of the authors in that city. The *Literatur-Kalender* enumerates 1,799 writers living in the city and suburbs, which calculation includes not only authors by profession, but all who write. There are all sorts and conditions of men amongst these writers, from Prince George of Prussia to a simple policeman who writes *feuilletons* in his leisure hours. It is difficult to classify these writers on any definite system, for one writes both political leaders and lyric poems; another is critic, editor, and dramatist; and a third is philologist, *feuilletoniste*, and novelist, while some are even more versatile. Writers of general literature, including newspaper editors, number in Berlin 264. Then there are 63 political writers, 62 statistical and political economy writers, 113 *feuilletonistes*, and 24 crit-

ics. The other critics practise various kinds of literature, and are therefore not reckoned among reviewers pure and simple. Seventy-seven writers devote themselves to the history of literature and art, and 36 to musical subjects; while there are 186 novelists and romance writers, and 83 dramatists. As purely lyric poets only four are mentioned; 16 rank as humorists and satirists. The science of language boasts of 179 exponents, pedagogy 64. Philosophy can number 30 teachers, theology 38, jurisprudence and constitutional law 59, history 75, geography 38. Natural science in general counts 55 authors, with 12 botanists, and medicine is looked after by 55 specialists. Writers on military affairs are a body of 29, while naval science and aeronautical matters each claim two devotees. Sport is described by twelve writers, stenography by 8, genealogy and heraldry each by four. One gentleman has a monopoly of the knowledge of postage stamps. Amongst the whole number of writers no fewer than 757 boast the degree of doctor; 190 that of professor; 84 are *Geheime Räte*; and 70 directors. Many of course unite several or all of these dignities in their own person. In Berlin there are found to exist 111 authors of noble rank, from the simple "von" to Royal Princes; and 133 authoresses, of whom a considerable number are titled. Most of these 135 ladies write novels, romances, and "society paragraphs," some write poetry, and a few venture on the more arduous paths of history, art, and criticism. Though much talent is found among these female authors, none can be called a great writer. In contrast to the above-named figures of 1,799 authors and 133 authoresses living in Berlin, it is mentioned that in 1839, when Berlin had already 300,000 inhabitants, only 71 were

counted as *homines literati*, about one author to every 4,000 inhabitants. Taking the population of to-day (including the suburbs and Charlottenburg) to be one and a half millions, there is one writer to every 833 inhabitants, so that while the population has been multiplied by five in 50 years, the number of writers has become 25 times as large as it was. It would seem as if too much was written in Berlin, but it must be remembered that Berlin is no longer the capital of Prussia alone.

TO DANIEL ELZEVR.

(From the Latin of *Ménage*.)

What do I see! Oh gods divine
And goddesses,—this Book of mine,—
This child of many hopes and fears,—
Is published by the Elzevirs!
Oh perfect Publishers complete!
Oh dainty volumes, new and neat!
The Paper doth out-shine the snow,
The Print is blacker than the crow,
The Title-Page, with crimson bright,
The vellum cover smooth and white,
All sorts of readers do invite,
Ay, and will keep them reading still,
Against their will, or with their will!
Thus what of grace the Rhymes may lack
The Publisher has given them back,
As Milliners adorn the fair
Whose charms are something skimp and spare.
Oh *dulce decus*, Elzevir!
The pride of dead and dawning years,
How can a poet best repay
The debt he owes your House to-day?
May this round world while aught endures,
Applaud, and buy, these books of yours!
May purchasers incessant pop,
My Elzevirs within your shop,
And learned bards salute, with cheers,
The volumes of the Elzevirs,
Till your renown fills earth and sky,
Till men forget the Stephani,
And all that Aldus wrought, and all
Turnebus sold in shop or stall,
While still may Fate's (and Binders') shears
Respect, and spare, the Elzevirs.

ANDREW LANG.

Grass of Parnassus.

A BOOKSELLER'S PRESCRIPTION FOR THE "BLUES."

(*Chicago News*.)

"I am frequently in Boston," said George R. Peck, the Topeka bibliophile, to a circle of maniacs in the saints-and-sinners' corner at McClurg's not long since. "Business calls me there every month or so, and I make it a point always to drop in at Estes & Lauriat's to see what new things they have in the book line. The store is not a large one and it is crowded with goods. The first man you meet is a short, slender person, with wild eyes, dishevelled hair, and a typical Yankee voice, high-keyed and nasal. This man's name is Piper, and he is one of the most popular salesmen in the country. He used to be in the grocery business, but he wearied of it and quit it to transfer his talents, as he told me, from the tin can to the leather trade. Piper doesn't know very much about literature, but he understands human nature, and when it comes to a trade he catches weasels asleep every time. They say that Franklin Carter, President of Williams College, came into the store one morning looking just a trifle sallower and rockier than usual; he is always complaining about his liver, and on this occasion he had a sad tale to tell about having eaten something that had disagreed with him.

"I know just what'll fix you up all right," said Piper.

"What is it?" asked President Carter, eagerly.

"D'Urfey's pills," said Piper.

"Where can I get 'em?" asked the college official, his curiosity now fully aroused.

"I'll send 'em around to the hotel," said Piper. And he did. It would be hard to imagine President Carter's horror upon discovering that the

remedy prescribed was Tom D'Urfey's 'Pills to Purge Melancholy,' 6 vols. half calf, \$18!"

E. F.

CONTEMPLATING EXISTENCE.

Sir John Lubbock gallantly continues his exposition of the truth more or less according to Pangloss. In the second volume of his 'Pleasures of Life' (Macmillans), he shows it to be a very good world, if not of all possible worlds the best. Perhaps he should be praised for opposing pessimism, and the notion that there could not be a worse world than ours; that a worse world could not hold together, but would rush on suicide. There is a good deal of unreason in extremes, and the Japanese may be wiser when he says, "Speak not evil of this world, for thou hast no other." The mind of man prefers extremes. Two generations ago, or three, a work styled 'The Miseries of Human Life,' by Timothy Testy, was very popular, and a favorite with Sir Walter Scott. People were not so pessimistic then, and they laughed over Mr. Testy's miseries. Now, perhaps they are more inclined to mourn over the pleasures of Sir John. Wealth, health, love, art, religion, how many have none of them, or having them, cannot enjoy them! What calculus can tell us what proportion of mortals is blessed in the limited way which is the utmost we can attain? Should we not rather sit upon the ground, and tell sad stories of the fall of peoples? Do Sir John's optimisms apply to any but the satisfied, the materially satisfied classes? It would be so very easy to play the Timothy Testy to Sir John that really there is no pleasure in the course. The popularity of these little volumes is an interesting phenomenon. They are intelligible, they are over no man's head, they are full of

pleasant quotations from Cicero to "Morris," without distinction of Christian name. As in Montaigne's works, you can find a large library and read it through in Sir John's few pages. It is pleasant to hear what Cicero said about Glory, to which he was partial, and to find a heroic unconscious answer in Beowulf. Then comes Monsieur Renan, who holds that "Glory is, after all, the thing which has the best chance of not being altogether vanity." Another optimist might answer that nothing is vanity which is pleasant. Roast beef is vanity, as Thackeray remarks, but he presses another slice on us, with the additional condiment of radish-sauce. Glory is neither more nor less vanity than cigarettes, and when we have gone where Falstaff was in no hurry to go, is there more joy in the laurel than in "the ashes of the weeds of our delight?" Sir John finds a quaint moral in Marcus Aurelius his thought on the vanity of glory—"a spider is proud when it has caught a fly, a man when he has caught a little fish," still more of course when he has caught a big fish. This is indeed, an enduring pleasure, and in dark hours you can take it out of memory, and remember the May morning, and the feeding trout, and the fly that lit above his nose, and the rise, the struggle, and the landing of him. As Sir John says, if Marcus Aurelius shows that glory is a vain thing, he "also encourages us with the evidence that every one may succeed if his objects are but reasonable." By way of outbidding even Sir John, we may add that some succeed when their objects are not reasonable, but highly the reverse. On second thoughts, it may be doubted whether this be a matter to rejoice over. Perhaps that depends on our political opinions, but the whole discussion proves the Irishman to have been

wise when he was willing, and even anxious, to "argue it either way for a guinea."

There are moments when Sir John, if we may say it respectfully, reminds us of a younger moralist, Master Georgie Osborne. We do not for a moment hint at plagiarism, but merely note the coincidence of thoughtful minds. Concerning Alexander the Great, Sir John observes, with perfect justice, "he is said even to have been mortified at the number of the stars, considering that he had not been able to conquer one world. *Such ambition is justly doomed to disappointment.*" Master Osborne, in a similar vein, says, "The selfishness of the late Napoleon Bonaparte occasioned innumerable wars in Europe, and caused him to perish himself, in a miserable island, that of Saint Helena in the Atlantic Ocean. We see by these examples that we are not to consult our own interest and ambition, but that we are to consider the interests of others as well as our own." It is a pity that Aristotle did not teach his illustrious pupil to contemplate life in this moderate temper. "Who would not rather be forgotten than recollected as Ahab or Jezebel" (says Sir John), "Nero or Commodus, Messalina or Heliogabalus, King John or Richard III?" That question may be diversely answered: a girl committed suicide lately for the disinterested purpose, as is alleged, of supplying a paragraph to the evening papers, and died happy in the prospect of fame. The case of the man who burned down the temple of Ephesian Artemis is well known—we shall not minister to a diseased posthumous vanity by mentioning his name. But, alas for the emptiness of glory! Sir John quotes "Sir J. Browne" and an author called "Glassfors." This is reputation, and Glassford, with Sir Thomas Browne, may wince, if the Manes are

concerned, at these feats of Messrs. R. and R. Clark, of Edinburgh, the worthy printers. Thus a running battle might be fought for or against any of Sir John Lubbock's conclusions. "Alexander's Empire fell to pieces at his death." Admitted, but can we agree that "Napoleon was a great genius though no Hero?" This may be the chief interest of moralizings in general, our pause of difference or agreement. But should agreement be made too easy? When an author tells us that "the fame of the Philosopher and Poet is more enduring than that of the Statesman and General," he is repeating what Mr. Gladstone said, very agreeably, about himself and Lord Tennyson. But may not a too obvious truth drive a reader into paradox? He will find himself averring that the fame of Achilles is as lasting as that of Homer; that Hannibal will be remembered when Quintus Smyrnaeus is forgotten, that Belisarius is as deathless as Ausonius.

Obviousness is, perhaps, the weak point of Sir John Lubbock's reflections. Yet if a moralist is not obvious he may be unsound, for a good deal of thought has been expended on common topics, and conclusions which recommended themselves to the chorus in Greek plays are likely to be correct, though unexciting. For example, when Longfellow said, "Life without health is a burden," he wrote like a copy book. We don't need to be told that. We need to be told something a good deal subtler, whether life is necessarily a burden without health, and how heavy a burden—whether there are not things for which health should be sacrificed, and when the sacrifice is worth making. Is it really a benefit, as Sir John thinks, that when we are ill, we call in a doctor, whereas when *he* is ill *savage* man casts out a spirit? Often

the doctor does no more good than the conjurer, and his physic may be of as little avail as a rattle on the drum of a medicine man. "In some cases the medicine is taken, "not by the patient, but by the doctor." If we could return to that system very little would be lost—indeed a humorous patient might derive great benefit from seeing his medical man swallow "the mixture as before." It might bring a humorist back from the gates of death. If the ancient Egyptians made "the chief aim of life to be "well buried," was that not as noble as our modern ambition "to cut up well?" Human life is very even betting, that is the conclusion to which we are led by a perusal of the 'Pleasures of Life,' and perhaps we might attain to it with no preliminary study. "Love is the light and sunshine of life," but suppose "she goes and marries a market gardener!" "Such," in brief, "is life, which likewise is the end of all things."

HOW ALPHONSE KARR TOOK UP A BILL.

In the latter years of the Third Empire—a pleasant time enough, while it lasted—among the many privileged purveyors of gossip to the Parisian daily and weekly press, one of the most indefatigable in unearthing the latest tit-bit of contemporary anecdote was Jules Lecomte. Less elegant in style than Henri de Pène, less humorous than Auguste Villemot, he was nevertheless mainly instrumental in promoting the circulation of the journal to which he was attached by his happy choice of subjects and generally reliable information. One day he received a letter from an anonymous correspondent, beginning with the usual complimentary phrase, "you who know every-

thing," and terminating by a rather puzzling query, "Why did Monsieur Alphonse Karr select for a volume of tales published some twenty years ago the incomprehensible title of 'Vendredi soir!'"

"Not a bad idea of my friend, the writer, whoever he may be," said Lecomte with a chuckle of satisfaction, "to apply to me, as I happen to be the only person able to answer the question. I may as well satisfy him, particularly as the Bourse and the boulevard are pretty well used up, and a retrospective article for once in a way will be a novelty."

Not having the paper by me, and compelled therefore to trust to my memory, I can only attempt to reproduce the substance of one of the lively chronicler's most amusing feuilletons, related somewhat in the following terms.

"A good many years ago, when I first essayed to gain a living by my pen, Alphonse Karr, if not already famous, was at least regarded as one of the most promising young authors of the day. He then occupied a tiny apartment on the top floor—the seventh—of a house in the Rue Vivienne, where I occasionally passed half an hour with him, when—a frequent occurrence, alas! at that period of my career—I had nothing better to do. One afternoon, after clambering up his interminable staircase, I found him, contrary to his wont, sitting in a dejected attitude at his window, and looking the picture of misery.

"What is the matter?" I inquired. "Anything wrong?"

"Everything," he replied, drumming his knuckles impatiently on the window pane.

"I have a bill for three hundred francs due to-day, and no funds to meet it."

"Diable!"

(It must be understood that in Louis

Philippe's reign, to a literary man living as it were from hand to mouth, three hundred francs appeared a fabulous sum.)

"Not a *sou*!" he continued, "and that isn't all: Tuesday is the last day of the Carnival, and I have promised a pretty neighbor of mine to escort her to the ball at the Variétés, which of course entails supper."

"And champagne," I suggested.

"Exactly, and where on earth am I to find the money?"

This was a poser, and for some minutes we looked despondently at each other.

Suddenly an idea struck me.

"Why not ask your publisher," I said, "to advance it to you?"

"No use," he muttered, with a melancholy shake of the head. "I am in his debt already."

"If he won't," I persisted, "others may. And now I come to think of it, why not collect those tales and sketches you have written for different reviews? They ought to make a volume."

"Yes," said Karr, "with a dedication, a preface, plenty of margin, and an index, perhaps they might."

"Very well, then. Put on your hat, and come with me to Souverain."

"Your publisher! You don't mean to say there is any chance of his taking it?"

"Why shouldn't he?" I replied. "He will be only too glad to have your name in his catalogue. At all events, there is no harm in trying."

The establishment of M. Hippolyte Souverain, the fashionable publisher of the period in question, was in the Rue des Beaux-Arts, and on our arrival there we were directed by one of the clerks to a restaurant in the Rue Jacob, where the great man was in the habit of dining. He had nearly finished his repast, and shook hands cordially with me as I intro-

duced my companion. I thought it best to act as spokesman on the occasion, and explained as briefly as possible the object of our coming. Souverain listened attentively while sipping his coffee.

"Very happy to know Mousieur Karr," he said. "We will talk the matter over one of these days."

"That will be too late," I replied decisively. "It must either be settled now or never. If it doesn't suit you, we will try Gosselin."

"But, my good sir," objected the publisher, "you cannot expect me to purchase a book without having the least idea what it is!"

"Oh," said I, "if that is all, there will be no difficulty in satisfying you. Karr is ready to sign an agreement, making over to you, say for five years, the exclusive right of republishing in any form you choose certain specified tales and sketches which have appeared in various periodicals, in consideration of the sum of five hundred francs received by him from you."

"Not in cash!" hastily interposed Souverain. "A bill at three months, perhaps."

"Out of the question. Karr has one of his own due, and to pay it he must have money down."

"Very sorry, but I make it a rule never to pay cash until my bills fall due."

"In that case," said Alphonse, who was chafing at the delay, "it is no use wasting time, and we had better see Gosselin."

"Wait a moment," expostulated Souverain. "You don't suppose I carry three hundred francs about with me!"

"We said five hundred, not three," quietly observed Karr. "When you have finished your coffee, it is but a step to the Rue des Beaux-Arts."

"You are in such a desperate hurry!

Can't you wait until I have thought it over?"

"Bills won't wait," I retorted, "as you know very well. So, unless you decide quickly, there is an end of the matter."

"H'm," muttered Souverain, visibly perplexed; "we said four hundred, did we not?"

"No," emphatically replied Karr. "Not a *sou* less than five."

A quarter of an hour later, we were seated in the publisher's room, where so many illustrious colleagues, Balzac and Frédéric Soulié among the number, had at one time or another more or less anxiously awaited the decision of its shrewd but by no means unsympathetic owner. The agreement was soon drawn out, and after an abortive attempt on the part of our *Mécénas* to reduce the rate of purchase to four hundred and fifty francs, which was indignantly protested against and overruled, the terms were finally settled, and it only remained to discuss the mode of payment, which Souverain insisted should be effected by a bill at three months.

This suggestion met with an energetic refusal. "Impossible!" exclaimed Karr. "It is seven o'clock now, and how are we to find any one at this hour to discount it!"

"Early to-morrow morning will do as well," faintly remonstrated the publisher.

"Not for me," curtly retorted the author of '*Sous les Tilleuls*,' rising from his chair, and making me a sign to follow him. We had just reached the door when Souverain, evidently unwilling to let so promising a speculation slip through his fingers, called us to stop.

"There is only one way," he said, "to arrange this little affair. I shall have to discount the bill myself."

And pen in hand he proceeded methodically to calculate the rate of

interest at six per cent, besides commission; and, the operation terminated, delivered the balance to my companion in notes and five-franc pieces. Pocketing the money with a thrill of delight, and hardly yet able to realise his good fortune, Karr hastily signed the agreement, and still apprehensive of some further objection on the part of the publisher, only began to breathe freely when we were safe outside the door. We had scarcely reached the middle of the staircase, however, when Souverain's voice brought us suddenly to a check.

"Monsieur Karr!"

"Don't answer!" whispered Alphonse. "He wants his money back, but I'll be hanged if he gets it."

"Monsieur Karr!" again shouted my friend's new *éditeur*. "What title are we to give your book?"

"Is that all?" laughed Karr, completely reassured. "Whatever you like, Monsieur Souverain," he replied. "Let me see, to-day is Friday; suppose we call it '*Vendredi soir*'!"

CHARLES HERVEY.

A MEDICAL LIBRARY.

"It is an ill wind does not blow somebody good," says a homely proverb, alluding doubtless to the deeper law of compensation that controls existing, past and future good and evil, and a notable example of this underlying truth is to be found in the Library of the Surgeon General's Office and the Army Medical Museum at Washington, common in aim and motive and united in a single building.

If the late war brought desolation and distress into unnumbered homes, yet it has in these noble results wrought also for health and blessing in instances often unknown, impossible to be reckoned. The hapless victims who perished in their day and generation will, perhaps, in succeed-

ing years be far outnumbered by those whom their sacrifice has benefited in this unexpected, we had almost said unrecognized, manner.

Both museum and library date virtually from the war. To promote the study of military medicine and surgery Surgeon General Hammond, in 1862, ordered all medical officers of the army "to collect and to forward to the office of the surgeon general all specimens of morbid anatomy, surgical or medical, which may be regarded as valuable, together with projectiles and foreign bodies removed, and such other matters as may prove of interest," and for purchase of books of reference to be used in the compilation of 'The Medical and Surgical History of the War' Congress appropriated \$5,000 yearly. The scope of both, wholly military in intent originally, has been widened so as to become rather national, and it is perhaps as well that a more definite conception should be generally diffused of the usefulness and magnitude of institutions supported by public funds.

Both library and museum are contained in one building—a substantial edifice of red brick, unencumbered with adornment. A becoming, severe simplicity harmonizes thoroughly with the end of its erection, and its situation is one of the most beautiful in the city. It lies in what is known as the Mall, in the southeast corner of the grounds occupied by the Smithsonian Institution and National Museum, faces upon B street to the south, and is reached by the Seventh street car line passing its western wall.

For many years both the Army Medical Museum and the volumes composing the library were located in the old Ford's Theatre, a fireproof building on Tenth street, between E and F streets, memorable as the scene

of the assassination of President Lincoln, but in 1885 an appropriation of \$200,000 was made by Congress for the building completed and occupied in 1887. The plans were drawn by Architect Cluss under the direction of Dr. John S. Billings, army surgeon and officer in charge of both Museum and library.

In arrangement the central building—four stories high above the basement, 112 by 55 feet, is flanked by two wings, 60 by 131 feet each occupied respectively, the right by the library, the left by the museum proper, the second story of each reaching to the roof and lighted by skylight lanterns and large windows. The general effect is of space and light within, and a military cleanliness is everywhere observed.

The lower rooms are used principally for storage, for the records of the Surgeon General's office and for such specimens belonging to the museum as are reserved for professional examination only. Here also are the rooms of the anatomist of the museum where "specimens" in every stage of preparation for exhibition on the floor above are to be seen. These rooms, it is hardly necessary to state, are not open to the general visitor.

In the rear is a small annex building, containing steam pump, engine and coal cellar, built at an additional cost of \$1,500.

Ascending the iron stairway (carpeted with India rubber)—for the building is fireproof throughout, the floors of brick between rolled iron sheeting of which also the roof is composed—we find ourselves in an upper hall upon which open the offices of the 'Curator,' to whose indefatigable industry and administrative ability are due in great measure the inception and altogether the present conduct and status of both branches.

The total number of employes in the Library Division is twenty-four, and in the Museum, twenty-two.

Proceeding in order we enter first the Library, a vast room, the lighting of which is superb. Handsomely framed portraits of the deceased surgeons general of the army adorn the wall, from James Tilton, 1813-15, to Charles H. Crane, 1882-3, the second in order being Joseph Lovell, under whom the first collection of medical books for reference was made, about 1840. These at the outbreak of the war numbered 350. We glance toward the area of shelves, already so well filled, and reflect upon the growth of a quarter of a century, but proceed leisurely toward them. Large and handsome tables for the accommodation of visitors in consultation of atlases and larger works of reference are arranged in spacious order, and other pictures upon the walls relate directly to the healing art as practised in various stages of civilization. Among these are especially to be noted two very old engravings, one an 'Ansicht der Stadt Danzig zur Zeit der Pest 1718,' and another depicting scenes in Rome during the plague of 1657, curious from an archaeological as well as from a scientific standpoint.

There are also portraits of the celebrated John Hunter, whose private collection, purchased by the British Government in 1798, became the foundation of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. and whose lancet, presented to the Army Medical Museum by Sir John Paget, is to be seen across the hall; of the Americans, Samuel C. Morton and Philip Byng Physick, and photographs of the international medical congresses of 1881 and 1884, held at London and Copenhagen.

Bookcases and revolving shelves contain dictionaries, encyclopedias,

&c., and a special case, constructed for the purpose, atlases and sets of plates. To sustain the immense weight of books the floors below have been strengthened, but the effect upon the beholder is rather one of lightness and simplicity as he follows the three stories, each seven and a half feet high, of perforated iron stacks, with adjustable shelves of oak made in three pieces to prevent warping, and almost as hard and fireproof as iron itself.

The estimated capacity of the library is 170,000 volumes and the shelves are already well filled, the number of books upon given subjects reaching at present 95,000, while of pamphlets, periodicals, theses, transactions of societies in every known quarter of the globe—in which the library is especially rich—there are 135,000. These necessarily occupy a large space. Bound, they are placed upon the shelves in the order of their nationality; unbound, they are preserved in file cases. Each pamphlet as we shall see, is indexed and catalogued with as much respect as a ponderous tome, and so comprehensive and minutely perfect is the collection of print in any degree bearing upon the medical art, that advertisements of patent medicines are preserved, doubtless to afford to our descendants a retributive smile at the delusions of benighted ignorance.

The advantage of the existence of the library as an individual entity will readily be perceived, although objections, we understand, were raised in the stages of its incipency by the Librarian of Congress to its segregation from the Congressional collection of books. We believe the practice still exists of retaining in that library both copies of medical copyrighted books deposited there, one of which, it might be supposed, could with propriety be forwarded to

the library of the Surgeon General's office.

Members of the medical profession throughout the United State are possessed of the knowledge of an institution for purposes of reference, and "a considerable feature of the library work," says the report of the Select Committee of the United States Senate upon the Executive Departments, "is the furnishing of information of various kinds to physicians in all parts of the country."

Where it is impossible for a physician to visit Washington and consult authorities in person books are sent upon request and upon payment of charges of transportation to and fro to any responsible, fire proof library in any city, where, in charge of the librarian, they may be examined, an accommodation, we believe, nowhere so generously extended. Upon deposit to cover the value of books which may readily be replaced they are sometimes loaned, but the practice is necessarily restricted.

Books and pamphlets are obtained by purchase, by donation and by exchange. About four-fifths of the annual additions are made by purchase.

Many volumes are of rare antiquity. Gilio di Portogallo, a Dominican monk who died in 1266, left a work translated into Italian and published in 1462. A manuscript of the *Practica Dicta Librum Medicinæ* of Barnardi di Gordonio dates from 1349, eighty years before the invention of printing, and is in a state of beautiful preservation. An imprint of the first edition of his work in 1486 bears testimony to the superior quality of the work done by the press of that day. Petrus de la Cerlata or de Argellata is represented by one of the earliest works upon surgery, of 1480, and a choice volume of 'Articella,' from the works of Hippocrates and Galen, is illuminated after the fashion of the

time (1493). The collection of works and editions of Galen, including the 'Charteris,' is very fine, as is also that of the works of Hippocrates. An English black letter volume of especial interest is the 'The Noble Experience Practised and Completed by the Most Expert Master Gerome of Brunswick,' containing numerous amusing illustrations of surgical operations.

As regards antiquity, however, no pretensions can surpass those of the Ebers Papyrus, of which a magnificent facsimile reproduction in two large volumes is to be seen. This is the hermetic book of pharmacy of the Egyptians, supposed to have been written 1,552 years before Christ and to contain knowledge yet more ancient.

In modern literature we find ourselves in a bewildering *embarrass de richesses*, from which we will select two works only for mention—the immense *Anatomy of Mascagni*, 1823, containing life size plates, the cover of which is raised with difficulty, and the *Atlas Complementary* of Witowski. American medical literature from the earliest historical period has been the object of special collection, and foreign authors have met a recognition greater even than that granted by the foremost European libraries.

Had the library been collected solely for the purpose of compiling the index catalogue the object would have been a worthy one and the result invaluable to science.

The first catalogue, a slim pamphlet, was published in 1865 and followed by another similar one in 1872. In 1876 a *specimen fasciculus* of the work as it now stands was printed for the centennial, preparations having been for some time in progress, and won unqualified praise from the medical press of the whole United States. Memorials were presented to Congress requesting the authorization of

the publication of the undertaking conceived by Dr. Billings, and \$20,000 were appropriated for the expenses of the first two volumes, a deficiency of \$6,500 being subsequently voted. Volume 1 was published in 1880 and contained titles of 8,031 volumes and 6,398 pamphlets, 9,000 subject titles, 9,090 authors and 34,604 of articles in periodicals. A volume has appeared every year since, the ninth, issued in 1888, closing with the name Nywelt. Volume 10 is well advanced toward completion and will be issued in the fall of 1889. The appropriation for each has been \$12,000. Fifteen hundred copies are printed and distributed to libraries, to individuals who have donated large numbers of books to the library, or sent in exchange to foreign institutions. In size they are royal quarto, and contain, on an average, 1,000 pages each. The estimate of book titles to a volume is 20,000, and of journal articles, 35,000. Five volumes more are expected to complete the series, the last to be issued in 1893. On the whole it will contain 150,000 names of authors, the date of the birth and death of each being given, with an accurate list of their published works, different editions, &c., and 600,000 titles of books, pamphlets, &c. The importance to medical men of a complete bibliography of works on every organ of the human body, with all diseases, wounds and affections of which the same is susceptible, remedies, theories of treatment, and descriptions of special cases, may readily be perceived, and this literally the index catalogue supplies. It is true that only books belonging to the library are set forth therein, but so large and complete is the collection that but few books, and these of minor import, are missing, while in periodical literature, where much of the finest writing of the day is to be found, it supplies the want,

long felt, says the London *Lancet*, of an international index.

Subject and author titles follow each other in alphabetical order, an experiment tried for the first time on a large scale, which has proven eminently successful, and as an illustration of the exhaustiveness of the review made of all literature upon a single subject, it may be stated that cholera occupies 150 and fever and fevers 300 pages.

About \$2,500 of the annual appropriation is spent yearly in contribution to the medical periodicals. These are from all parts of the world—from China, Japan, Greece, New Zealand, Constantinople, Egypt, Malta, the West Indies, &c. 126 pages of volume 1 of the catalogue contain the names of periodicals received by the library at that date, and 200 pages of volume 10, now in press, follow the single word "periodicals." Each successive volume of the catalogue has additions, changes of title, &c., noted. Current journals number 1,000. Serials, transactions of societies, &c., swell the total number of pamphlets received at the library to 3,500, and a room is set apart in which those in more constant demand are ranged upon shelves. A large, comfortable room it is, accommodating numerous readers and seekers for references. Upstairs is what may be called the nursery of the collection, a room containing files of innumerable curiosities in print, where track is kept of this multitudinous assemblage of titles, the name of each newcomer registered and all changes in the life of the most ephemeral emanation of the press carefully recorded.

Be the visitor to our shores from what country he may, he will find in the library of the Surgeon General's office the latest record to date of what is being done by the medical men of his native land.—*N. Y. Herald*.

MARRYAT.

"Great Writers." — 'Life of Frederick Marryat.' By David Hannay. (Walter Scott.)

As a succinct record of Capt. Marryat's career, Mr. David Hannay's little book will be found extremely useful to those readers who are unable to consult the longer Life by his daughter; and it is also valuable as a critical examination of Marryat's claim to be one of our notable novelists of the sea. Possibly with an inherited predilection for such themes, the writer—favorably known already by his brief Lives of Blake and Smollett—has used well his somewhat scanty materials. His style, moreover, is both easy and flowing; and he has produced an eminently readable little volume.

The account of Marryat's early days is written with especial vigor. Nevertheless, I do not see why Mr. Hannay should sneer at Marryat's father as a "provincial Dissenter." Does he not know that many men and women among the finest types of English character have had such parents? Marryat was educated at "some sort of academy kept by a Mr Freeman, at Ponders End." And Mr. Hannay puts one important plea for public schools with clearness and force when he says "What is inflicted by a public school is inflicted by the school itself; in a private establishment it is inflicted by the master, and is a personal wrong." This was partly the reason, perhaps, why Marryat, not abiding correction, ran away so frequently. However, Marryat's short school-days could hardly have been very full of painful memories. His real education began, when as a boy of fourteen, he joined the *Impérieuse*, commanded by the brave, though headstrong, British seaman who will always be better known as Cochrane than by the title which came to him in later life. Mr. Hannay, seeing

what an important influence Cochrane exerted on Marryat, has devoted, as was fitting, some attention to the hero of the Basque Roads; and his remarks are thoughtful and just. We find, almost with a sense of relief, how, in the years immediately after Trafalgar when England had an even greater acknowledged naval supremacy than at present, there were blunders and mistakes on the part of persons in responsible positions every whit as serious as those that have disquieted us in more recent days. A noteworthy instance was the conduct of the Port-Admiral, who, in Marryat's words, "*would be obeyed, but would not listen always to reason or commonsense.*" Ordering the *Impérieuse* to put to sea unprepared during a heavy gale, he was morally to blame for her going on the rocks off Ushant. And here it may be remarked, in passing, that Mr. Hannay aptly describes Cochrane's Parliamentary conduct as chiefly "attacks on abuses in the Admiralty and dockyards which were so uniformly right in substance and wrong in form"—a description quite bearing out the general impression obtained from reading that sailor's autobiography, which (though, perhaps, not now much read) is full of matter of the liveliest interest. I have only space to mention one other incident of Marryat's youth, an incident characteristic of the time, but such as we find nowadays a little difficult to believe possible. This was the daring capture and destruction of a notorious pirate, for which good deed the *Impérieuse* (instead of receiving £500, the nominal reward for riding the seas of such a scourge) was condemned, owing to the corruption then prevailing in the Admiralty Court at Malta, to pay, in her captain's words, "five hundred double sequins"! Such was Marryat's introduction to what Mr. Hannay neatly calls "the

lawless and scoundrelly fringe of the great naval war."

But we must now pass on to the second stage in Marryat's career, when, with singular adaptability, he relinquished the active pursuit of the naval profession to become an equally active novelist. It is not altogether easy to understand how Marryat acquired his pleasant and facile style; for he very quickly became a successful writer, commanding high prices. For his first story he received £400, and for 'Mr. Midshipman Easy' £1,400. Nevertheless, far from being satisfied, he was greatly the reverse. In truth, the contentions between authors and publishers seem to have been hotter, if that be possible, between 1830 and 1840 than now; in times, too, when, perhaps owing to the less fierce competition, authors probably got, all things considered, more for their work. Marryat, when angry, was sometimes amusing, and is especially so in a letter quoted by Mr. Hannay, in which, with more drollery than reverence, he says about his "idea" of future happiness in a place I need not name, that [to him] "the more pleasurable portion of anticipated bliss is that there will be no publishers there"! Wanting in the composure and methodical habits necessary in the case of a man who has to undergo constant mental labor, he was exceedingly erratic in his method of work, and at fault even in so vital a matter, to a writing man, as the care of his eyes, allowing his handwriting to be so small as seriously to injure his own sight. Still, to suppose that Marryat has not excellent points of character, and especially a vein of deeper and more noble feeling, would be to do him grievous wrong. Time seems to have worn away the asperities of his disposition, and the close of his life was marked by genuine religious aspirations.

In many of Mr. Hannay's critical estimates I fully agree, and would especially call attention to his thoughtful comparison between Marryat, Charles Kingsley, and Charles Reade, though I cannot wholly concur in the opinion he expresses that neither the "pictorial imagination" of Kingsley nor the "conscientious workmanship" of Reade "gives reality to their sea scenes." It is incontestable however, that Marryat, as a practical seaman, had a great advantage over both these writers; and it is much to be regretted (as Mr. Hannay points out) that he did not comply with Washington Irving's request, and give us, by diligent study of the old chronicles, more tales of the "chivalry of the sea" in bygone ages. The truth probably was that, like several other notable English novelists, he did not view his work in fiction with sufficient seriousness. This is shown by a remark of his in a letter to John Forster (who had begged him to write a *Life of Collingwood*), to whom he says, "Biography is most difficult writing, and requires more time and thought than any original composition." Marryat was a typical Englishman, and his stories paint with absolute fidelity life on board British cruisers at the close of the last and the beginning of this century. Notwithstanding his perfect fidelity to truth, however, he has scarcely written anything which, on moral grounds, we could wish omitted; and to be able to say this—remembering the actual conditions of life on board our ships at the epoch named, to which no excess of patriotism should blind us—is of itself high praise, especially when it was coupled, as in Marryat's case, with no abatement of the healthy interest of his narratives. Possessing a brilliant fancy rather than a vitalising imagination, he found no difficulty in embellishing his stories with the daring

adventures which readers require in this branch of fiction. While he would have been a greater novelist had he been stronger on the side of character, there is in most of his books one personage at least with some individuality, even though the others too frequently resemble lay-figures. Nor does Marryat fail to merit our respect by his sincere wish to remedy abuses in his beloved profession, as when, in a long passage in 'Mr Midshipman Easy,' he completely lays aside the novelist to become for a while a pamphleteer on naval regulations. Despite all his faults as a novelist, and he had many, it is difficult to believe the time will ever come when he will cease to be read; but should that time ever arrive it will augur ill for the continued stamina of the English race.

H. T. MACKENZIE BELL.

THE CREEPS.

"What constitutes the 'creeps'?" to throw a famous poetic question into a slightly different form. What was the secret of the Fat Boy in 'Pickwick,' and how may it be acquired by the author of the "dreadful"? For it must be admitted that the secret development of the "creepy-story" business has not been accompanied by a corresponding improvement of methods. It may be that method has not very much to do with it, and that a natural gift for the gruesome bestowed upon few, availeth more than art. Whatever the cause (which also, by the by, may be personal to myself), it is the fact that the professional blood curdler much more often leaves my blood flowing at its normal rate of speed and fibrinous consistency, than he was wont to do, and that where formerly I crept I now creep not at all. What—if it

be not a purely subjective one—is the reason of this? I am not sure that I have had a really good shudder—a single refreshing rill of ice-cold water down the spinal column since the late lamented Mr. Lefanu quitted this earthly scene—the only writer of the kind of literature, as it seemed to me (with perhaps the exception of the unknown author of a certain story entitled, I think, 'Cousin Anastasius,' in the far back pages of *Household Words*), who had caught anything of the Poesque trick. A recent volume of "curdlers" has been highly commended by certain critics in the press. I have tried with every desire to be appalled by it, but if I were asked whether it gave me tremors, I should honestly have to reply that it has signally failed to do so. There is a story of "spirit possession" which is very well for you if you are an Esoteric Buddhist—only then it wouldn't frighten you—but will never wash, I feel convinced, in the Western world. And there is another entitled 'Dog or Demon,' which is certainly a dismal treatise enough to cause one's fell of hair to rouse and stir as life were in't. But not *my* fell: It no more roused and stirred than the judge's horse-hair at the touch of the black cap. I didn't believe in that dog a bit. He was not to be mentioned along with—not in the same spectral Zoo so to speak with—that delightful phantom monkey whom the hero of one of Mr. Lefanu's last stories saw for the first time in a midnight omnibus, his sole travelling companion, squatting in one of the corner seats next the conductor, while he himself was sitting dozing at the further end of the 'bus, and who never quits him until he drives the haunted wretch to suicide. That monkey was a convincing and a creepy monkey—but a dog. In the first place, no true lover of the canine race—and I have no sympathy with

any one who is not—would mind being haunted by a dog. He would like it, and would make friends with the animal, and chuckle at having escaped the license duty. In the next place—but it is needless to labor a point, which after all must be impossible to prove—if a spectre fails to appal you he fails, and it is not much good in inquiring whether it is your fault or the spectre's. If you are polite you will take the whole blame of the failure upon your prosaic and unimaginative self; but the spectre if he is a "spook" of good sense and self-respect will lose no time in taking himself off.

In spite however of the demon-dog having fallen so flat, I am inclined to think that the future is with the lower-animal ghost rather than with the human apparition. Perhaps the Psychical Society have taken the fun out of the ghost story of the old-fashioned kind; but whether or no, it can *not* be made to go in these days in any but a master's hand. It is in vain that the supposed narrator of the story laboriously endeavors to impress you with such a conception of his own character as may make you feel that anything which convinces him ought to convince you. Sometimes he is a doctor—the very man who is most familiar with the tricks that the senses may play on the imagination, and therefore the least likely to become the victim of mere optical illusions. Or again, he is a hard-headed, cynical lawyer, trained by his long experience of fools and knaves to know how easily man may be deceived, and how ready he is to practice deceit upon his fellows. But whether doctor, lawyer or what not, he is always a sceptic by conviction and habit, and moreover—this is invariable—the ghost-seer who is going to tell you his plain tale disclaims any sort of literary

ability whatsoever. It follows partly from a certain morbid reserve which afflicts all ghosts seen in ghost stories, that he is most reluctant to tell you the story at all. His reluctance indeed is in some cases almost painful, and the reader feels a positive delicacy about prying into secrets which it apparently costs the narrator so distressing an effort to recall. He is "strongly urged by his friends," he says, "to give to the world"—ghost-seeing apparently produces much the same effect on a man's friends as verse-scribbling—"the history of the painful episode which," &c, and much against his will he has at last consented. But these well-meant attempts to impress the reader impress him no longer. Instead of hanging breathless and awe-stricken on the story which is thus being wrung from these unwilling lips, the reader with difficulty suppresses a smile at the thought of the number of times he has heard the same thing before. "No," he says to himself, "it is too thin. This sceptical lawyer, this doubting doctor, I have met too many times before. So far from being what they represent themselves, I believe them to be men of unbounded credulity. I suspect the doctor of being a spiritualist, and the lawyer of believing in the Tichborne claimant." Their ghost story in consequence gains nothing at all in credit from their personal character, and has to depend solely on its natural verisimilitude for its effect on the reader. And this verisimilitude somehow or other is not great. The modern phantom-maker either overdoes the transcendental side of the matter, or he sticks too closely to the old-fashioned Mrs. Radcliffe business. One does not know which is the worse mistake. Clanking chains and other such spectral properties have of course had their day; ghosts who pit-a-pat

with their feet on the terraces of country houses; ghosts who are washing their hands, as the poet says, "with invisible soap in imperceptible water" in dressing-rooms adjoining haunted chambers; ghosts who blow out candles on the stairs; ghosts who smile and roll their eyes from the canvases of old family portraits, behind which of course there turns out to be an unsuspected spiral staircase, "constructed in the thickness of the masonry, and leading to," &c.; ghosts who light up the windows of long-deserted rooms in ancient mansions, to the dismay of the villagers; ghosts (female) clad in white with a stain of crimson on the breast; ghosts (male) of the Elizabethan or early Jacobean period, middle-aged, with a peaked, slightly grizzled beard, and grave melancholy eyes; ghosts who breathe on the cheeks of sleepers lightly and yet in a manner quite distinguishable from an ordinary "infernal draught"; ghosts who do nothing particular but make the occupants of haunted rooms undefinably uncomfortably, and cause them to wake suddenly in the night with the feeling, how produced I cannot explain, but strong, overmastering, irresistible, no more to be doubted or questioned than the consciousness of my own existence, that there was **SOME ONE** (in capitals) *sitting* (in italics) *by the side of the bed*—to all these ghosts it may be kindly but firmly notified that they need not apply. But in declining their services and repudiating their ancient and discredited properties, the seeker after the awful need not go to the other extreme, and instead of spectres who palpitate to much with actuality, giving us vague, impersonal, inconceivable phantoms of whom we are not sure whether they are the simulacra of themselves or the actual bodies of somebody else. What we want is

the ghost who is neither a piece of mechanism nor a strip of hazy mind-mist. The ghost of what may be called the "middle period" of ghost stories hit this happy mean. He was not, as in the old days, a mere scooped turnip with a lighted candle stuck in its interior, nor was he like the spook of the present ere, "defecated to a pure transparency." He lived and mixed among us, and sat, if he did not eat, at our tables. He did not depend upon haunted rooms or historic and unpunished murders like his predecessors; nor did he, like his successors, postulate in those who are to be appalled by him a previous course of Madame Blavatzky and Mr. Sinnett. He would have turned up his phantasmal nose at Esoteric Buddhism, and "gin he had met an 'astral body'" would have made very short work of him. But this *revenant* has, I fear, departed, never to return.

H. D. TRAILL.

TO NINA (IN JUNE).

'Tis summer time, the year's at noon
In this bright leafy month of June,
But spring, I see, methinks its grace
I read in this fair maiden's face,
So pure, so fresh, with limpid eyes
As brown and clear as streams that rise
In northern glens; her locks have caught
The ruddy hue of pine-stems sought
By merry squirrels in their play.

O, what recalls sweet spring to-day
As this smooth brow with thoughts untold,
Which later days shall all unfold,
As those soft lips not yet compressed
With hidden griefs? Her heart, at rest,
Is like a quiet pool at dawn;
She is in her shy grace a fawn,
Unstartled yet by stranger's gaze
It greets the world with glad amaze.

We who have felt life's dust and heat
Are quick this breathing Spring to greet;
As travellers tread with joy the grass,
With eyes refreshed we onward pass.

B. L. TOLLEMACHE.

AUBREY DE VERE'S ESSAYS.

'Essays, Chiefly Literary and Political.' By Aubrey de Vere, LL. D. (Macmillan & Co.)

Mr. Aubrey de Vere is best known as a poet, but he is also gifted with a mastery of prose style, and the volume of 'Essays Chiefly Literary and Ethical' which he has just published abounds in passages of singular beauty and eloquence. For all that it is not a book to make much way with the mass of readers. Mr. de Vere dwells too far apart, and is perhaps even from choice out of touch with popular sentiment. This is especially felt when he is writing about religious and political themes. In his essays on Modern Unbelief, and the Philosophy of the Rule of Faith he is not just to the present, and the present is not likely to be just to him. The literary articles are naturally the best in the book. In literature Mr. de Vere is thoroughly at home. In a thoughtful essay on its Social Aspects he discusses the good and evil influences to which books may minister, and thus eloquently states his view as to the place of

PASSION IN LITERATURE.

We are sometimes told that, in our day, Poetry which does not affect the 'sensational' must not hope to be popular. The 'sensational' includes several schools, the worst of which is that one which is sensual as well as sensational. The fanatics of this school declaim about Passion; but they mean by the word little more than Appetite intellectualized. Far other was the meaning of Milton, when he described Poetry as a thing 'simple, sensuous, and *impassioned*;' for it was he who characterized specially the stately and severe Greek Tragedy as 'high actions and high *passions* best describing.'

Let not the Sensationalist of the sensual school imagine that Passion is their characteristic. It belongs to their narrow domain neither exclusively nor inclusively. True Passion finds its sustenance everywhere—in every joy and woe of humanity—in the faith and patience of oppressed nations, and no less in the cry from the lonely hearth.

False Passion, in its ultimate development Sensuality, loathes all food but carrion, and destroys all that a sane heart reveres. It ignores the affections and values the passions themselves but for the mud turned up by the storm. Its wit is maliciousness, and its humor but the pretext

for license. It blots even from material nature her beauty; for it abolishes, in its gross delineations, all her variety and harmony of expression, as well as all that graduation which metes and measures human enjoyment. Resolving all things into the senses, it stultifies the senses themselves, which for man have no true existence except in so far as they receive and give forth their stores subordinated to man's higher Powers. It overruns whatever is fresh, and tramples down whatever is sweet. It rushes over God's fair creation like a conflagration, licking up those innumerable half lights and half shades precious alike in their reserve and their disclosures, through which the beauty of Nature is rendered infinite, and her bounty inexhaustible. It leaves behind it nothing but blackness and barrenness. It may content itself with the suggestive, and conceal beneath the whitened outside of decorous language the implication that dares not be named; or it may boast that it is natural, because it has renounced faith in the primary instincts of our moral nature that it may celebrate animal instincts in language that knows itself to be naked, and is not ashamed; or it may endeavor to galvanize dead Art with the spasmodic tricks of spurious Science, exhibiting the malformations of depraved fancy, or of nature disnatured, in psychological poems and philosophic 'Etudes,' revolting as those anatomical eccentricities ranged round the walls of a museum:—to such achievements it may rise; but it has forfeited all heritage in the two great homes of authentic poetry—man's heart and the universe of God.

The following is a noble and high-minded assertion of one of the true functions of literature, though, like so much of Mr. de Vere's writing, its implied censures on the present are much too wide and far reaching. The mass of men who form the reading public have not ears in their feet, like Dionysius.

THE FUNCTION OF LITERATURE.

Nor should sound literature be less a promoter of unworldliness and self-sacrifice. It is the noble bequest of men who gather up intellectual treasures while those around them snatched at gew-gaws, or lay passive in listlessness. It denounces self-indulgence. 'Who is he,' says the great Tuscan bard—

So pale with musing in Pierian groves?

Those whose ears were open to 'the whispers of the lonely Muse' were supposed of old to have closed them against the 'Lydian airs' of the frivolous or sensual. Literature was thus regarded as a manly art, the foe of luxury, and the inspirer of heroism; while in some languages the very term that denoted a life given to the imaginative arts was that word which meant 'virtue.' If, in latter times, literature has been cultivated

but as a means to a selfish end—if vanity has been the student's stimulus, if an intellectual voluptuousness, more insidious than coarse sensuality, has turned the haunt of the muses into a garden of epicurean delights,—the loss sustained by literature has punished the wrong. She possesses a healing power; but, like other physicians, she may catch the malady while she bends over the sickbed. Men of letters have often, and not always unjustly, charged the clergy with learning worldliness from the world they were sent to reform. Their own order bears no talisman against a similar infection. What sense of her genuine functions belongs to a literature which flatters where it should instruct, and flings itself in fawning dedications at the feet of a public more adulated than ever was Oriental despot? For excuse it can but take refuge in wit like Aristippus, who, on being reproved for falling at the feet of Dionysius while presenting a petition to him, replied, 'That it was not his fault if Dionysius had ears in his feet.'



ET SUNT COMMERCIA COELI.

I did not raise mine eyes to hers,
Although I knew she passed me near:
I said, 'Her shadow round me stirs;
It is enough that she is here,
And that, for once, my way is hers.'

I did not look upon her face
I knew with whom her heart confers;
For more, that moment had no place:
I did not raise mine eyes to hers,
I did not look upon her face.

HERBERT P. HORNE.

—C. G. Hobby Horse.



NEW BRITISH MUSEUM CATALOGUES.

The Trustees of the British Museum will publish two new editions of catalogues connected with the Reading-room. The more important of these is the third edition of the catalogue of books of reference on the shelves of the reading-room. The first edition, containing about 20,000 titles, was published by the late Mr. Winter Jones in 1859. The second edition appeared in 1871, and the new one is rendered necessary by the introduction of new books and new editions from time to time in the

Reading-room. Since 1871 a fresh selection has been made of about 20,000 of the books most constantly in use, and these have been placed in the lower gallery of the Reading-room. A special catalogue of these books was published in 1886. The new catalogue, which contains the books in all the galleries of the Reading-room, consists of two parts—an alphabetical list and a subject-index. The subject-index is more detailed than formerly, for, in addition to mere references to the names of authors, it now gives the short title and press-mark of every book indexed. In a postscript, Mr. Bullen, the head of the department of printed books, continues the history of the Reading-room since 1870, when the last edition was published. The number of readers is increasing rapidly. In 1873 it was 103,971 and in 1888 188,432; allowing for the extra days during which the room is now open, this is an increase in daily average from 356 to 620. The demand for books has increased even more than the number of books issued, exclusive of those taken by each reader from the shelves for himself, was 295,736, or an average of three each; In 1888 it was 744,221, or an average of about four. These calculations refer to works, not to single volumes. By a system of subdivision of the whole library into sections, adopted in 1876, each under the charge of an experienced attendant, familiar with all the presses under his charge, a very slight addition to the staff has enabled it to keep pace with the ever-growing requirements of the readers. The other work to which reference has been made is a catalogue of the bibliographical works in the Reading-room by Mr. Fortescue, the superintendent, the first edition having been published in 1880. It contains about 100 pages, sub-divided into five main sec-

tions, and about 150 sub-sections, and its object is to facilitate the use of the bibliographies, catalogues and indexes placed on the shelves of the Reading-room.

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**SALE OF LORD CRAWFORD'S
LIBRARY.**

During the month of June Messrs. Sotheby & Co. disposed of the second portion of Lord Crawford's library. In several instances the record was largely surpassed. This was especially seen in the 'Liturgies,' of which there was a collection of about 250, mostly of the English Church. Prymer with Catechism, in the first year of Queen Elizabeth, in which are prayers for the dead, and many errors, 16mo, 1558-9, sold for \$600. This is the only copy known. Another Prymer, John, Byshoppe of Rochester, sm. 4to, 1539, \$455.—Quaritch. First edition of Edward VI. Prayer-Book, folio, 1549, \$775.—Quaritch. The highest price for this in former sales was \$287.50. The Second Booke of Common Prayer of Edward VI., folio, 1552, \$500.—Ellis; sold before for \$100. Booke of Common Prayer (Queen Elizabeth), with the Psalmes and Music, black letter, sm. 4to, 1571, in the original binding, \$700.—Quaritch. Service Book of York, sm. 4to, per Wynkyn de Worde, 1509, all of which are rare, as they were ordered to be destroyed by Henry VIII., \$400.—Quaritch. Missale Mixtum et Breuiarium dictum Mozarabes, 2 vols. folio, Toleti, 1500, very rare, only fifty printed, \$1850.—Quaritch. The York Missal, 1st ed., only four copies known besides this, folio, 1516, \$1250.—Quaritch. Neuf Preux, avec lystoire de Bertran de Guesclin. sm. folio, black letter, 1487, from the Didot sale \$400.—Quaritch. Petrarca Sonetti Canzone et Triomphi 1st ed., printed on vellum,

folio, Venetiis, V. de Spira, 1470, very rare, and a fine copy, \$600.—Quaritch. Plinii Secundi Naturalis Historiæ, libri xxxvii., printed on vellum, fol. Venetiis per Nicolaum Jenson, 1472, only five or six on vellum known, \$595.—Quaritch. Quatre Filz Aymon, woodcuts, black letter, folio Lyon, 1506, the only copy known of this rare romance of chivalry, \$635.—Quaritch. (This was bought in the Didot sale for 2,968 francs). Sept Sages de Rome, black letter, with woodcuts, sm. folio, Geneve, 1494, finely bound by T. Hagué, sold in the Didot sale for 3,250 francs, and now for \$500.—Quaritch. Valentine and Orson, translated for Wynkyn de Worde, black letter, woodcuts, inlaid throughout and some leaves deficient, small 4to, no date, \$105.—Quaritch. Valerii Maximi Facta, 1st ed., with a date, printed on vellum, sm. fol. Moguntiae 1471, \$355.—Quaritch. Vergilius cura Aldi Manutii, Venetiis Aldus 1501, \$365.—Quaritch. Zenobii Epitome Proverbiorum Tarræi et Didymi, Græc., 1st ed., sm. 4to, Florentiae, 1497, probably for and not by P. de Giunta, as the type is identical with that used by the Brothers Nelli for the Ed. Princeps of Homer in 1488, \$120.—Quaritch. Æsopi Fabulæ, the first edition of the Greek text, sm. 4to, Mediolani, Bonus Accursius Pisanus impressit, no date, but circa 1480, \$182.50.—Quaritch. Amadis de Gaul, translated by T. Paynel, black letter, sm. 4to, no date, but circa 1567, only this and two others known, \$117.50.—Quaritch. The books and tracts on America sold well. Champlain, Voyages de la Nouvelle France Occidentale dicte Canada, 4to, Paris, 1632, \$155. Further Attempt of the progress of the Gospel amongst the Indians, being No. 9 of Eliot's tracts, and rarest, sm. 4to, 1659, \$245.—B. F. Stevens. Captain Smith: Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and Summer

Isles, with portrait of the Duchess of Richmond, by W. Pass, and of Mataoka, by S. Pass, folio, 1624, \$142.50.—Quaritch. Arthur of Brytayne, translated out of Frensshe into Englissh, by Johan Bourghcher Knyght Lord Barners, folio, black letter, no date, but circa 1576. This Lord Spencer's, and Lord Ellesmere's the only perfect copies known, \$137.50.—Quaritch. Balbi de Janna (Joannis) Summa quæ vocatur Cathlicon, &c., printed on vellum, folio, Moguntiae, J. Gutenberg, 1460; first edition, and the fourth book with a date; a splendid specimen, in the old oak boards, in pigskin, and with brass bosses, &c., \$1500.—Quaritch. Matthew (T.) Byble, three vols. in one, folio, 1537, woodcuts, title, kalender, and imprint in facsimile, black letter, \$102.50. Budœi Commentarii Linguae Græcæ, folio, Paris, 1548; bound by Roffel le Fauchaux for the library of Diane de Poitiers, with her device of the crescent, and the crowned H of Henri II., a superb specimen, \$1525.—Quaritch. Cæsar's Commentarii, first Aldine edition, Venetiis, 1513, \$78.75. Cancionero Geral, black letter, folio, Lisbon 1516, several leaves in facsimile and others supplied from an undescribed edition, \$160.—Quaritch. Archbishop Cranmer's Catechism, black letter, woodcuts by Holbein, sm. 8vo, 1548, \$295.—Quaritch. Caxton: Cicero on Old Age, Friendship, with Declamacyon of Noblesse, sm. folio, no date, but circa 1481, \$1600. This was considerably above the record of \$1375 in 1857. Caxton: Higden Policronicon, black letter, W. Caxton, 1482, but very defective, sold with all faults, \$165.—Culvert. Caxton: Christine of Pisa, Book of fayttes of Armes and of Chyvalrys, translated by W. Caxton, black letter, sm. folio, 1489, the table inlaid else a fine copy, \$1175.—Ellis. The average price was high throughout, giving a

total of \$36,621.12 for the 1,105 lots in the four days.

"THERE IS A BUDDING MORROW IN MIDNIGHT."

Wintry boughs against a wintry sky;
Yet the sky is partly blue
And the clouds are partly bright:
Who can tell but sap is mounting high
Out of sight,
Ready to burst through?

Winter is the mother-nurse of Spring,
Lovely for her daughter's sake,
Not unlovely for her own:
For a future buds in everything;
Grown, or blown,
Or about to break.

CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

—C. G. Hobby Horse.

FICTION AND THE YOUNG GIRL.

The American novelist is in rather a tight place. When he is in a tight place—or, indeed, whether he is or not—he usually takes the world into his confidence. His grievance at present is the censorship of the "Bud," or Young Girl, of his native land. "Beware of weak sisters," is a maxim constantly before his eyes and bound about his brows. By reason of the Bud the American novelist cannot say what he wants to say and write about the subjects which he would like to write about if he might. This complaint is not peculiar to him. English novelists of very different orders grumble over this censorship. But the case of the American is the worst. As Mr. Howells proves, in a sensible article in *Harper's Magazine*, it is immorality, not morality; dishonesty, not decency, which really

fetters the American. He has no Mr. Mudie to tell him what he shall read and what he shall not be allowed to have because the citizen of the United States buys his books. In some cases he even gets them as a bonus or premium on soap or cheese. If he purchases so much groceries he gets so many copies of a popular English novel thrown in. Thus he dreads not Mr. Mudie, but, on the other hand, he does *not* buy American books. The American author can say what he chooses in a book, but he derives faint profit from this, because his countrymen do not buy his book. They buy English books, which pay nothing to the English author, and which are thus so cheap that they can even be given away, as a bonus on soap. The American author who would be paid for his toil is thus driven back upon the magazines. But the magazine of his country are 'Family Magazines.' Therefore *they* are inevitably dominated by the Young Girl. They must not contain a word, we do not say which the Young Girl may not read, but which her mother does not think that she should read. The standard of the mother is inscrutable; no man knows why she forbids this, and tolerates that. She has been known to forbid Thackeray, and present her maiden offspring with a volume which might bring a blush to the cheek of a colonel of dragoons. However, editors know by practice and rule of thumb, what the matron will stand, and what she will make a stand at. They therefore exclude a great part of human experience and the passions which were treated by Fielding, Richardson, Shakspeare, and, to the horror of subscribers, by Thackeray. The broad rule is that the lawless loves are "barred", and married people are invariably devoted to each other, and indifferent to the rest of the

world. In a magazine for Sunday reading we have met with love affairs in church. *That* is not supposed to harm the Young Girl, oddly enough, but other ill-regulated passions, with all the situations and sufferings that arise from them, are *tapu*, or taboo. The Young Girl may read Scott's 'Eve of St. John'; it is a ballad; but the 'Eve of St. John' told in prose would not be endured. That is the law of the game, and the American novelist complains that he is scribbled, cabined, and confined.

Mr. Howells points out to him that the origin of the evil is the absence of a copyright law with England. "If you did not belong to a nation which would rather steal its reading than buy it, you would be protected by our international copyright law, and then you might defy the magazines, and appeal to the public in a book with a fair hope of getting some return for your labor on it. But you *do* belong to a nation which would rather steal its reading than buy it, and so you must meet the convictions of the only literary form with which stolen literature cannot compete." That is to say, you must write for the Young Girl if you want to live by your labor. Mr. Howells's argument, unluckily, will be laid hold of by the opponents of international copyright. Look here, they will cry, our only chance of being a moral people is to go on stealing our reading. As long as we steal it authors cannot afford to do anything but write for Buds. If once Mr. Howells and his friends can afford to be naughty (and they could afford it, if we did not steal our reading), we shall have "Madam Bovary" or imitations of her all over the place. In a family magazine Mr. Howells is always maintaining that "Madame Bovary" is a cry of impassioned morality. We do not want to have this lady and Madame Karenina crying

aloud in the streets. So we must continue to steal our reading, or cease to be virtuous. This is a very powerful argument in favor of larceny. So long as we are larcenous our authors are starved into propriety and the magazines. The moment we become honest who knows what excesses our authors may commit, and how "impassioned" their "morality" may become. The place is very tight, and we do not pretend to see any way out of it. Mr. Howells does not glance at one hideous but possible alternative. It may be that even if Americans did not get our books as a bonus on soap, it may be that even if they had to pay for English novels, they would still prefer them to American novels. In that case the American author would still be starved into virtue, and a following, in the magazines, of the Rev. E. P. Roe. Meanwhile it can hardly be doubted, in England or America, that the magazines really must contain nothing that the strictest matron can reprove. Their position is not the position of books; there are books for all ages; and books unfit for maidenhood, though not detrimental to maturity, may be kept out of the way of girls. The magazine which is kept out of the way is lost, in all senses of the word.

It is all a question of convention, as Mr. Howells says, and, convention for convention, he prefers the Angle-Saxon rule to the French. It is impossible to suppose that the breach of one commandment is as prevalent in French life as in French literature. Nobody can believe such an indictment on a whole people. Literature has acquired the convention of magnifying one set of passions and events in France; of ignoring them in England and in America. Both practices are untrue to life; but, on the whole, our practice is probably the

less untrue. The forbidden situations are not nearly so prominent in actual experience as they are in French novels. They are in French fiction what the supernatural is in our fiction. Once let in the head or horns of the supernatural and it has a tendency to come in, tail and all, and to occupy the whole of the stage. Once admit lawless love, and it is apt to behave in the same lawless and disproportionate fashion. Mr. Howells asks when, or why, or how the Young Girl arose in her might. Defoe dreaded her not; Richardson was actually "put into her hands" by her dear mamma as a teacher, a guide, a philosopher, and friend. "Nosse hæc omnia salus est puellis"—girls must learn all about life, was the maxim of Richardson's age. How and when did all this alter? Mr. Howells, in an optimistic spirit, declares that "the manners of the novel have been improving with those of its readers—that is all." Can he contemplate with pleasure the development of morality till all novels become as demure as 'The Daisy Chain'? It has been cheerfully suggested that the modern Young Girl and her standard came in when sedan chairs went out. As long as sedan chairs were common vehicles, Lovelace had only to bribe the chairman, and Clarissa or Miss Byron could be carried off to his fastnesses. Therefore 'Clarissa' was given to the girls as an instructive and exemplary work. With the decay of sedan chairs, Richardson became improper and impossible. It is a theory, like another. Perhaps there is more truth in Mr. Howells's contention that (except in magazines) a novelist may treat of most matters, if he preserves "a certain scientific decorum." Alas! readers are not exactly fond of romances presided over by scientific decorum. Fiction is not exactly physiology.—*London News*.

"THE HAPPY ISLES" OF
HORACE.

Oh, come with me to the Happy Isles
In the golden haze off yonder,
Where the song of the sun-kissed breeze beguiles
And the ocean loves to wander.

Fragrant the vines that mantle those hills,
Proudly the fig rejoices,
Merrily dance the virgin rills,
Blending their myriad voices.

Our herds shall suffer no evil there,
But peacefully feed and rest them—
Never thereto shall prowling bear
Or serpent come to molest them.

Neither shall Eurus, wanton bold,
Nor feverish drought distress us,
But he that compasseth heat and cold
Shall temper them both to bless us.

'Twere no vandal for foot has trod,
And the pirate hordes that wander
Shall never profane the sacred sod
Of those beautiful isles out yonder.

Never a spell shall blight our vines
Nor Sirius blaze above us,
But you and I shall drink our wines
And sing to the loved that love us.

So come with me where Fortune smiles
And the gods invite devotion—
Oh, come with me to the Happy Isles
In the haze of that far-off ocean!

EUGENE FIELD.

—*—

THE 'RUBAIYAT.'

In January, 1858, Fitzgerald began the dismal business of trying, and at first vainly trying, to find a publisher bold enough to embark on the perilous enterprise of printing the little pamphlet of immortal music called 'The Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám.' On the subject of this publication much has been loosely said and conjecturally reported of late years. We may, therefore, be glad to read Fitzgerald's own account, in a letter to the late Master of Trinity: "As to my own peccadilloes in verse, which never pretended to be original, this is the story of Rubáiyát. I had translated them partly for Cowell; young

Parker asked me some years ago for something for *Fraser*, and I gave him the less wicked of these to use if he chose. He kept them for two years without using; and as I saw he didn't want them I printed some copies with Quaritch, and, keeping some for myself, gave him the rest. Cowell, to whom I sent a copy, was naturally alarmed at it, he being a very religious man, nor have I given any other copy but to George Borrow, to whom I had once lent the Persian, and to old Donne when he was down here the other day, to whom I was showing a passage in another book which brought my old Omar up." Late in 1859 the 'Rubáiyát' appeared in the usual way above indicated, and fell absolutely flat upon the market. There is no evidence in Fitzgerald's correspondence that it attracted the smallest attention, except for a letter from Mr. Ruskin, which circled the globe for ten years, (this sounds incredibly characteristic, but seems to be true,) before it reached its address, the first publication of his magnificent poem appears to have brought Fitzgerald no breath of recognition from the world outside the circle of his friends. The copies in Mr. Quaritch's shop seem to have found no buyers, and to have gravitated rather surprisingly soon to the fourpenny boxes outside the bookseller's stalls. Here Dante Gabriel Rossetti, so legend relates, discovered the hid treasure in 1861, and proclaimed it among his friends, Mr. Swinburne being forward in the generous race to make the poem appreciated at its proper value. It marks a rise in the barometer of popularity that Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) is anxiously inquiring for a copy or two in May, 1861. Yet it was not until 1868 that a second edition, now scarcely less rare and no whit less interesting to the collector, was called for. Since that time, much

revised by its far too careful author, the 'Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám' has been reprinted in all manner of shapes, both on this side of the Atlantic and on the other. To pursue the record of his literary life, Fitzgerald translated two more plays of Calderon—the 'Magico Prodigioso,' at which Shelley had tried his hand, and the 'Vida es Sueño,' which

Trench had attempted. These he never published, but in 1865 he printed them, without title-page, and sent the strange little volume, in a paper cover, to a few of his friends. With the exception of the two 'Œdipus' dramas, circulated in the same quaint, shy way in 1880, these were the last of Fitzgerald's poetical translations.—*The Fortnightly Review*.

LIBRARY NOTES.

IN the Public Library of Geneva—which was founded by Bonivart in 1551—there is a collection of manuscripts, autographs, and portraits of Calvin; and at the University Library of Basle there are a number of books which formerly belonged to Erasmus.

GERMANY has good reason to be proud of her magnificent public libraries. The first six—we place them in order—are Munich, Berlin, Dresden, Darmstadt, Leipzig, and Breslau. These institutions possess amongst them 3,060,000 books, and 53,100 manuscripts.

THE report of the curators of the Bodleian Library for 1888 has been issued as a supplement to the *Oxford University Gazette*. The total number of additions during the year was 43,949 pieces, of which 30,545 were acquired under the Copyright Act. The donations of MSS. include the papyrus of the second book of the 'Iliad,' found by Mr. Flinders Petrie at Hawara, and presented by Mr. Jesse Haworth; and a Greek MS. of the Gospels of the twelfth century, which had belonged to Dean Burgon. Among the MSS. bought were a large proportion of Oriental ones, and a number of fragments of Greek, Coptic, Pahlavi, and Arabic papyri. The name of the Rev. Greville J. Chester occurs repeatedly among the donors of MSS., books, and coins. Sir Charles

Warren also augmented a former donation of coins with an additional one of 791, mainly Ptolemies, Seleucids, Jewish, Roman imperial, and Byzantine. The purchases of old printed books were mainly effected out of a special donation of £100 from an anonymous member of All Souls. The total income of the library from all sources was £8169. Apart from salaries, the largest items of expenditure were £1260 for books, and £988 for binding. As regards the British colonies, &c., it is curious to observe that 730 volumes and parts came from Asia, forty-five from America, thirty-seven from Australasia, and twenty from Africa.

GEORGE B. HYDE, the noted old Boston schoolmaster, left an estate valued at about \$100,000. It is reported that he has given the income to his widow, during her life, and at her decease one-half will go to Harvard College and the other half will be devoted to founding a public library at Southbridge, Mass., his native place.

THE Kaiser-Wilhelm's University at Strasburg, is about to commence the building of a library, to contain at first 859,000 volumes. Nearly \$250,000 has been devoted to the work, and the site is given by the city of Strasburg, and the space is so vast that additional rooms can be added later. The biographical treas-

ures of the city are large and rare. They contain many unique works, and the authorities are so liberal in lending their treasures that the books of this library may be called the common property of the civilized world. Besides the new library a medical school and a zoological institute are to be erected, and two wings devoted to the study of surgery.

At the Portland Public Library the following books have been applied for: Jane's Heirs (Jane Eyre); Bulfinch's Agent Fables (Age of Fables)—this must have been asked for by an aspiring book drummer; Silence of Dean Stanley (Maitland); Chromos (Cameos) from English History; and

at the Boston Library Queen Anne's History of the Jews (Kuenen's Religion of Israel).

THE library of the late Mr. John Eglington Bailey, F.S.A., of Manchester, England, which realized over \$13,000, gave an opportunity for creditable displays of public spirit. Mr. Henry Boddington purchased the extensive collection of books on English shorthand, and has presented it to the Manchester Free Library. Messrs. Taylor, Garnett & Co., the proprietors of the *Manchester Guardian*, bought the splendid "Thomas Fuller collection" as a gift to the same institution; and various MSS. were obtained for presentation to the Chetham Library.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

THE Parisian literary drinking den is the *Chat Noir*, or 'Black Cat' tavern, in the Rue Victor Massé bordering on Bohemian Montmartre. The founder is an unsuccessful poet and painter, M. Salis, who has made money by his lucky venture as a literary and Bohemian Boniface, with his waiters attired as Academicians, and his tavern claiming æsthetic custom by its 'properties,' which are of the mock antique pattern and give it the appearance of an old curiosity shop. There have been numerous imitations of the *Chat Noir*, but M. Salis has been the most successful, if not the first, of the organisers of literary and artistic taverns, where the ancient and the modern, the rococo and the commonplace are harmoniously blended. The *Chat Noir* is, of course, a huge joke, and the gay landlord, who poses as a kind of Rabelais, whom he partially resembles in features, is the first to laugh at the literary enthusiasts and *gogos* from the provinces who believe in the authenticity of his antique *accessoires*, and who are firmly

convinced that they are drinking out of glasses or gazing at bric-à-brac which belonged to Villon, Voiture, the Curé of Meudon, or Cardinal de Richelieu.

AMONG the many books munificently given to the Library of Whitelands College by Mr. Ruskin is the following:—'Serrurie, ou les Couvrages en fer forcé du Moyen-âge et de la Renaissance,' par I. H. de Hefner-Alteneck, Paris, 1870. The following is Mr. Ruskin's note, in his own handwriting, on the leaf before the title-page, and it is so characteristic that all true disciples will be glad to see it. The book itself can be inspected by any one interested in artistic designs for iron work, on application to the Principal of Whitelands:—'Note generally that the compiler of this book was an ass—and that the apparently fine engraving has, nevertheless, lost all the best qualities of the best things of which also the ass-compiler has chosen about one per cent., as will be seen by the appended marks. I have roughly run through this book, mark-

ing the Designs [84 Planches gravées en taille douce] as well as their mixed character admits:—X means good, XX better, XXX best. B, Bad, in the sense of stupid and vulgar. D, Damnable, in the sense of abused skill and vile aim. B X means essentially bad with good under qualities. There is no mark of XB, because if a thing be essentially good its failings are never to be minded. And no mark of BB, because when a thing is essentially bad, it doesn't matter how bad.—JOHN RUSKIN, 1st August, 1880.'—

ACCORDING to the *Antiquary*, the birthplace of Elizabeth Barrett Browning has been at length placed beyond further controversy. Canon Barrett, Rector of Kelloe—a small village, situated about half-way between West Hartlepool and Durham—has discovered in the parish registers of the place an entry recording the baptism of the poetess. It appears she was born at Kelloe on March 6, 1806, and privately baptised; she was, however, 'received into the church at Kelloe on February 10, 1808, when her brother, Edward B. Moulton Barrett, was baptised.'

A WELL known London bookseller offers for sale a unique collection of all the engraved portraits of Shakspeare from the earliest one by Martin Droeshout issued with the first folio in 1623 down to the year 1870. To these are added prints having the portraits of Shakspeare engraved upon them, also a collection of prints after the monument and bust at Stratford, &c. &c. The portrait by Droeshout is in both its first and second states. There are in all 734 plates inlaid to folio size and bound in 9 volumes by Riviere—for \$600.

STREET fights of the "upper ten" boys with the town boys helped Scott "after long years" out of a troublesome conversational embarrassment

with the Czar Alexander in Paris in 1815. The Czar, seeing Scott in his blue and red dress of the Selkirkshire lieutenancy, and noticing his lameness, asked Scott in what engagement he had been wounded. Scott at first said that he suffered from a natural infirmity, but as this did not satisfy the Czar, Scott added that he had been engaged "in some slight actions—such as the battle of the Cross Causeway and the affair of Moredun Mill" and then managed to turn the conversation to some other subject.

THE first translation of the Rubaiyat was a small quarto pamphlet, with the publisher's name and without the author's, and was a most unpromising, hopeless, dismal failure. It found no buyers at its published price of 5s., it found no buyers at 4s., at 3s.; it ran a rapidly descending scale without appealing to the public, which would even have none of it at 6d. At last it dropped into that pitiful purgatory of luckless books. the box marked 1d. each." At a penny each the 200 copies of 'Omar Khayyam' which had been printed were at last forced into the hands of a reluctant public. Alas, alas! it is here added, the man who could buy those 200 copies back now at a guinea a copy would be making a magnificent and unhappily impossible bargain.

"IN an article on 'Student's Blunders' in the *Spectator* a correspondent writes:—"Questions on grammar and history did not produce much amusement, but it may be worth recording that one young gentleman fancied that *frequentative verbs* were 'verbs that occurred over and over again,' and another that 'Ajax was the father of Priam.' I may conclude by recalling from an earlier but perfectly genuine experience what has always seemed to me a very ingenious trans-

lation. Sallust says in his 'Catiline,' that while some men can be corrupted only by great bribes, others succumb to small temptation,—'Multi in parva pecunia perspiciuntur quam sint leves.' The translation, 'Many men, when short of money, perceive of how little consequence they are,' is eminently true to fact, and not very far

from a possible rendering of the Latin. *In parva pecunia* is not unlike *in tenui re*, though it must be allowed that *perspiciuntur* is strained beyond any possible middle sense. Still, I conceive that I was right in giving this young moralist a mark for the maxim which he so cleverly fathered on the historian."

BOOK NOTICES.

'FRANCIS BACON: HIS LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY.' By John Nichol, M.A., Balliol, Oxon, LL.D., Professor of English Literature in the University of Glasgow. Part II, 'Bacon's Philosophy, with a sketch of the History of Previous Science and Method.' (William Blackwood & Sons.) From the modest and conscientious preface to this contribution to the library of "Philosophical Classics for English Readers," a sportive critic might be tempted to treat Professor Nichol's admirably compact analysis of his Baconian philosophy as a mere laborious compilation. A compilation no doubt it is, such as only a careful and competent master of the subject could have undertaken. But it is something more than a compilation; it is an independent inquiry into the means and methods, the origins and sources, the results and consequences of the Baconian system. To the student it offers an ample equipment of research and exploration, and the equipment is none the worse for being light.

'LIFE OF FRIEDERICH SCHILLER.' By Henry W. Nevinson. (London: Walter Scott.) Into less than two hundred pages Mr. Nevinson has compressed a most commendable example of biographical narrative and literary criticism. Compendious and succinct as it is, we know of no life of the great German poet and dramatist more comprehensive and com-

plete. The fulfilment of so large a task within such limits could only be accomplished by a writer in complete possession of his subject, and (in entire sympathy with his theme. Schiller's genius, it is true, was not subtle and complex like Goethe's: it was spontaneous, emotional, sympathetic. He wrote out of the abundance of his heart, and every chord he struck was full of the "music of humanity." But he was not merely the poet of a revolutionary era; he was a masterly painter of characters and epochs, as in his Trilogy of 'Wallenstein,' and his 'History of the Thirty Years War.' The better genius of his country breathed through his lips, and to all that is purest in German patriotism he gave immortal expression.

THE new volume of the "Lotos Series" (Trübner) is entitled 'Essays on Men and Books: selected from the Earlier Writings of Lord Macaulay, with Critical Introduction and Notes by Dr. Alexander H. Japp.' We cannot praise either the selection or the notes. The present volume, which is to be followed by a second, contains the essays on Clive, Milton, the first only of the two on Chatham and Byron; the second will give those on Warren Hastings, Bunyan, and Barère. Such a selection stands self-condemned, alike for what it joins together, for what it separates, for what it includes, and for what it omits. The notes are (fortunately)

very few and very short; but space has been found for the portentous statement that Macaulay is wrong in describing Fort William as "lower down" the Hoogley than Chandernagore; while Macaulay's manifest mistake in saying that "Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar" before the battle of Plassey is left uncorrected. Dr. Japp has further thought fit to omit certain passages in the essay on Milton, defending himself in the following remarkable sentence: "We justify ourselves on such grounds for a few deletions: without which it strikes us that the Essay actually has more unity and completeness."

THE London Society of Arts has not yet completed its useful task of affixing memorial tablets to houses which have become associated with the names of illustrious residents. But even were it not so, the need would still exist for a key to the whereabouts of these shrines of departed genius. There is reason, therefore, to welcome a little book just published by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co., in which the compiler, Mr. Wilmot Harrison, has furnished a large list of 'Memorable London Houses,' indexing them carefully, and supplying, besides a hundred original little woodcut sketches, a number of biographical notes and anecdotes. The reference plan of London which accompanies the book is in parts pretty well studded with figures. They cluster most thickly between May Fair and Regent Street. Elsewhere, Time and the builder's irreverent hand have greatly curtailed the compiler's labor. It will be inferred from this that Mr. Harrison does not trouble himself with mere sites. It would be hard, indeed, to conjure up associations of Milton in contemplating a Cripplegate warehouse, or to find suggestions of Chatterton's sorrowful end in the lofty row of monot-

onous buildings which, only within the last few years, has swept away the house of "Mrs. Angell, the sack maker," on the west side of Brooke Street, Holborn. This reminds us that the vanishing of such relics—never so rapid as it is at the present day—not to speak of the mania of the local authorities for altering the names of old streets, makes a record of this sort all the more serviceable. The Society for Photographing Relics of Old London has ended or rather discontinued its valuable labors with some six score or so of interesting mementoes of objects that have in great part already ceased to be, and now Mr. Lawrence Hutton with his 'Literary Landmarks,' and Mr. Wilmot Harrison, whose 'Memorable London Houses' might be, and doubtless in future editions will be, considerably extended, have practically the field to themselves.

PROFESSOR ERIC ROBERTSON, of the University of the Punjab, Lahore, has, in 'Children of the Poets' (Walter Scott), made a selection from what has been written about children by the English and American poets of the last three centuries. The selection, which, we gather from a rather too florid introduction, is larger than that in the first edition of the work, has been made with much judgment and good taste. Mr. Robertson has occasionally strained a point to include in his list a poem which he evidently admires, such as Mr. Bret Harte's 'Dickens in Camp.' Perhaps, too, we have a little too much of Savage Landor, Herrick, and even Blake. Mr. Robertson has done his work so well, however, that we are indisposed to be hypercritical. We are especially glad that he has not omitted from his volume selections from Mr. Aubrey de Vere and the Hon. Roden Noel, as well a poem, somewhat archaic in form though it is, by Mr.

Gladstone. This book seems to demonstrate that the smaller the poet, the better he writes of children. Contrast Milton's stilted 'On the Death of a Fair Infant Dying of a Cough' with the almost intolerable pathos of Moir's 'Casa Wappy;' or even Scott's 'Lullaby of an Infant Chief,' with the clever and natural 'Wee Willie Winkie' of William Miller. On the whole,

however, Mr. R. L. Stevenson is, or should be, the laureate of children at the unconscious stage. What is better than 'The Land of Counterpane,' or 'The Young Night Thoughts,' with its—

"Armies and Emperors and Kings,
And carrying different kinds of things,
And marching in so grand a way,
You never saw the like by day"?

MAGAZINE NOTES.

Scribner's Magazine for August is a most seasonable issue, containing spirited out-door papers on the game of lawn tennis and on tarpon fishing; two papers on Tennyson, whose eightieth birthday is thus commemorated; short stories, by H. H. Boyesen, Brander Matthews, George Parsons Lathrop, and E. C. Martin, a new writer, and valuable additions to the Electric and Railway series.

WILLIAM BLAIKIE, author of 'How to Get Strong, and How to Stay So,' and 'Sound Bodies for our Boys and Girls,' writes in *Harper's Magazine* for July, upon the question 'Is American Stamina Declining?' and makes a number of practical suggestions for reforming our system of education in the direction of physical training.

FOLLOWING upon the July chapters of 'The Life of Lincoln,' which describe the President's renomination and Mr. Greeley's self-suggested peace trip to Niagara—there will probably be only six more installments of this remarkable history in *The Century* series. It is said that these concluding chapters deal with the most important and absorbing personal and political topics, to which Messrs. Nicolay and Hay bring a vast fund of special information. Lincoln's sagacity in dealing with men and measures (and occasionally his humor) come out in strong relief in the chapter's

that give the inside view of the attempt of the radicals to defeat the renomination of the President, of the disagreements resulting in Cabinet changes, of Chase's appointment to the chief-justiceship, and of the executive dealings with the "copperhead" conspirators at the North. No part of the work will attract wider attention than the account of the measures adopted by the religious denominations in support of the Administration and of the sympathy and wisdom with which the President met the suggestions of the churches. Of the interest of the last three installments it is only necessary to say that they cover the period from the second inaugural to the death of Lincoln and the collapse of the rebellion. The publishers announce that the back numbers of *The Century* from November, 1886, containing the installments of the Lincoln History are now all in print and can be supplied to those who wish to complete their sets. Of several of these numbers 250,000 copies have been printed.

WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS continues in *Harper's Magazine* for July the discussion of the dramatic outlook in America begun by Brander Matthews in the number for June. He says: "We believe that the American drama, like the American novel, will be more and more a series of sketches, of anecdotes, of suggestions, with

less and less allegiance to any hard and fast intrigue." He reiterates his view as follows: "Again we wish to put forward our heresy that for a play a plot of close texture is no more necessary than for a novel; that for either, in dealing with modern life, it would be an anachronism." Praising the work of Messrs. Thompson, Harrigan, Burgess, and Hoyt, he says: "We do not at all pretend that they have produced a great drama. But we do pretend that in such prolongations of sketches as they have given they have made the right beginning of an American drama." He adds: "We believe, moreover, that a national drama can arise with us only as it has arisen with other peoples: that is, out of some such wilding native growths as these authors are cultivating." He agrees with Mr. A. M. Palmer upon the absence of a public taste in regard to the drama, and reviving the manager's reminder that this taste exists only in countries where "dramatic art has for centuries been fostered by the people, and

oftentimes protected and patronized by intelligent governments," he says: "Perhaps we may yet, when the people really come to their own, have a municipal theatre in every city and town, sustained by a tax, where the best dramas may be seen for a tenth of the price one now pays to see the worst."

THE June number of the *Scottish Art Review* contains a series of hitherto unpublished portraits of Walt Whitman, with an article upon them by Mr. Ernest Rhys; also portraits of three living French poets—Leconte de l'Isle, Sully Prudhomme, and François Coppée. The same number has an article by Prof. Blackie, and poems by Sir George Douglas and Mrs. Graham R. Tomson.

THE August *Atlantic* is specially notable for a five-page poem by Mr. Lowell. It is said to be the longest poem Mr. Lowell has written for years. Its title 'How I Consulted the Oracle of the Goldfishes' suggests something of the nature and charm of the poem.

AMERICAN NOTES.

PROF. N. S. SHALER is not a pessimist in regard to our own times. Under the heading 'The Sense of Honor in Americans,' he attempts to prove in the August number of the *North American Review* that we are a great deal better than our forefathers both in politics and military affairs.

MRS. S. J. HIGGINSON, author of 'A Princess of Java,' which was published two years ago, is writing a book on Java for the Riverside Library for Young People.

PROF. A. T. G. ALLEN's book on Johnathan Edwards will appear in the early autumn as the initial volume in the series of American Religious Leaders.

TWENTY thousand copies of 'John Ward, Preacher,' have been issued in the Riverside Paper Series.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have in preparation an *édition de luxe* of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table.' It will be in two volumes of the "Aldine" size beautifully printed and illustrated, and with an engraved title-page.

MACMILLAN & Co. will publish at once a cheap edition of Mrs. Humphry Ward's first novel 'Miss Bretherton.' They will also shortly publish a popular life of Father Damien, "the leper priest," by his friend and correspondent Mr. Edward Clifford, who visited him within a few months of his death.

MRS. MAUD HOWE ELLIOTT and Mrs. Florence Howe Hall, having undertaken to write an account of the life and education of their father's deaf, dumb, and blind pupil, the late Laura D. Bridgman, will be glad to receive any letter, papers, etc., relating to the subject. Mrs. Hall's address is Scotch Plains, N. J.

MESSRS. LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. announce that they have made arrangements to supplement their series, "Epochs of Modern History," by a short series of books treating of the history of America which will be published under the general title "Epochs of American History." The series will be under the editorship of Dr. Albert Bushnell Hart, Assistant Professor of History in Harvard College. Each volume will contain about 250 pages, similar in size and style to the page of the volumes in the "Epochs of History" series, with full marginal analysis, working bibliographies, maps, introductions, and index. The volumes will be issued separately and each will be complete in itself. Those already arranged for will, it is hoped, provide a continuous history of the United States from the foundation of the Colonies to the present time, which shall be suited to class use as well as for general reading and reference. The volumes in preparation are as follows: 1. 'The Colonies (1492 - 1673).' By Reuben Gold Thwaites, Secretary of the State Historical Society of Wisconsin, author of 'Historic Waterways,' &c. 2. 'Formation of the Union (1763-1829).' By Albert Bushnell Hart, A.B., Ph.D., the editor of the series. 3. 'Division and Re-Union (1820-1889).' By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of History and Political Economy in Wesleyan University, Middletown, Conn.

THE Ticknor Paper Series, which has been so popular for the past two

years, ended with No. 58, 'Queen Money.' It is now published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who have begun the Riverside Paper Series as a continuation of it. Several excellent copyright novels are promised within the summer months.

D. APPLETON & Co. have ready 'Days Out of Doors,' by Charles C. Abbott, a companion volume to his 'A Naturalist's Rambles About Home;' 'The Gardner's Story,' by George H. Ellwanger, relating the pleasures and trials of an amateur gardner, illustrated with head and tail pieces by Rhead; 'The History of a Slave,' by H. M. Johnston, author of 'Kilimanjaro Expedition;' and a new and cheap edition in the "Town and Country Library" of Edna Lyall's 'Won By Waiting' will be added to the paper editions of 'Donovan,' and 'We Two.'

THE *Andover Review* for July contains, from A. Taylor Innes, Esq., of Edinburgh, Scotland, a full account of the remarkable movement in favor of Creed Revision which has received so great an impulse from the action of the Presbyterian Assemblies at their recent sessions in Edinburgh.

'THE LIFE OF HARRIET BEECHER STOWE,' by her son Rev. Charles E. Stowe, is now passing through the Riverside Press and will be given to the public early in the autumn. It will be a book of peculiar personal and literary interest, and will appeal to a host of readers on both sides of the Atlantic. It is to be a handsome volume, embellished with fine portraits and other illustrations, and will be sold by subscription.

RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER, of Boston, has made a German translation of Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward,' and Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have just published it. The fifty-cent edition (English) sells from a thousand to fifteen hundred copies weekly.

CASPER'S DIRECTORY OF THE AMERICAN BOOK, NEWS AND STATIONARY TRADE.—This anxiously looked-for bibliographical-trade publication has at last reached us from the hands of the publisher. It gives great pleasure in announcing the completion of such a comprehensive work, a grand adjunct to the trade, in this age of book-producing upon an endless variety of subjects and phases thereof. It has now become impracticable, even in large cities, for the bookseller to attempt to carry a tithe of the works published on the more important subjects, that may be classed standard works, on which they treat. Casper's Directory places, as it were, a perfect book store in the hands of every dealer (and especially placing the dealer in small places on an equal footing with large cities) by informing him just where to find what his

customer wants, in the shortest possible time, and then by postal or letter go to the shelf of the publisher, and furnish his customer without tiresome delay, which often deters further purchases. This alone is worth twice the price of the work, but there are so many other important desiderata useful to the trade, that it is impossible for us to enumerate, and it is far better for us to advise our readers to send for complete prospectus of the Directory; and, although he will be pleased to mail on application, we would that our readers would complement, with a two-cent stamp, covering cost of mailing, the tireless author, who has embraced not less than 40,000 addresses in the arrangement of the work, covering 1434 pages. Address orders for prospectus to

C. N. Caspar,
Milwaukee, Wis.

—:o:—

FOREIGN NOTES.

WE hear that Mr. Browning has a new volume of poems in his desk. We hope it will be issued as the seventeenth of the new "complete" edition of his Poetical Works, of which only sixteen volumes were at first announced.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish shortly 'The Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald,' the translator of Omar Khayyam, and friend of Tennyson and Carlyle. The book will be in three volumes, and has been edited by Mr. W. Aldis Wright.

MR. W. G. BOSWELL-STONE's edition of the 'Shakspere Holinshed' has gone to press. The New Shakspere Society and Mr. Fisher Unwin will publish it together. It will probably be in two parts or volumes of 400 pages each, and will be issued in large paper as well as small.

MR. F. S. ELLIS has made such progress with his Shelley Concordance—having finished lately the troublesome word "one" in it—that he hopes to get it into press next year, and have it out in 1892 for the Shelley centenary, the poet having been born on Saturday, August 4, 1792.

DR. R. VON FLEISCHHACKER has undertaken to edit for the Early English Text Society the unique Ashmole MS. of the translation of Lanfranc's 'Cyrurgerie,' of the end of the fourteenth century.

A BIBLIOGRAPHY of Mr. George Meredith's writings has been long asked for by the increasing circle of his admirers, and therefore we are glad to announce the appearance of one by Mr. J. Lane. It will be attached to a volume of essays on 'George Meredith, Novelist and Poet,' by Mr. Le Gallienne.

MR. FRANK MURRAY, of Derby—who is devoting himself to the publication of those limited editions which bibliophiles love—proposes to bring out a reprint of the English translation of Manuel's 'Captain Castagnette,' made by Mr. Austin Dobson in 1866, with Gustave Doré's designs. The book will be issued in royal quarto, with the illustrations on India paper, and in a special binding. Only two hundred copies are to be printed, each numbered and signed.

THE Cambridge University Press has now nearly ready for publication the anxiously-expected volume of 'The Collected Papers of Henry Bradshaw,' the late university librarian, including his memoranda and communications read before the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. The work has been edited by Mr. F. J. H. Jenkinson, fellow of Trinity; and it will be illustrated with upwards of ten facsimiles.

VEUVE MOQUET, of Pordeux, has published an exact reprint of the original (Leipsic, 1788) edition of Cas-

anova's 'Histoire de ma fuite des prisons de la République de Venice qu' on appelle les Plombs,' with a notice and bibliographical essay. The volume is a demy octavo, printed on papier de Hollande and illustrated with two portraits on steel and ten other engravings. The edition is limited to 330 ordinary copies and 20 on Whatman paper.

The Athenæum says: An exhaustive life of Adam Smith is at length in preparation, and may be expected shortly from the pen of Mr. John Rae.

THE Rev. T. E. Bridgett is putting finishing touches to 'The True Story of the Catholic Hierarchy deposed by Queen Elizabeth,' a work of research in which he had at first the assistance of the late Rev. T. F. Knox, of the London Oratory. Messrs. Burns & Oates will be the publishers. Besides using papers in the Record Office, Privy Council registers, and MSS. in the British Museum, the authors have had access to a number of unpublished letters in the possession of the Marquis of Salisbury.

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GENERAL NOTES.

THE first English edition of Prof. Bryce's 'American Commonwealth'—one of 2,500 copies—is nearly exhausted. In this country it is said that 10,000 copies of the work have been sold. Mr. Bryce has lately revised it, and the new edition will appear in September.

MR. GEORGE W. CHILDS's 'Recollections'—parts of which have appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*—will soon be published by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

LADY DUFFERIN is going to publish part of the journal she kept in India while her husband was Governor-General. She will call her book 'Our Vice-Regal Life in India.'

DR. NANSEN's book on his journey in Greenland is nearly ready for publication in London. As soon as it appears he proposes to start out on a longer and more difficult expedition.

OF Prof. Hardy's 'Passe Rose' Mr. Wm. Sharp says in the course of a highly laudatory review, in the *London Academy*, "In a word 'Passe Rose' is at once a delightful—I might truthfully add, a fascinating—story and a work of art." And—"Passe Rose herself is a genuine creation. Anglo-Saxon fiction is the richer for this gracious and beautiful flower of a barbaric age." We say "Ditto to Mr. Burke."

THE *Export Journal* (Hedeler, Leipzig) commences in its eighteenth number a list of libraries containing more than fifty thousand volumes.

WHAT is proleptically called a "complete" bibliography of the works of Mr. Ruskin has been undertaken by Mr. Thomas J. Wise, hon. secretary of the Shelley Society, whose name is a guarantee for conscientious accuracy. He will arrange the subject-matter under four headings: (1) the works of Mr. Ruskin in chronological order, with special sections on 'Modern Painters' and 'The Stones of Venice'; (2) first appearance of separate pieces, in newspapers, magazines, &c.; (3) reprints and selections, including the American piracies; (4) Ruskiniana, under which will be comprised bibliography and criticism, and published portraits. The work will be printed on the finest Dutch hand-made paper, and will be limited to a subscriber's edition of only 250 copies. It is proposed to issue it in about eight periodical parts of 32 pages each. Intending subscribers should address themselves to Mr. J. P. Smart, jun., 5 Mount-view-road, Crouch Hill, London, N.

"MR. B. F. STEVENS, the well known American bookseller in London, is rapidly pushing forward his great project of reproducing in facsimile the MSS. in European archives relating to America," says the *London World*. "These exist to a large extent in most countries on 'this side,' but especially in England, France, Holland, and Spain. Access to them has been cordially granted to Mr. Stevens; and it is no wonder, considering the large increase of the love of historical research among cultivated Americans in recent years, that a scheme which will to some extent obviate the necessity of personal investigation on the spot has been

eagerly taken up by men of letters in the United States."

MR. FRANZ THIMM, the well known author, Shaksperian scholar, and foreign publisher, of London, died last month at the age of 69. Mr. Franz Thimm went to England in 1839, and after a few years established himself as a foreign bookseller and publisher. His first work of importance was 'The Literature of Germany from its Earliest Period to the Present Time.' This was followed by 'Shaksperiana from 1564 to 1871.' His labors in completing the valuable collections of Shaksperiana in the British Museum, Birmingham Free Libraries, the Shakspeare Memorial at Stratford-on-Avon, and the Boston Library, have received the grateful thanks of the committees of those institutions.

THE author of 'Micah Clarke,' the historical novel, is an English physician who is only thirty years old, and who has been a writer of magazine stories for ten years past. Dr. A. C. Doyle is a tall, athletic young man, who not only attends to a good practice and writes novels, but is a famous cricketer. He has, moreover, seen service on the West African coast and has roughed it in a whaler. He is a nephew of Richard Doyle, the "Punch" artist and illustrator of 'The Newcomes.'

THE frontispiece of the August *Scribner's* is a portrait of Lord Tennyson, engraved by Kruell from a recent photograph. Attention is thus called to the Laureate's eightieth birthday. The same number contains a short essay by Dr. Henry van Dyke on Tennyson's earliest poems published with his brother; and the 'end paper,' by Prof. T. R. Lounsbury, of Yale, discusses the poet's attitude toward life in youth and old age, under the title of 'The Two Locksley Halls.'

MR. JOHN C. NETTLESHIP'S scarce little volume of 'Essays on Robert Browning's Poetry,' first published in 1868, is about to be republished under the title of 'Robert Browning: Essays and Thoughts.' The book will contain a quantity of new matter.

MR. U. A. WARNER, of C. D. Whitall Co., Minneapolis, Minn., has left that firm and gone into co-partnership with C. D. Raymer, the "old book" dealer, of the same city.

ZOLA is said to be the best paid novelist in France; Mrs. Humphry Ward has just been offered \$5,000 for a story of 30,000 words, and John Strange Winter refused an offer of \$2,500 for her next novelette.

FOR MAM AND BEAST.

While commenting on the innumerable comforts and pleasures bestowed upon humanity by the inventions of the past ten years, we observed by a statement in one of our exchanges, that this advanced state of affairs had not alone dealt with the human race, but had reached rational and speedy methods of cure for the sudden and dangerous diseases to which horses and cattle are subject. Palmer Bros., City Livery, La Crosse, Wis., in a Press letter, write: "We have used Humphreys' Veterinary Specific for twelve years, and find no cause for regret, and we cheerfully recommend them to all our friends.—N. Y. City *Forest & Stream*."

BOOK AUCTIONS.

At the sale of M. Techener's library at the Hotel Drouot in May last the following prices were obtained. *Mis-sale Ecclesiæ Parusiensis*, sm. folio, \$900. Suite of 26 aquarelles, on velum, for Jules Jacquemart's *History of Porcelain*, \$2,200. *Joanis Joviani Pontani Opera*, arms of Francis I., \$802. *Joanis Joviani Pontani Opera*, 1518, Grolier's copy with his name and device, \$1,000. *Ceuvres de Maistre François Villon*, 1532, bound by Joly, \$360. *Rymes de gentille et vertueuse dame D. Pernette de Guillet*, \$750. *Ceuvres de Louise Labé*, first edition in the original fifteenth century binding, \$626. *Il Decamerone*, London, 1757-1761, \$1,400. *Ceuvres diverses de Fontenelle*, large paper, 1728, \$1,220. The 200 volumes brought \$32,116.

THE following prices have been recently obtained at auction by Messrs. Sotheby:—Ainsworth's 'Guy Fawkes,' 3 vols. cloth, 1841, \$53.75. Mrs. Browning's 'Prometheus Bound' and *Miscellaneous Essays*, cloth, 1833, presenta-

tion copy from E. M. Barrett to Wordsworth, with the latter's autograph, \$80. Mrs. Seymour's 'Account of the Origin of the Pickwick Papers,' showing the fallacy of Mr. Dickens' version, \$320. Calef's 'More Wonders of the Invisible World,' 4to, 1700, uncut copy, \$265. Cotton Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible World*, 4to, uncut, 1693, \$102.50. Jesse's *Historical Works*, 24 vols. cloth, \$155. Laborde's 'Chansons,' 4 vols. in 2, morocco, extra, 1773, a very fine copy, \$495. Molière's 'Le Misanthrope,' 1667, \$130. Chauncy's 'Hertfordshire,' 1700, \$75. Dugdale's 'Monasticon,' 8 vols., 1846, \$105. Meyer's 'British Birds,' 4 vols. folio, titles in manuscript, \$99.75. Salisbury Primer, Paris, 1533, \$300. Tennyson's Poems, chiefly Lyrical, original bds., 1830, \$65. Tennyson's Dedication of his Poems to the Queen, in his own manuscript, \$150. Tennyson's autograph manuscript of 'The Daisy,' 4½ pp. 8vo, \$122.50. Tennyson's autograph manuscript of stanzas to Rev. F. D. Maurice, 2 pp., \$115. Tenny-

son's autograph manuscript of 'The Brook,' \$255. Tennyson's autograph manuscript of part of his celebrated poem 'Maud,' comprising 9 chapters, and in many cases complete verses which were never published, \$555. The prices obtained by Tennyson's manuscripts do not appear excessive, but in some of the cases they amounted to mere transcripts—the author having made four and sometimes five copies before finally deciding on the printing. One hundred and sixteen autograph letters of Dante Gabriel Rossetti to Hall Caine, \$350. Burns's Poems, Kilmarnock, 1786, title in facsimile, \$230. Curtis's *Botanical Magazine*, complete set to 1882, 88 vols., \$450.

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How should I keep and con;
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Ill was I begot,
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When God, whispering says:
"Sing, O singer, sing!"

Chariots rumble by,
Splashing me with mud—
Insolence see I
Fawn to royal blood;
Solace have I then
From each galling sting,
In that voice again—
"Sing, O singer, sing!"

Cowardly at heart,
I am forced to play
A degraded part
For its paltry pay;
Freedom is a prize
For no starving thing—
Yet that small voice cries:
"Sing, O singer, sing!"

I *was* young, but now,
When I am old and gray,
Love—I know not how
Or why—hath sped away;
Still, in winter days
As in hours of spring—
Still a whisper says:
"Sing, O singer, sing!"

Ah, too well I know
 Song's my only friend—
 Patiently I'll go
 Singing to the end.
 Comrades, to your wine!
 Let your glasses ring—
 Lo, that voice divine
 Whispers: "Sing, oh, sing!"
 EUGENE FIELD.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

Major-General Sir George Tufto was anxious, or one of his companions in arms was anxious, to hang all literary fellows. The public seem to be less hard-hearted; and, if we may judge by the number of new books about literary fellows, are extremely concerned to know all about their manner of life. People are even kind enough to publish the budget—a purely fanciful financial statement—of the literary person, and to assure the world that his income is a thing to marvel on. Why this curiosity should be so prevalent, when nobody cares what an undertaker, a barrister, a dentist, or a plumber makes, philosophers may explain. Perhaps the world never gets over its wonder that books should be paid for at all. Meanwhile Mr. Hargreaves in a book of gossip called 'Literary Workers' (Longmans) traces the person of letters from the cradle to the grave, treating him rather as if he were some rare unknown species of animal, like the skunk in the anecdote. Mr. Hargreaves suggests that the creature might even be bred, if proper inducements were offered to parents. The descendants of Confucius are still exempt from taxation in China—why not free from taxation the families of literary men, that is of great literary men? But is it probable that young men will seek intellectual brides, who are likely to become mothers of poets? At present this is

almost the last thing that a wooer calculates upon. Moreover, it is by no means easy to know before marriage whether the gods have really made a young lady poetical. They are almost all fond of Mrs. Hemans before they are engaged, and while they are engaged they are partial, nobody knows why, to Omar Khayyam. Nothing is more curious than the passion for Omar which prevails among the fair in the most interesting and attractive period of their lives. Any lover might proudly calculate on perpetual immunity from taxation if he is to be blessed with a family, for the children of the Muse who will be worthy of their origin, will all be poets. But after marriage do ladies ever read poetry? They write it, now and then, like Mrs. Timmins, whose fragment on her babe is well-known. They seldom or never read it, however, and the number of poets is not being increased to any alarming extent. Indeed, when the older generation passes away, we shall apparently have to struggle on without any poet at all. Mr. Hargreaves anticipates that if evolution be a true theory, we must inevitably develop much more potent geniuses than the world has yet beheld. But Nature is decidedly in no hurry. Parents will readily console themselves, for the immunity from taxation for the families of poets is but a dream, while a genius is often, as Mr. Carlyle's mother said, "gey ill to live wi."

However, children continue to be born, and Mr. Hargreaves gives a few easy rules for ascertaining whether or not they will come to literary renown. The parents of Euripides, before the birth of the boy, asked the Delphic oracle how he would turn out. Apollo replied that he "would wear the victor's crown," and the delighted father put him into hard training for athletics from the earli-

est possible moment. He expected victory at the high jump, the foot race, putting the stone, or something of that sort. This was really a comic situation. One fancies poor little Euripides minding his book and creeping into corners to scrawl verses on bits of potsherd (writing materials being scarce) and hanging about the stage door of the theatre to see the actors in their every day chitons, while his father was looking for him to rub him all over with oil and sand, and make him box with the boys next door. Poets usually hate being knocked about. Shelley's one fight at Eton was an inglorious performance, for after scoring in the first round, and reciting hexameters, he was defeated and ran away. Keats, to be sure, was fond of fisticuffs, but not Coleridge, nor Cowper, probably, Scott, being lame, offered to fight if he and his opponent were strapped to boards, and set up at a hitting distance, a very chivalrous proposal. But we may be sure that Euripides disliked being hit on the nose, and thrown heavy falls. Thus his misguided father kept training him for quite the wrong sort of match, and often must have been sadly disappointed when his novice threw up the sponge, and sneaked back to his papyrus. There is no knowing what child will turn out a genius. A boy who is always reading may prove bookish, but he will have hard times with his uncles and aunts, his brothers and cousins. "When the parent," says Mr. Hargreaves, "bounding suddenly into the boy's chamber at dead of night, discovers him deep in study by the taper's glimmering light, he may safely inquire whether he has not got a somewhat uncommon kind of creature on his hands." The uncommon kind of creature is likely enough to "get it," not on his

hands, but on any safe and appropriate part of his person. However, though the father "Comes like any Turk, And bangs him most severely," a bookish boy will be bookish still, and his path leads straight in the direction of the street which is called "Grub." While he was at school Victor Hugo was almost as prolific as in later life, and produced every known kind of "copy," including the usual epic on the Deluge. Perhaps even he did not write a whole Greek play (in Greek), as a contemporary did—a contemporary, it is fair to say, who has not since adorned the stage. It is a bad sign when a boy begins to start amateur magazines, as Nathaniel Hawthorne did. The boy will become the plague of editors.

The troubles of soaring genius are dwelt on with feeling by Mr. Hargreaves. Scott was accused of plagiarism when he was about twelve. Longfellow's first verses in a country paper were pronounced by some one, in his hearing, to be very tame. Hans Christian Andersen, in boyhood, was whipped for writing a poem on "The Dying Child." This ought to have been good for Hans; children are far too fond of writing about the Dying Child. Even mothers, with hearts of steel, have been known to bid their offspring cease versifying, because they will never come to any good. Happy is the puerile genius who has a sensible mother, but those ladies, as a rule, are inclined to take the genius of their progeny for granted on very insufficient evidence. The reviews usually do their very best for young genius, and "purwail on him to stop." Byron would have stopped if he had listened to *The Edinburgh Review*, and almost every one would stop if he listened to *The Quarterly*. Keats did stop, in "Hyperion," being hard hit

by that journal. Douglas Jerrold candidly told Thackeray (according to Mr. Hargreaves) that 'The Virginians' was the worst book that anybody ever wrote. *The Edinburgh* assured Wordsworth that 'The White Doe of Rylstone' was the very worst poem ever published in quarto, which was saying a great deal. M. Maxime du Camp had to assure Flaubert, with the frankness of an early friend, that his 'Temptation of St. Antony' was rubbish. Madame Flaubert, the author's mother, was listening at the door, we regret to say; and on hearing this ingenuous verdict, she became a little disagreeable to M. Maxime du Camp. In fact, we seldom really please our friends when we tell them frankly that the work of many days is rubbish. Yet it often is rubbish, and candor is the first virtue of friendship. It is much better not to publish (Flaubert was prevailed on not to publish) than to court a colossal failure. Consequently, to avoid everything unpleasant, literary persons are advised not to consult their friends at all, not "to sit on the bank, and take tea and good advice," as Keats says, but to jump into the water, sink or swim. The practice of reading manuscript works aloud is almost extinct. The world could no longer bear it. Mérimée was wont to read aloud to ladies, but he knew that they liked the compliment he paid them in consulting them. Mr. Buckle used to read aloud the 'History of Civilization' to his mother. There are no limits to the self-sacrifice of mothers. Their tenderness is only exceeded by that of the author for his works. A she-bear, deprived of her whelps, is believed to be irritable, but she is mildness itself compared to a perfectly impossible author, whose worthless manuscript has been mislaid by an editor.

WHAT THE SONNET IS.

Fourteen small baleful berries on the hem
Of Circe's mantle, all of greenest gold;
Fourteen of lone Calypso's tears that roll'd
Into the sea, for pearls to come of them;
Fourteen small signs of omen in the gem
With which Medea human fate foretold;
Fourteen small drops, which Faustus, growing
old,
Craved of the Fiend, to water Life's dry stem.
It is the pure white diamond Dante brought
To Beatrice; the sapphire Laura wore
When Petrarch cut it sparkling out of
thought;
The ruby Shakspeare hewed from his heart's
core;
The dark, deep emerald that Rossetti
wrought
For his own soul, to wear for evermore.

EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

A CURIOUS PREFACE.

In November, 1558, there was "imprynted in London by John Kingstone for Nicholas Inghlande, dwelling in Poule's Churchyarde," a book, now extremely scarce, entitled "The Secrete of the Reverende Maister Alexis of Piemount, containing excellent remedies against divers diseases, woundes, and other accidents, with the manner to make distillations, parfumes, confitures, diynges, colours, fusions, and melt-ynges. A worke well approved, verve profytable and necessary for every man. Translated out of Frenche into English by Wylliam Warde."

The book itself is quaint and curious in the extreme, affording many an instance of mediæval credulity and medical lore. We, however, only propose to reproduce the "address to the reader," as giving one of the most remarkable reasons ever recorded for the publication of a work.

"Don Alexis" thus writes: "They that have knowen me in time past, or to speake plaine, have used me

familiarly all my lyfe time, can pre-adventure tel how God, by His great goodnes, hath made me to be borne of a noble house and bloude (according to the commune, I will not saye vayne, persuasion of them, that stablish nobilitie more in the merites of another man than in our own), and that, besides this, I have alwaies had my pleasures, and great plentie of riches, yea farre passenge the smallnes of my desertes, I will yet saye more (not to boast or to avaunce myself, but to the ende to reforme the gentill reader, and to geve thanks unto God) that there be many which knowe, how I being given even from my first youth unto study, have gotten not only the knowledge of the Latin, Greke, Caldie, and Arabic tonge, and also of divers other nations and countrees. But above al thinges havinge by a natural inclination, taken a singular pleasure in Philosophy, and in the secretes of nature, have wandered and travailed abroad in the worlde the space of xxvii years. to the intent to acquainte myself with all sortes of learned and discrete men. By the which diligence and curiositie I have learned many goodlie secretes, not alonely of men of great knowledge and profound learning, and noble men, but also of poore artificers, peysantes, and all sortes of men. Moreover, I have been thre times in Levant, and sondry times have travailed almost all other partes of the worlde, without resting or sojourning at any time in one place above v moneths. Now, this my study and desire of knowledge, as well of the universall sciences, as of particular secretes, and althoughe it was given to me by nature, as to the most part of men (for every man by an instincte of nature desyreth to knowe thinges), yet have I alwayes been noseled up by a certayn ambition or vainglorie

to knowe that which another should bee ignorante of; which thyng hath grafted in me, a continuall niggardnesse or sparing to distribute or communicate any of my secretes, yea unto my most singular frendes that I had: saing that if the secretes were knowne of every man, thei should no more bee called secretes, but publike and common.

Now it chaunced these few daies past, being in Milan in the fower-skore and twoo yere and secnd moneth of myne age, that a poore artificer was marvelously tormented with the stone. The Cysurgen that dressed him, knowing well that I had many secretes, and singularly for the stone, came to me and requested that I would teche him the receipte, or at least to give him the medecine, composed and ready made for the health of the patiente. But I perceiving that he would use other mennes things for his own profite and honour, refused to give it hym, but willed him to bring me unto the sicke man and that I myself would minister the medecine unto him gratis. The Physicion either fearing blame if it should bee knownen that he had recourse to the aide of another man, having peradventure bosted that he had the secrete himself, or else in the meane tyme, still to make his profite in dissembling the matter, and differying it yet twoo daies more with diverse excuses and colours, untill he brought me to the patiente, whom at my comynge I found so near his ende, that after he had a little lifted up his iyes, castin them piteously towarde me, he passed from this into a better lyfe, not having any neede, neither of my secrete nor any other receipt to recover his health. With this case I was moved to such a compassion and sorowe, that not onely I wished myself evill, but also I desired to

die ; seeing my ambition and vaine-glorie to have been the cause that this poore man was not succoured with the remedy and gifte that God the Father and Lorde of us all had given me. Wherefore so greate was the remorse of conscience in me, that desyring to sequestrate myselfe from the worlde, and not findyng myself of suche a disposition of minde that I could live in a monasterie among religious menne, better edified than I, I was at the laste fully resolved with myselfe to choose a place separate from any tounne, where I have a little land, some bookes, and a studie, for to avoid idlenes.

But yet not havynge the power to put out of my fantasie, but that I was a very homicide and murtherer for refusing to give the Physicion the receipt and remedie for the healing of this poore man. I have determined to publish and communicate to the worlde all that I have, beyng assured that fewe other menne have so many as I, and minding to set forth none, but suche as bee most trooe and proved. I have these daies paste (taken partly out of my Bookes, and partlie out of my memory, all those that came to hand) made a collection of such as I am certaine bee veritable, true, and experimented, not caring if some of them be written or printed in any other bookes than this. For of this my collection the reader, as touching those, maie at the least take this utilitee and profite, that whereas before he mought have doubted, whether suche remedies sette forth by another manne, were true or not, he shall bee now assured under the affirmaunce of my faith. For truly I would not sette myselfe (being in the age and disposition bothe of bodie and mynde that I am nowe in) to write fables or lies that shoulde

continue alwaies. But of one poynt I will advertise the reader and that is that he dooe the thynges with good diligence and that in medecines concerning manne's bodie he use the ayde and helpe of physicions, assuring himselfe that (as I have sayd) there is nothing in this boke but is true and experimented. And giving alwayes glorye and praise to God onely for all, have a good hope that by meane of His divine grace I will consequently make you a present of the rest of all that I have gotten in so many travailes, voyages, costes and diligente studye.—FAREWELL."

F. CHERRY.

DICKENS AND DOTHEBOYS' HALL.

In connection with the recent newspaper statements to the effect that Dickens's scathing exposure of certain Yorkshire schools, under the generic title of Dotheboy's Hall, was a gross misrepresentation, we reproduce the following advertisement—kindly forwarded by Mr. H. Halliday Sparling—which is said to have caused Dickens to make inquiries into the subject. The announcement appeared in the *Star in the East*, published at Wisbech, Cambs., October, 1, 1836.

"EDUCATION,

BY MR. SHAW, AND ABLE ASSISTANTS,

At Bowes Academy,

NEAR GRETA BRIDGE, YORKSHIRE.

YOUTH are carefully instructed in the English, Latin and Greek Languages ; Writing, common and decimal Arithmetic ; Book-keeping, Men-

uration, Surveying, Geometry, Geography, and Navigation, with the most useful branches of the Mathematics; and are provided with Board, Clothes, and every necessary, at

TWENTY GUINEAS PER ANNUM EACH.

N.B.—The French Language Two Guineas per Annum extra.

Further particulars may be known on application to Mr. Stewart, 68 Cheapside; Mr. Hampson, 52 Long Lane, Smithfield; [and several others].

Mr. J. Metcalfe, Agent, 38 Great Marylebone St., will give the most respectable references to the Parents of others at the above Seminary, as well as those who have completed their Education with Mr. Shaw.

Each boy is requested to bring two suits of clothes, six shirts, six pairs of stockings, two night-caps, two pocket-handkerchiefs, two pair of shoes, two hats, or one hat and cap.

Mr. Shaw attends at the George and Blue Boar, High Holborn, the three first weeks in the months of January and July, from twelve to two o'clock, daily."

"OLD FITZ" AND HIS FRIENDS.

'Letters and Literary Remains of Edward FitzGerald.' Edited by William Aldis Wright. Three vols. (Macmillan & Co. 1889.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF TENNYSON, THACKERAY, AND CARLYLE.

Old Fitz, who from your suburb grange,
Where once I tarried for a while,
Glance at the wheeling orb of change,
And greet it with a kindly smile;
Whom yet I see as there you sit
Beneath your sheltering garden-tree,
And watch your doves about you flit,
And plant on shoulder, hand and knee,

Or on your head their rosy feet,
As if they knew your diet spares
Whatever moved in that full shee
Let down to Peter at his prayers;
Who live on milk and meal and grass;
..... but none can say
That Lenten fare makes Lenten thought,
Who reads your golden Eastern lay,
Than which I know no version done
In English more divinely well.

These lines of Tennyson (which were prefixed to his "Tiresias" volume) embody all that has hitherto been known to the world at large about Edward FitzGerald. He was the friend of Tennyson and other literary celebrities of the time, and he was the author of a translation "done divinely well," of the Persian poet Omar Khayyám. FitzGerald entrusted his letters and literary remains to Mr. Aldis Wright; and the three volumes which Mr. Wright has made out of them are now before us. They enlarge our knowledge of FitzGerald in the two aspects of him mentioned above, and they show him in the fresh light of a most charming letter-writer.

FitzGerald's letters are deeply interesting, in the first place, for the friends of whom they give us glimpses, and more particularly of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Carlyle. The Poet-Laureate on hearing of FitzGerald's death wrote to the late Sir Frederick Pollock: "I had no truer friend: he was one of the kindest of men, and I have never known one of so fine and delicate a wit." FitzGerald's letters in their turn show the warmest admiration both for Tennyson's genius and for his character, and the following extracts will give some idea of the terms on which they lived:—

Alfred Tennyson stayed with me at Ambleside. I will say no more than that the more I have seen of him the more cause I have to think him great. His little humours and grumpinesses were so droll that I was always laughing.

We have had Alfred Tennyson here; very

droll and very wayward: and much sitting up of nights till two and three in the morning with pipes in our mouths; at which good hour we would get Alfred to give us some of his magic music, which he does between growling and smoking; and so to bed.

But highly as FitzGerald appreciated Tennyson as a poet, he seems to have been even more impressed with his friend's conversational powers. "Tennyson never writes Letters or Journals," FitzGerald wrote to Archbishop Trench, "but I hope People will be found to remember some of the things he has said." Again, ten years later he wrote to Mr. Aldis Wright: "I hope that others have remembered and made note of A. T.'s sayings—which hit the nail on the head. Had I continued to be with him, I would have risked being called Bozzy by the thankless World, and have often looked in vain for a Note Book I had made of such things."

Of these fine sayings very few unfortunately are preserved by FitzGerald. The rule of shrinking modesty which he made for himself he respected also in the case of his friends, and he expressly says that he destroyed all his letters from Carlyle, Tennyson, and Thackeray, "because I would not leave anything of private personal history behind me." There is, however, one saying of Tennyson which FitzGerald repeated:—

I dare say I may have told you (he writes, apropos of Raphael's Sistine Madonna at Dresden) what Tennyson said of the Sistine Child, which he then knew only by engraving. He first thought the expression of his face (as also the Attitude) almost too solemn, even for the Christ within. But some time after, when A. T. was married and had a son, he told me that Raffaele was all right, that no man's face was so solemn as a Child's, full of wonder. He said one morning that he watched his Babe "worshipping the Sunbeam on the Bedpost and Curtain."

Thackeray's friendship with FitzGerald was even warmer than Tennyson's. Not long before Thackeray

died his daughter asked him which of his old friends he had loved most. "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure," he replied, "and Brookfield." In 1852, also, when Thackeray sailed for America he wrote a letter of farewell to his "dearest old friend," full, as FitzGerald said, of "noble kindness," and asking him if anything should happen to act as literary executor. FitzGerald on his side loved Thackeray deeply, and his letters abound in pleasant glimpses of the great novelist. Here is one of them:—

In the meanwhile old Thackeray laughs at this ["this," by the way, was the anger of certain log rollers of the day]; and goes on in his own way, writing hard for half-a-dozen Reviews and Newspapers all the morning; dining, drinking, and talking of a night; managing to preserve a fresh colour and perpetual flow of spirits under a wear-and-tear of thinking and feeding that would have knocked up any other man I know two years ago, at least.

The beauty of his Omar is all, or nearly all, his own—how much his own every fresh translation suggests, and Mr. Wright also shows in his notes. All his own, too, is the fine criticism which gives so delicate an aroma to his letters. Indeed, we know of no recent book which can be so confidently recommended to every judicious and genuine lover of literature.

MR. W. H.

Who was Mr. W. H.? Shakspeare's Mr. W. H., "the Only Begetter of these insuing Sonnets?" It is mere flippancy to answer that he was the Man in the Iron Mask, and the author of Junius's Letters. Dates do not permit this hasty solution, and no serious student will propose it for consideration. Mr. Oscar Wilde, a serious student, has another theory of Mr. W. H. True, he is too sagacious to bring it out, as others use, in

a big volume, or even in an earnest hypothesis. He places it before the world and the readers of *Blackwood's Magazine* in a kind of apologue. To put it briefly, Mr. Wilde knew a Mr. Erskine, who knew a Mr. Cyril Graham. This gentleman was one of the pretty undergraduates who used to act girls' parts in College plays. This class of young man is not universally "respected in the parish," though perhaps R. I. P. may be his most fitting epitaph. Ladies act ladies' parts now, at Oxford and Cambridge; a valuable reform. However, Mr. Graham (in the apologue) had a theory that Mr. W. H. had been in Shakspeare's company, and the chief actor of female parts. To support this idea, and to beguile his friend Mr. Erskine (in the apologue), he had a portrait of Mr. W. H. or "Willie Hughes" painted in the style of Clouet. Mr. Erskine discovered this fraud. Mr. Cyril Graham, like Werther, "blew his silly brains out," and Mr. Erskine afterwards was so deficient in originality as to do much the same thing. Mr. Wilde, (in the story only, of course) now possesses the forged portrait of Mr. Willie Hughes, or Hews, and advocates the theory. This is the setting of the ingenious hypothesis itself, which may be agreeable to the House of Pembroke. For Mr. W. H., after all, is rather an enigmatic than a respectable figure, and no worthy forbear of the poet George Herbert. This at least was probably the opinion of Hallam and Halliwell-Philipp. The truth is that people only guess at William Herbert Earl of Pembroke as the Mr. W. H. of the sonnets, and Mr. Oscar Wilde's guess is perhaps quite as plausible.

We now come to the new or revived doctrine of Mr. William Hughes, or Hews. He must have been, as Mr. Wilde makes Mr. Cyril

Graham say, "a really vital factor in the development of Shakspeare's dramatic art," which could not be said about Lord Pembroke or Lord Southampton. Again, Mr. W. H. was *not* a person of high rank, as is argued from the twenty-fifth Sonnet. Shakspeare contrasts his own position with that of "Great Princes' favourites," and hence it is inferred that Mr. W. H. was *not* a "great prince," as Pembroke might have been styled. Shakspeare says that he is *not* like "a marygold in the sun's eye," whereas Pembroke would have been quite a sun to a poor player like Shakspeare. Mr. Wilde, or his Mr. Graham, then speaks of the sonnets as having been written before 1598, when Meres talks of the "sugar'd sonnets among his private friends." No doubt there is "too much sugar" in the sonnets, but are we certain that they were *all* written before 1598? The hypothesis is that Mr. W. H. was an actor for whom Shakspeare wrote the parts of "Viola and Imogen, Juliet and Rosalind, Portia and Desdemona, and Cleopatra herself." Were all these parts written before 1598? At all events, as the punning sonnets with their italicised *Will* demonstrate, Mr. W. H.'s name was William. We prefer not to call him "Willie." Bill is one kind of William, Will is another, Willie is a third, and Bill is the best fellow of the three. Why is he supposed to have been an actor? "Thou pourest into my verse thine own sweet argument," Shakspeare says; and this would fit an actor who repeated the parts he had written. Again, in the sonnet to the rival, Chapman, or Marlowe, or whoever he was, Shakspeare says

But when your countenance filled up his line,
Then lacked I matter that enfeebled mine.

This would describe a player in Shakspeare's company who had de-

serted to another troop. A similar argument from the seventy-ninth sonnet is of no avail; it merely means that another poet is rhyming to Mr. W. H., or this is all that it need mean. Indeed, the seventy-eighth sonnet says as much:

So oft have I invoked thee for my Muse,
though, "and found such fair assistance
in my verse," looks rather more in favor of Mr. Wilde. In this piece, by the way, "every alien pen has got my *use*," is quoted as if "use" were a pun for "Hughes." But, if the *Will* of the admitted pun is italicised in the first edition, might we not expect the "*use*" to be italicised also? like the *Hews* of the twentieth sonnet, which did not escape the notice of Malone. Two other sonnets are invoked: the fifty-third, and the sixty-seventh: "Millions of strange shadows on you tend," is compared with the "best in this kind are but shadows." The whole passage is, not exactly unintelligible, but is obscure, if not addressed to an actor who "plays many parts." Yet, "You in every blessed shape we know," is a mere amatory hyperbole. Then why is Mr. W. H. adjured to marry, and requested to become a father as early as he conveniently can? It is a marriage with the Muse that is meant—a begetting of sonnets—

I'll grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
Shakspeare says, when the lad went off to another company, and in the earlier sonnets he is only requesting him to go on the stage and "create" parts, to people the imaginary world of the stage. Finally, the rival dramatist of the eightieth sonnet is not Chapman, but Marlowe, who wanted Mr. Hughes to act in his "Edward II." But there is no trace of a real Hughes? There was a William Hughes, a musician in Lord Essex's family, and an actress, a Margaret Hughes, whom Prince Rupert was in

love with. Let some one look for the baptismal registers of all the Jacobean Hugheses. Perhaps Mr. W. H. was the son of the musician and the father, or uncle, of the actress. And he may have been one of the English company in Germany, and Shakspeare's death mask may have been taken to him there. By the way, how the death mask reached Germany in 1615, as Mr. Wilde says, when Shakspeare did not die till 1616, is one of the mysteries of this perplexing affair. Indeed dates are not the strong point of the argument.

If any one believes after all this in Mr. Willie Hughes he is not so wildly credulous as Mr. Ignatius Donnelly and the other Baconians. Dozens of learned theories are held on evidence quite as weak, and not nearly so entertaining. It is by no means impossible that Mr. Wilde may convert some learned German, who will bolster his story out into a big book, and pilgrims from America may soon be hunting for Mr. W. H. in all the parish registers of England. Certainly we know not who Mr. W. H. was; the fame promised by "our ever living poet" does not even clothe the shadow of a name; it is an immortality of initials. Probably Mr. W. H. is quite as celebrated as he deserved to be, and we can admire the poems as much as they merit without inquiring too curiously about their "only begetter."

—*—*—*— 'FIFTY YEARS ON THE TRAIL.'

Mr. John Young Nelson is the Gil Blas of the Prairie, the Barry Lyndon of the West; and if he is not the most exemplary of mortals, his adventures are among the strangest and the most amusing in the world. They may be read in a little work styled 'Fifty Years on the Trail' and they should be read, not only by people who want

diversion, but by students of history and of human nature. Mr. Bret Harte has been the poet of the Western border, of the plains, the mines, the Rocky Mountains, the Red Men, and the homicidal adventurers. But Mr. Bret Harte has probably never shot a man for nothing, nor cheated at euchre, nor scalped so much as a Sioux. He is only the observer, the recorder, while Mr. John Young Nelson has been an actor in the border drama, has taken many squaws to his wigwam, and hung many a scalp from his belt. He has been a Mormon, a professional gambler, a guide, a trapper, a cabin boy, a warrior, and is an initiated Sioux. His morality, as he frankly admits, does not bear inspection, but then his experiences are quite enchanting. This modern picaroon, this privateer of the prairie, was born in 1826 at Charleston, in Virginia. He was born with a little of the poet in him, with a great deal of the gipsy, and with all the native delight in danger which may come from Norse blood. For Nelson is "Njal's son;" our hero bears the same family name as Skarphedin in the Saga, and as the great English sailor who "never saw fear." In reading his memoirs, which he reluctantly narrated to Mr. Hanington O'Reilly, Mr. Nelson constantly reminds us of his probable ancestors. He has the Scandinavian love of roaming, on the endless sea of the prairie, he has the delight in danger and in war; he has the cool, contemptuous humor of the indomitable North. His book is really the Saga of the plains; a page in the history of the conquest of the West.

Mr. Nelson had a stormy youth. His father had bidden him "never fight a nigger"; but if he fought, he must never be defeated. At the age of six he engaged a young negro, was being beaten, and was at the same time

corrected by his parent. So he nearly cut the negro to pieces with a bit of old iron, and was all the more diligently whacked by his parent. His early record was one of mischief and discipline. He ran away, was caught, tethered to his father's saddle, and beaten all along the homeward route. So he ran off again, became a cabin boy, and then a waiter on board a steamer. Then, at the age of fourteen, he was a farm servant, and, like Amyas Leigh, knocked a schoolmaster down with a slate for bullying a girl. This exploit caused a new flight; he joined a band of explorers on the plains, became a great rider and hunter, but was always haunted by love of a more lonely and uncivilized existence. The voice of the empty prairies called to him, the spirit of wandering possessed him, and he fled into the solitudes. Finding a camp of Indians (Sioux) he walked into a tent, and sat down, like a Homeric suppliant, by the hearth. Budge he would not, and the Indians were obliged to adopt him, as they did John Tanner some fifty years before. His account of Indian life is charming. The tribes were innocent, happy children, he says, before the white man brought them poisonous whisky and gunpowder. They were Communists in one sense, for their ambition and point of honor were to be poor, not rich. At the great Sun Feast men gave all their goods away, and on other occasions present-giving was the rule. They lived well on buffalo and other game; they were generous, honorable, but very free and easy with the Seventh Commandment. In brief, theirs was Scandinavian morality of the heroic age, the ethics of Odin. Nelson's account of an Indian wooing is both comic and touching. The brave, wrapped in his blanket, waits by the waterside till the fair comes to fill

her pitcher at sunset. Then he throws his blanket over her head and his, and in this privacy he proposes. This is repeated ten nights, and then the maiden says "Yes." The lover next sends horses to the lady's parents, and if these are accepted the affair is settled. When she reaches her new wigwam the bride is "like a small wild bird caught and held in the hand." She maintains an extraordinary reserve for about a month, and then emerges from her shyness and is full of fun. But the idyll always ended badly, and (as in John Tanner's case) all of Mr. Nelson's brides, except his present wedded wife, eloped with members of their own race. But Nelson behaved with the calm of the Persians in Herodotus, who declared that "to run away with women was the part of wicked men, and to be indifferent on the matter was the conduct of wise ones."

Among Nelson's adventures the most curious was his encounter with Brigham Young and the early Mormons whom he led across the plains, much suffering from their long sermons. With them he caught the first view of the Great Salt Lake, a romantic moment, for what they took to be a cloud was "the summit of a perpendicular mass of rock, rising from a gigantic lake that lay before us." In later days, Mr. Nelson allowed himself to be baptized into the Mormon Church, with as careless a heart as any convert of Thangbrand or Olaf the Saint. He despised the Mormons, laughed at their faith, and loathed their bloodthirsty "destroying angels," but he was one of those equable theologians who would turn Turk or Jew for a temporal paradise. He never made a fortune, though he once kept a drinking and gambling hell styled 'The Robber's Roost.' "The bank always won;" but, when he had sold the concern, he went back

and gambled away all his gains at the very partial roulette table where he had made them. In short, except for a generous heart, a plucky spirit, and a love of the Red Man and the wild wood, Mr. Nelson's moral character is devoid of prejudice, and his theology is not remarkable for scruple. His wives have been the chief thorns in his side, and one squaw, in an hour of family affliction, gave away every article of property that she possessed. Like a heroine of Miss Rossetti's she also "gave up beauty in her tender youth," cutting herself to ribbons with a knife. It is the Indian way of wearing mourning. Nelson's anecdotes of Border "Bersarks," ruffians mad with the lust of blood, are almost too dreadful to quote, and his artist has been too conscientious in illustrating horrors. But the book has all the air of truth, and illustrates most strikingly the revival of Scandinavian barbarism in the English character when the wild element gets a fair chance. The stories of Yankee corruption and cruel theft from the Indians are even more discreditable to human nature than the shootings and slayings.

EMERSON AT HOME IN CONCORD.

* Emerson in Concord: a Memoir written from the "Social Circle" in Concord, Massachusetts. By Edward Waldo Emerson.

* Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Seer: an Estimate of his Character and Genius, in Prose and Verse. By A. Bronson Alcott.

The "Social Circle" in Concord is a club that dates back to the days of the Revolution, having been founded in 1782. Emerson was elected a member in 1839, and five years later he described the institution to a friend in these terms:

"Much the best Society I have ever known is a Club in Concord, called the Social Circle, consist-

ing always of twenty-five of our citizens, doctor, lawyer, farmer, trader, miller, mechanic, &c., solidest of men, who yield the solidest of gossip. Harvard University is a wafer compared to the solid land which my friends represent. I do not like to be absent from home on Tuesday evenings in Winter" (p. 146.)

Emerson continued to be a member of this club until his death, which took place on April 27, 1882. A month earlier he was present at a meeting held to celebrate the hundredth year of its existence. This club has a book of biographies, in which it is the custom to preserve "as true a picture as may be of the life of each departed member." The memoir of his father, which Mr. Edward Waldo Emerson has prepared, was intended primarily for this book of biographies. He writes, he says, for his father's neighbors and near friends; but he wisely adds—"I include many who, perhaps, never saw him." These chronicles of "a citizen of the universe," as Dr. Holmes called Emerson, are valuable to a wider circle than that at Concord. Indeed, now that the existence of the book of biographies has been made known, the question arises, Are there not other records therein which, for their historical value, or because they relate to eminent persons, ought to see the light.

Mr. Edward Emerson is careful to explain that the publication of his book is in no way due to dissatisfaction with the biography prepared by Mr. James Elliot Cabot, which has been before the public about eighteen months. Mr. Cabot, he says, wrote the story "for the world." All the diaries, letters, and other papers that Emerson left were at his disposal; and, in the opinion of Mr. Edward Emerson, "he made good and true and loyal use of the trust." Undoubtedly Mr. Cabot's book is a valuable contribution to Emerson literature. It might have been fuller, perhaps, in

some directions; but it is well to remember that when Mr. Cabot was preparing it he had the fate of Mr. Froude before his eyes as a warning against over-candor. He erred, if at all, in the contrary direction. Perhaps he was rather too judicious. After all, even in biography, honesty is the best policy; and besides, in the case of Emerson, there really was nothing to conceal. Mr. Edward Emerson's memoir now supplies what was wanted. Some of the ground he traverses is familiar; but he is able to fill up various gaps here and there. Much more that he tells us had not been told before. His purpose is to reveal his father's personal and inner life as "the citizen and villager and householder, the friend and neighbor." He adds: "If I magnify, perhaps unduly, this aspect of my father, it is to show those whom his writings have helped or moved that his daily life was in accord with his teachings." He presents to the imagination the real Emerson as he was in the flesh. He shows that there was perfect harmony between Emerson's public precepts and the conduct of his private life. To some of us this does not come as a surprise. As much was expected; but it is good, nevertheless, to have the facts set forth. Some six years ago, in the *Westminster Review*, I ventured to apply to Emerson himself the words he had written about Michael Angelo: "In him all things recorded agree together. He lived one life, pursued one career. . . . Especially we venerate his moral fame." The estimate has been abundantly justified.

Almost simultaneously with Mr. Edward Emerson's book comes a reprint of Bronson Alcott's tribute to Emerson. This little work was first printed as long ago as 1865, as a birthday gift to Emerson. It was published in 1882, together with an

"Ode" by Mr. B. F. Sanborn. A publisher's note states that Alcott was anxious that this book should be given to the world, and some of his last literary work consisted in revising and correcting the proofs. The essay does justice to Emerson's genius and credit to Alcott's own discernment. It exhibits, too, the free and generous spirit of the writer, of all men the most guileless. It is one of the best appreciative criticisms of Emerson's genius and personal life that has been attempted. The praise is ungrudging but not indiscriminate. Alcott anticipated, in part at least, Mr. Matthew Arnold's classification of Emerson with Marcus Aurelius, and he saw other affinities which Mr. Arnold missed.

Next to the life-long friendship with Carlyle, the most interesting of Emerson's friendships is that with Alcott. It was a friendship of equal esteem and independence on both sides. Alcott, like Emerson, was self-centred. Each understood the other's character in its deeper aspects. Emerson never hesitated to express his admiration for his friend. He wrote to Margaret Fuller: "He has more of the God-like than any man I have ever seen, and his presence rebukes and threatens and raises." He sent him to Carlyle, after describing him as "a majestic soul with whom conversation is possible." "He is capable of truth, and gives me the same glad astonishment that he should exist which the world does." But Carlyle, with his duller sympathy, failed to understand the man. He saw only a visionary reformer "bent on saving the world by a return to acorns and the golden age," and probably reckoned him a fool.

"A genial, innocent, simple-hearted man of much natural intelligence and goodness, with an air of rusticity, veracity, and dignity withal, which in many ways appeals to one;" "a kind of venerable Don Quixote, whom nobody can even laugh

at without loving—

This was the best report that Carlyle could make, even to his friend Emerson; and no doubt, for Emerson's sake, he had done his utmost to admire Alcott. But neither his friendship for Emerson nor Alcott's own manifest sincerity and sweetness sufficed to save Alcott from personal insult about his "damned potato gospel." "As you do not seem to have seen in him his pure and noble intellect," answered Emerson quietly, "I fear that it lies under some new and denser clouds." Alcott's crotchets could not have been more to Emerson's liking than they were to Carlyle's; but Emerson was at least courteous to worse crotchet-mongers than Alcott, and was always open to listen and to learn even from them:

"When philosophers and reformers sought him constantly and sat as guests at his table, shuddering at flesh or stimulants, or products of slave-labor, or foreign luxuries, or even at roots because they grew downwards, he was so hospitable to every new thought or project that aimed to make life more spiritual, that he was willing to try what might lie in it; and when his guests were gone, he, on one or two occasions tried their experiment, even went to his study direct from his bedroom in the morning for several days, and there had bread and water brought to him instead of the comfortable family meal and the two cups of coffee to which he was accustomed; but his strong sense showed him at once that those very means undid what they aimed at, by making questions of eating and drinking of altogether too much importance, and also unfitting the body and mind for their best work—and temperance, not abstinence, became, as before, his custom without effort or further thought about so slight a matter which filled smaller men's horizon" (*Memoir*, p. 158).

In the case of Alcott he penetrated the sterling man behind the crotchets, and appreciated him accordingly. There is justice in the comparison which Alcott draws between Emerson and Carlyle in the essay before us:

"What higher praise can we bestow on anyone than to say of him that he harbours another's prejudices with a hospitality so cordial as to give him, for the time, the sympathy next best to—if, indeed, it be not edification in—charity

itself? For what disturbs and distracts mankind more than the unenvil manners that cleave man from man? Yet for his amendment letters, love, Christianity, were all given.

How different is he [Emerson] in temper and manners from Carlyle, with whom he is popularly associated! but who, for the most part, is the pelemic, the sophist, the scorner; whose books, opened anywhere, show him berating the wrong he sees, but seeing, shows never the means of removing. Ever the same melancholy advocacy of work to be done under the dread master; force of stroke, the right to rule and be ruled, ever the dismal burden. . . . He rides his Leviathan as fiercely as did his countryman Hobbes, and can be as truculent and abusive; the British Taurus and a mad one. . . . Silenced he will not be; talking terribly against all talking but his own; agreeing, disagreeing, all the same; he, the Jove, permitting none to mount Olympus, till the god deigns silence and invites." (pp.26-9)

With these two books, and the others which have come before, we are able to get an uncommonly clear and truthful conception of Emerson's character, and to see how it manifested itself in the public teacher and man of letters, but especially how it was presented in the more private relations of citizen and friend and in his domestic life as son, husband, and father.

Emerson was a dweller in Concord for forty-eight years—at first for a short time at the famous Old Manse, and afterwards in a house of his own. He held various public offices, the first which devolved upon him being that of Hog-reeve. "It was the ancient custom of the town to consider the newly married man eligible for this office"; and Emerson, as soon as his marriage with Miss Lydia Jackson qualified him, received the appointment. More congenial, doubtless, was his appointment as a member of the school-committee, which came later. He was constant in his attendance at the town-meetings, not often taking part in the discussions, but always an interested listener. In this institution, which he thought gave to "every individual his fair weight in the government without any disorder from numbers,"

he seemed to see "the safety and strength of New England." About the duties of the citizen he had decided opinions:

"Those who stay away from election think that one vote will do no good. 'Tis but one step more to think that one vote will do no harm. But if they should come to be interested in themselves, in their career, they would no more stay away from the election than from honesty or from affection" (*Memoirs*, p. 81).

Particularly he condemned the pairing-off of votes, as though all requirements were satisfied by this mutual cancelment—"as if your presence did not tell in more ways than your vote." "Suppose the three hundred at Thermopylae had paired off with three hundred Persians; would it have been all the same to Greece and to history?" He found, says his son, that "to do one's duty to the State strengthened the individual."

As to the special function of the scholar as citizen, Emerson's views were equally pronounced:

"The office of the scholar is to cheer, to raise, and to guide men by showing them facts amidst appearances. These being his functions, it becomes him to feel all confidence in himself and to defer never to the popular cry. He and he only knows the world. . . . Some ephemeral trade, or war, or man is cried up by half mankind and cried down by the other half as if all depended on this particular up or down. . . . Let him not quit his belief that a pop-gun is a pop-gun, though the ancient and honourable of the earth should affirm it to be the crack of doom" (*Memoirs*, p. 83).

A similar sentiment, it will be remembered, runs through Mr. Russell Lowell's discourse on 'The Independent in Politics.'

While thus giving heed to his duty as a citizen Emerson had a strong aversion to political agitation, and it was only under strong pressure that he ever shared in it. In connexion with the anti-slavery movement he thought he was called to this activity. He helped John Brown with money and sympathy for his work in Kansas, and when the war came he attended public meetings and ad-

dressed them and faced howling mobs. He held that the scholar was "bound to stand," not only "for all the virtues," but for "all the liberties"; and in the crisis it seemed to him that "the supreme public duty of all thinking men" was "to assert freedom." He did assert it strenuously. This slavery question, and his duty in respect to it, had long troubled him. In 1852 he wrote in his journal:

"I waked last night and bemoaned myself because I had not thrown myself into the deplorable question of slavery, which seems to want nothing so much as a few assured voices. But then, in hours of sanity I recover myself and say, God must govern His own world, and knows His way out of this pit without my desertion of my post, which has none to guard it but me. I have quite other slaves to free than those negroes, to wit, imprisoned spirits, imprisoned thoughts, far back in the brain of man—far retired in the heaven of invention, and which, important to the republic of man, have no watchman, or lover, or defender, but I" (*Memoir*, p. 78).

The passing of the "Fugitive Slave Act" weighed upon him heavily. He thought it was a law "which no man can obey or abet without loss of self-respect and forfeiture of the name of a gentleman." When he heard that his children had a composition to write at school on 'The Building of a House,' he said: "You must be sure to say that no house nowadays is perfect without having a nook where a fugitive slave can be safely hidden away." Later, he was fully drawn into the movement; and, for a time, the only thing worth striving for seemed to be the liberation of the slaves, and war presented itself to his mind, as well as the minds of many of his countrymen, as the only means to attain that end.

Some things there were for which nature had entirely incapacitated Emerson. He could never have been a great merchant. Mr. Edward Emerson is at some pains to discredit a popular superstition which he supposes to exist, that Emerson was a cute Yankee. In reality, it seems,

he was an uncommonly poor man of business. To him, multiplication was indeed vexation. His efforts with the American publishers' accounts on Carlyle's behalf must have been little short of martyrdom; as to his own dealings with his publishers, he never derived full benefit from his books until his son-in-law took these matters in hand for him. His "'cuteness" really consisted not in a mastery of figures, but in the possession of the seeing eye and the understanding heart, and in prudence. There is no evidence that he was more liable to be imposed on than other honest men. If his simplicity was great, assuredly he was not a simpleton in any direction.

For farming he was as incapable as he was for business, and his efforts in this direction would have been disastrous had not friends again come to his assistance. He was so clumsy with tools that his little son Waldo, seeing him with a spade, cried out, "Papa, I am afraid you will dig your leg." He had an orchard, and took sufficient pride in his pears and apples to send them for exhibition. Mr. Edward Emerson relates that

"one day, after this exhibition, a party of gentlemen visited his orchard who were introduced to him by his neighbour Mr. Bull, as a Committee of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. He smiled with modest pride at having his little orchard thus honoured; but the Hon. S—— D——, the chairman, said: Mr. Emerson, the committee have called to see the soil which produces such poor specimens of such fine varieties" (*Memoir*, p. 130).

Emerson, however, knew his limitations pretty well, and did not waste much time over impossibilities. "God has given me the seeing eye, but not the working hand," he said.

Persons who possessed talents which he lacked always commanded Emerson's admiration. He magnified the talent of the merchant, of the farmer, and of the man who was

handy with tools. One of several causes for his esteem for Thoreau was doubtless Thoreau's ingenuity and mechanical skill. In another direction, Thoreau did him service. Dr. Holmes says he "lent him a new set of organs of sense of wonderful delicacy," meaning thereby that he taught him to see natural objects with the eye of science as well as with that of poetry. Emerson himself credited Ellery Channing, another poet whom he had discovered, with also assisting him to observe;

"In walking with Ellery you shall always see what was never before shown to the eye of man. And yet for how many days has that pretty wilderness of White Pond received the sun and clouds into its transparencies, and woven each day new webs of birch and pine shooting into wilder angles and more fantastic crossings of these coarse threads, which, in the water, have such momentary elegance" (*Memoir*, p. 118).

Surely Emerson was as much entitled as Ellery Channing to say, "As for beauty, I need not look beyond an oar's length for my fill of it." Whatever may have been his scientific deficiencies, he had pre-eminently what he termed "musical eyes"—a swift perception of beauty, especially of beauty of form.

I speak of Ellery Channing as a poet "discovered" by Emerson. The amount of genius that appeared in the little village of Concord during the lifetime of Emerson must have struck many persons as remarkable. The circumstance is too remarkable to be a simple coincidence. Emerson was always on the look out for greatness in others, and, if any existed, was sure to detect it. More than one known writer who is associated with Concord would in all likelihood have remained a "mute inglorious Milton" had it not been for Emerson. He was so quick to discern genius, so ready to acknowledge it, and so eager to encourage it, that it had good chances of recognition in his neighborhood. Hawthorne's fame was, of

course, quite independent of his connexion with Concord. Hawthorne owed little to his personal acquaintance with Emerson, though much to Emerson's teachings, for unhappily these two men, though they dwelt so near to one another, hardly came in contact. But I doubt what the fate of Thoreau and Ellery Channing would have been if Emerson had not discovered them; and it is almost certain that the beauty of Alcott's character would not have been discerned had not Emerson with his clear penetration into the soul of things been there to find it. Emerson himself said—so Mr. Cabot reports—that it would be a pity if Alcott survived him, since he alone possessed the means of showing to the world what Alcott really was.

Emerson's habitual hopefulness and serenity are well indicated in the *Memoir*. They did not spring from insensibility to the "seamy side" of life, but from a persistent faith in goodness. It has been complained, says his son, that Emerson did not do justice to "the prevailing power of evil in the world. Fortunately he did not. It is not the message given to him." Strictly speaking, he did not believe that evil was a prevailing power. It was no case of not doing justice to it; for, looking deeper, he saw that what is called evil is not a positive thing, but, to use his significant phrase, is "good in the making." He was not the only or the first man to give currency to this truth; but few, if any in modern times, have laid the particular stress upon it that he did. This idea tempered his teaching and his action. He was a most persistent and determined discoverer of good in everything. "All through life he was cheerful by temperament and on principle." He "constantly rejoiced in the happiness of his lot."

Yet we know that the loss of friends, and sickness came to him, and that he was never rich in this world's goods—causes for grumbling and not for rejoicing with many people. To “shun the negative side” was his precept and his practice. “That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations.”

WALTER LEWIN.

“IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO.”

That a book on such a subject, should be issued as an “*Odd Volume*” is fit and proper. It may be that the famous literary club is almost unknown beyond its London habitat. If so, it will suffice to say that it is composed of twenty-one members who form “Ye Sette of Odd Volumes,” and has besides seventeen others, “*Supplemental Volumes*,” all being book-men learned in first editions, scarce pamphlets, and steeped in bibliomaniac lore generally. They meet once a month, and an invitation to dine with this extremely select gathering, is an honor prized by all of whatsoever rank in the republic of letters, who are fortunate enough to be bidden thereunto. Their rules are extremely quaint, set forth as they are in a sumptuously printed brochure; for all the transactions and miscellaneous papers of the club, its programmes, menus, catalogues and so on, are alike distinguished by special printing and decorated with drawings or designs—often by well-known artists, the whole being produced in a costly manner, after the fashion of by-gone days. It is a worthy tradition that each “*Odd Volume*” prepares a special book from his own pen, or collected reprints of his own research, and has it printed in a tiny quarto volume for a gift to

each of his fellow-members. These presentation volumes, limited as they usually are to the exact number required for the purpose (with a few extra for personal friends), are naturally scarce, and a complete set of those issued is a longed-for thing almost beyond hope of acquisition by any outside collectors.

Mr. Walter Hamilton, the well-known editor of ‘*Parodies*,’ (now approaching completion, in its sixth quarto volume), and author of *The Esthetic Movement*, and many another work, has chosen Tobacco for the subject of the tome he presented to his fellow-members of the *Odd Volumes*; but he has in addition to the 151 presentation copies, caused 350 to be printed for sale. As for the first time an “*Odd Volume*” is within the reach of the general public, its unique appearance will no doubt cause curious enquirers to hunt up the particulars of this pleasant coterie of those who ride kindred hobby-horses. Now, as in the papers of the club copious particulars of its foundation, its guests, its publications and its doings, are set forth, there will be no difficulty to any one who has access to one of their collections, in making known the mysteries of their club, and the well-known literary people who have shared their secret joys. If space permitted the subject would be a very delightful one to explore, for in the list of members and visitors, hardly a well-known name in literature or art is missing, and among the diverse ephemera of the various entertainments, there are many extremely interesting items from pen and pencil of the talented contributors.

The volume under notice is entitled, *A lyttel parcell of Poems and Parodies in praise of Tobacco, containing divers conceited Ballades, and pithie sayings, All newly collected and im-*

printed by Walter Hamilton. The title promises an olio of oddities and the contents fully bear it out. For praise and dispraise, rhyme and reason, doggerel and diatribe, pæans and parodies, all on the one topic, it offers in lavish abundance. From the earliest printed verses on smoking that occur in *Dyett's Dry Dinner* by H. Buttes, 1599, to *Mr. R. Le Gallienne's* graceful rondeau *With Pipe and Book* 1889, the three centuries have been laid under tribute for much bric-à-brac and pleasant lumber to be reprinted for our delectation. The editor laments that no poem in praise of the cigarette has come to light, but surely the million votaries of that insidious if not fatal weapon, are not all so guiltily conscious of the lapse from moral rectitude involved, in forsaking pipe and cigar for the ephermal paper tube, that they have no song to sing. Is it not rather that the cigarette is too obtrusively modern, to English folks, and that your poet has a fine scorn for every day realism? Some of the things here reprinted are curiously quaint. *An 'Epitaph on a young lady who desired that tobacco might be planted over her grave* sounds like an invention of some wild-western comic editor, yet these lines are evidently the work of a far older hand:—

Let no cold marble o'er my body rise—
But only earth above, and sunny skies.
Thus would I lowly lie in peaceful rest
Nursing the Herb Divine from out my breast.
Green let it grow above this clay of mine
Deriving strength from strength that I resign.
So in the days to come when I'm beyond
This fickle life, will come my lovers fond,
And gazing on the plant, their grief restrain
In whispering, "Lo! dear Anna blooms again!"

From the special studies of the Editor, during the last half-dozen years, it is not to be surprised that the parodies are a very strong collection—one after Swinburne. *This is a cause of every smoker's ire*, is a finely sustained burlesque, far more skilfully turned

than the not very happy over-word suggests. Mr. Brander-Matthews's charming *Ballade of Tobacco* is supported by two others of similar aim, but hardly equal result. Two or three of these examples included are in their native French—Baudelaire's *La Pipe*—and *J'ai du bon Tabac*, a 17th century lyric being especially noteworthy. The book is emphatically to be taken in doses—and whether to last out the tiniest *entr'acte* cigarette, or to be enjoyed while the biggest pipe bowl, or hugest of cigars, slowly rises in fitting clouds of incense, the little volume may be trusted to keep the desultory reader in a state of happy satisfaction meanwhile.

Even the uncanny folk who join the sainted King James, in their hatred of the Indian weed, may find some extremely unpleasant things said about it here, couched in language as strong as they could think it, and probably much stronger than they would shape into words. Thus biblio-, tobacco-, and anti-tobacco-maniacs, can all enjoy a feast of odds and ends, or rather to employ the the metaphor more nearly, a whiff of rare brands, and pleasant smokes, after the heavier banquet of facts, fancies and fiction, to which so many cooks lend their skilful aid.

The pleasure given by monographs, or anthologies, (for the book is at once either or both, and yet neither entirely) is two-fold, to the collector it represents years of pleasant sport in chasing the wily game through fresh coverts, and hunting out the bye-ways of bookselling where in two-penny boxes and "all this row at 6d." so many scarce if valueless books, are to be found. To turn over the pages of a book of this class, is to reap the fruit of years of patient harvesting; but the pleasure it yields the reader, is not more than that by which it has

already repaid the one who made it. Only few of us are premitted to realize the delight of the great unknown in the story, who reading his latest manuscript—suddenly thumped his fist on the table, and astonished his family with a shout of “By — that’s genius!!” Still let us be thankful, that if we possess the rarest of all the gifts of the gods to men, that we be ignorant of it, for were it the common habit, thus to annotate one’s own writing, with such appreciative and vociferous comment, the lot of those who share our daily life, would be hardly cheered and we should be perhaps (who knows) conceited regarding our own work—which is at present, as every fellow-scribbler knows, a perfectly unknown mood to all men of letters.

GLEESON WHITE.

A GENTLEMAN’S LIBRARY.

A collector who had some idea of the literature that should form a Gentleman’s Library, was the late Baron S. de la Roche Lacarelle. His books were but five hundred and forty; but what admirable books they are! Even the collection of M. Eugène Paillet is eclipsed by the treasures which were lately scattered in Paris. M. Porquet has published the catalogue; there is also an illustrated catalogue for those who can expend forty francs on such chromolithographic vanities as colored and gilded copies of rare bindings. M. Quentin Bauchart has written a preface to the moving catalogue: M. Quentin Bauchart from whose shelves several of the volumes come. It appears that the Baron de la Roche Lacarelle was of good Burgundian family. He was born in 1816, and was born a bibliophile. His first collection he sold when his eyesight appeared totally ruined in 1858. But his sight

was almost miraculously restored by Gröff, the Berlin oculist, and the Baron “fell to his old love again,” with a particular passion for bindings. He was a purchaser as artful as Snuffy Davy, and seemed, says his biographer, to “hypnotize” the booksellers. Science and Messrs. Myers and Gurney would have liked to see him try his hand at hypnotizing Mr. Quaritch. Loving a bit of morocco above all things, the Baron could not suffer any modern binder but Trautz-Bauzonnet. If he were to endure penalties in the world to come, his *Inferno*, he said, would be handling volumes bound by Lortic or Capé! About English binders he seems to have said nothing; indeed, “it may be, that only silence suiteth best.” Boyet was his favorite among the great of old; but to Duseuil, Le Gascon, Padeloup, he did not deny the shelter of his shelves. Naturally the books of the great old collectors kept tryst with each other in his cabinet. There the volumes of Mdme. de Maintenon met the gayer possessions of Mdme. de Pompadour. There was Longepierre’s own *Theocritus*, with the *Fleece of Gold* in all its glory. In fact, the great charm of the Baron’s library lies in the gathering together of illustrious books which we may regard as old friends, for they have belonged to owners famed in the history of letters. Here a book of Grolier’s (*‘Sallust’*) meets a volume of Diane de Poitiers; here *‘La Muse Chrétienne’* of that Christian King Henri III. is not far from the burlesque *‘Trial of a Melon,’* which had made Henri IV. extremely unwell one night. Here is More’s *‘Utopia’* in a binding done for Anne of Austria; here is the *‘Pretonius’* of the Comte d’Hoym, and the *‘Télémaque’* that was read by Longepierre, and the *‘Boileau’* of Mdme. de Chamillart, and Mdme. de Maintenon’s *‘Cantique des Cantiques,’* and the lit-

the book of devotion by Mdle. de la Vallière, and Mdme. de Pompadour's own copy of that masterpiece in a small and dirty way, the 'Contes' of La Fontaine, in the edition of the 'Fermiers-Généraux.' Here are "mosaic" bindings by all the "Maîtres Mosaïstes," so to speak, including a wonderful Villon of 1532, in orange, with mosaic of red and blue, by Trautz-Bauzonnet.

As little boys look into the pastry-cook's window, as poor women stare at the jewellers' gauds, and select the thing they would choose if they had only the money, let us flatten our noses against the windows of the Baron's catalogue, and make our vain selections of the books that never can be ours. Manuscripts and theology (except in novels, where it is delicious) the present amateur can cheerfully do without. I envy no man his Bibles, nor even Comte d'Hoym's copy of the Elzevir Psalter very much. (In blue morocco, by Boyet.) Only the red morocco with the arms of the lady "who married into the family where she had been governess," as Thackeray says, make one covet Mdme. de Maintenon's 'Cantique des Cantiques' (Paris, 1694). Of the many rare MSS., perhaps one prefers those by Jarry, about 1650, especially as one of them is said to have belonged to the Grande Mademoiselle. But a small folio in ancient red morocco, 'Heures de Notre Dame,' must be delectable. The miniatures are free from exclusive bigotry, and are not restricted to matters of our own faith. Here you find—impartially exquisite — 'The Sacrifice of Abraham and The Rape of Europa,' 'The Adoration of the Magi and The Rites of Bacchus.' The date is 1549, and the Athenian is given as well as the Christian calendar. Hence the pagan pictures of heroes which accompany the miniatures of saints. The sixteenth century had a

very practical artistic fashion of treating the development of religion. This manuscript, written for the Comte d'Urfé, French Ambassador to the Vatican, is from the library of the Duc de la Vallière. The 'Livre de Prières,' which Jarry, the copyist of the 'Guirlande de Julie,' wrote for a princess, probably la Grande Mademoiselle, is also a gem of a rare order. When Padeloup bound in mosaic a book of prayers written out by Jarry's rival, Rousselet, for Marie Leczinska, he too was unconsciously enriching the collection of the Baron. Among the theological books, perhaps the most curious, as a relic, is 'L'Idolâtrie Huguenote figurée au patron de la vieille payenne' (Lyon, 1608), in mosaic of white and citron with arabesques, and with the arms of Pope Paul V. The Baron also rejoiced in a copy of Bruno's 'Spaccio de la Bestia Trionfante,' a very notable book in days when it needed courage to be impious. This also is in a splendid mosaic by Padeloup, of black and red on citron, "doublé" with blue morocco. In classics, French and Latin, the Baron was not ill seen. He had d'Hoym's Elzevir Cicero 'De Officiis,' and all the right Montaignes, with miraculous early examples of Rabelais. Of his 'Utopia' (translated from More's in 1550), with the arms of Anne of Austria and Louis XIII., mention has been made already. A collection of engravings of the civil wars in France (1559-1573) is from the library of J. A. de Thou, with his "first arms." The rare old books on the chase and many admirable romances are in this library, and two copies of the right Elzevir Virgil—neither of them, alas!—attaining unto 130 millimètres. A truly tall copy of that Virgil is the Roc's egg of bibliomania, which the Djinn of the Lamp will bring to no magician. In very old French poets, from the 'Romance of the Rose' to Tahureau,

the Baron had much to make him glad; he possessed Sainte-Beuve's own copy of Tahureau and the Alain Chartier published by Galliot du Pré, and Trautz-Bauzonnet had clothed his early Villon. Apparently the Baron did not own a very rare book of early French verse, 'Les Œuvres et Meslanges Poétiques de Pierre le Loyer, Angevin' (Paris: Poupy, 1579). A lovely copy of this work is in the hands of a Parisian bookseller to-day, but he is intimately acquainted with the worth of its perfections. In an age when voices are lifted up against ballades and rondeaux, will there be a purchaser for an old assortment of these, wherein two ladies conduct a debate as to their respective sorrows in love? The binding is by Trautz-Bauzonnet; nor is it clear why he has scattered interlaced the Greek character *phi* among the ornaments. This, if one remembers correctly, was the device of the poet Philippe Desportes. The manuscript is of the fifteenth century; has it ever been reprinted? Apparently, only in a most imperfect modern edition. The various editions of Marot have passed through the hands of Padeloup, Duseuil (of whom Pope speaks) and Trautz-Bauzonnet; who also bound 'Les Marguerites de la Marguerite' and many of the old poets dear to a few, such as Pontus de Tyard and Olivier de Magny and Guillaume de la Teyssonière.—*St. James's Gazette*.

THE new edition of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table,' soon to appear, from the firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is to have an engraved title-page, and is expected to be an especially attractive book in printing, press-work, and binding,—in fact a *chef d'œuvre*. Such a book ought to prolong the life of the genial author as well as give pleasure to all literary people.

"AURORA LEIGH."

See you this jewel, flashing forth its fire
From many facets; shooting colored rays
Whose light the power of long- quenched
flame displays,
And to a royal casket might aspire?
Gems such as this, before they shine, require
The patient watchful toll of many days,
And each reluctantly its worth betrays
For anxious eyes to see and to admire.

So was this woman's love for long concealed;
She, with her keen clear sight, could understand
But half its power, till pain had well revealed
It to her, leading her with tender hand
To her own Romney, who the compact sealed
That bound those two with an unbreaking band.

FREDERICK J. PAPE.

A BOOK-HUNTER AT OXFORD.

Oxford offers a distinct contrast to London, so far as book-hunting is concerned. Its book-shops prove beyond a doubt that the old booksellers' rendezvous is no longer a cellar in which nearly every article is invested with dust. The latent conservatism of the true book-hunter is not at all inclined to regard favorably the change; and the systematically arranged books upon properly dusted shelves have not the attractions of the dark and obscure corners, with their dust and cobwebs, of a bygone period. As things were, there was some hope—nay, certainly—of turning up a "find," and if the book-hunter emerged from his grubblings with a face and hands as dirty as those of a chimney-sweep, he would, at all events, comfort himself with the reflection that soap and water would not terminate a "frost."

The antiquated type of the old bookseller is rapidly becoming an institution of the past, and there is no medium between the swell shop and the costermonger's barrow. In London the evolution is naturally accomplished by a slower process than at Oxford, where, only a few years ago,

the present writer on many occasions explored the cheap "boxes," which appear at the present moment to be altogether tabooed in the city of learning and of learned men. The late Mr. Thomas states that Leigh Hunt once declared in his presence that no one had ever found anything worth having in "sixpenny" boxes. But the quondam editor of *The Examiner* must have been a very lazy sort of a book-hunter, for it would occupy a small volume to enumerate the best-known treasures which have been fished out of the much-despised boxes. In such a circumscribed area as Oxford, however, the book-hunter is not at all likely to discover rare classics of any sort on the cheap shelves—which are an aristocratic form of box, perhaps. We, at all events, candidly admit to having experienced disappointment on more than one occasion in this respect; but as a sort of compensation the book-collectors Providence has guided us to some literary or eighteenth-century *ana*. That is the advantage of having several "specialities" in book-collecting. If, for example, a collector made a speciality of the late Mr. Wesley's "Hymns" (which is scarcely likely), or of Gladstoniana (which would ruin him in purse), or of the works of the late ingenious Mr. William Shakspeare, it is a dead certainty that he will find at every fresh stall or shop something worth carrying home. There is an air of solid, even heavy, respectability about the Oxford book-shops, which the collector of light literature will by no means relish. Indeed, almost the very first book we spotted, during a recent visit, was an array, in mighty folios, of the 'Opera' of St. Augustine. Referring to two of the most famous of all books, the good Father has asked, "Who would not enjoy these mysterious volumes

before all the kingdoms of the world?" It is, perhaps, a very sad admission to make, but so far as St. Augustine's works are concerned, we fear that the tendency of the age is not exactly in the direction of his portly tomes, which, as Erasmus said of Thomas Aquinas' 'Secunda Secundæ,' no man "can carry it about, much less get it into his head." Still, it is comforting to know that when all else fail we shall have the Fathers to fall back upon.

With one or two exceptions, the second-hand book-shops are in High Street, but, if our memory serves us correctly, the number has diminished by several of late years. The stock of each bookseller consists, to a great extent, of books used by students who, at the end of their college career, are often not averse to raising a little ready cash by disposing of their libraries. But school and college-books are not included among the prizes in the book-world, and the conspicuous autograph signature of a distinguished prize-man does not add to the commercial value of any book—not even if he becomes Chancellor of the University or England's Premier in after-life. Old theology and school-books form stock for which the term "dead" is scarcely strong enough; and those of our readers who would like to verify this statement should take a bundle in either section and try to sell it to any dealer in Oxford or London. We can promise them a very lively time of it, especially if they are of an argumentative turn of mind.

Here in one window, and cheek-by-jowl with the latest and most scholarly productions of the Clarendon Press, we notice abstruse lexicons frowning, as it were, upon the decidedly lighter and even more entertaining volume, in which the adventures of Tom and Jerry in London are veraci-

ously recorded. One of the novels of the lamented Mr. Michael Angelo Titmarsh—it is a “first” edition—recalls an almost forgotten fact that Mr. Arthur Pendennis was an Oxford man, and might have haunted this very shop, but we have an idea that Pen was not a bookworm. Some generous admirer, evidently with more money than taste, has arrayed that sorry prude, ‘Amelia,’ in a beautiful dress of tree-calf, and not far away, but in a modern *édition de luxe*, her esteemed brother, ‘Joseph Andrews,’ is patiently awaiting *avec ses confrères* from the pen of Henry Fielding, a buyer with a long purse. In only one shop in High Street did we notice any attempt at displaying a collection of the finely-illustrated novels and other works of a half-century or more ago. Nearly every second-hand bookseller in London makes a more or less pronounced speciality of this class of books, which has been going up in price for some years past, and exhibits every tendency of further advancement. So far as we could see, the Oxford booksellers have no “special line” of goods, save and except classics and school-books.

The nearest approach to a “sixpenny” box in the city was observed on the right-hand side of High Street. It is “slummed” in a narrow, stuffy passage. “All on this shelf sixpence” was a tempting intimation which no poor book-hunter was likely to pass unheeded. An inspection of the contents of the shelves, however, was not particularly satisfactory. It was not exactly the first opportunity we had of acquiring an odd volume of the *Tatler* or of the ‘Turkish Spy’ for sixpence; and even the ‘Death of Abel,’ and several volumes of exegetical theology, not to mention a quantity of seventeenth and eighteenth-century sermons failed to draw the six-

pences. The book-hunter, when out of London, often buys rubbish because, in the first place, there is nothing else to buy, and, in the second, for the sake of buying “something,” but we have never known his enthusiasm to run to sermons or ancient theology. The line must be drawn somewhere.

Thornton’s shop in Broad Street is a fine one, and contains almost an endless variety of “Books, Old and New,” as ran the sign of Etienne Dolet, and as was the device on the bookplate of Bibliophile Jacob—the late Paul Lacroix. But he who despises new books will have ample scope for the exercise of this faculty in the Broad Street shop. Indeed, the “old” books are principally old by virtue of being much used. A random quest among the sixpenny shelves revealed odd volumes of various works whose age may have made them sacred, although it does not appear to assist much in getting them “off.” Where, by the way, do all the odd volumes go? A certain French bookseller once dealt solely in this peculiar class of bibliopoliana, but we should imagine that his lot was not altogether a happy one. Still, the odd volumes must be *somewhere*, although it is a risky thing for a man to load his shelves with parts of sets in the confident hope that he will complete each one some day. It is possible to be too confiding.

As we have already indicated, the book-hunter who finds much sport at Oxford must be one whose tastes lie in the direction of new, or at all events modern, books. He will be able to buy some early Dickens, a few early Thackerays, a number of Cruikshanks, Leechs, and a few Rowlandsons. He can acquire a fine library of the classics in no time, and enough dictionaries to supply a small nation. But when it comes to what

the compilers of book-catalogues term "excessively rare" examples, to say nothing of the "only copy known," Oxford, as much perhaps from circumstances as from choice, is quite behind much less "bookish" centres. Still, a few hours hunting the shops of High Street and Broad Street form a pleasant phase of a visit to one of the most delightful spots in the world.

W. ROBERTS, AUTHOR OF
'THE EARLIER HISTORY OF BOOKSELL-
ING.'

BOOK BURNING.

The history of our country since the days of printing is exactly reflected in its burned literature, and so little has the public fire been any respecter of class or dignity, that no branch of intellectual activity has failed to contribute some author whose work or works has been consigned to the flames. Our greatest poets, philosophers, Bishops, lawyers, novelists, heads of colleges are all represented in my collection, forming indeed a motley but no insipid society, wherein the gravest questions of government and the deepest problems of speculation are handled with freedom, and men who were most divided in their lives meet at last in a common bond of harmony. Cowell, the friend of prerogative, finds himself here side by side with Milton, the republican, and Sacheverell, the High Churchman, in close company with Tyndale and Defoe. For nearly three hundred years the rude censorship of fire was applied to literature in England, beginning naturally in that fierce religious war we call the Reformation, which practically constitutes the history of England for some two centuries. The first grand occasion of book burning was in response to the Pope's

sentence against Martin Luther, when Wolsey went in state to St. Paul's, and many of Luther's publications were burned in the churchyard during a sermon against them by Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, (1521.) But the first printed work by an Englishman that was so treated was actually the Gospel. The story is too familiar to repeat, of the two occasions on which Tyndale's New Testament in English was burned before old St. Paul's; but in pausing to reflect that the book which met with this fiery fate, and whose author ultimately met with the same, is now sold in England by the million (for our received version is substantially Tyndale's), one can only stand aghast at the irony of the fearful contrast which so wildly separated the laborer from his triumph. But perhaps we can scarcely wonder that our ancestors, after centuries of mental blindness, should have tried to burn the light they were unable to bear, causing it thereby only to shine the brighter. It certainly spread with remarkable celerity, for in 1546 it became necessary to command all persons possessing them to deliver to the Bishop or Sheriff, to be openly burned, all works in English purporting to be written by Frith, Tyndale, Wickliff, Joye, Basil, Bale, Barnes, Coverdale, Turner, or Tracy. The extreme rarity and costliness of the works intended is the measure of the completeness with which this order was carried out; but not of its success for the ideas survived the books which contained them. A list of the books is given in Foxe (v, 566) and comprises 12 by Coverdale, 28 by Bale, 13 by Bas'l, (alias Bacon,) 10 by Frith, 9 by Tyndale, 7 by Joye, 6 by Turner, 3 by Barnes. Some of these may still be read, but more are non-existent. A complete account of them and their authors would almost amount to a history of the Reforma-

tion itself; and as they were burned indiscriminately, as heretical books, they have not the same interest that attaches to books specifically condemned as heretical or seditious. Such of them, however, as a book lover can light upon—and pay for—are of course, treasures of the highest order. —*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

SOME LESS-KNOWN
TENNYSONIAN.

The announcement that the manuscripts of some of Lord Tennyson's early poems were to be put up for sale at Sotheby's, aroused no little excitement among the collectors of his works. The keen competition which took place for these most desirable documents and the prices they fetched make one fear that the day when really interesting Tennysonianana could be obtained for reasonable sums is for ever gone.

One useful hint may however be taken by short-pursed collectors from the recent sale. They will note the interest which the sale of the manuscript of 'Maud' has awakened in the first issue of the beautiful portion of the poem commencing—

"Oh that 'twere possible after long grief and pain
To find the arms of my true love round me
again."

These lines and the stanzas following were first published in 1837, in the volume of poems called 'The Tribute,' and were beyond all doubt, the most inspired and most characteristic verses the Laureate had then produced. This volume may still be obtained by the wary for a few shillings, but one may safely prophecy a sharp rise.

Another kindred item of interest which deserves to be better known is Dr. Mann's 'Vindication of Maud.' This pamphlet was published in 1856, and won the Laureate's warmest ap-

proval. It should not on any account be missed when met with. The copy *pene me* came from the Ffytche sale, having been presented by the author to Lord Tennyson's relative, Theirs Ffytche.

The prices realized at this sale some four years ago seem hardly possible now. 'Poems by Two Brothers' was knocked down for two or three sovereigns, and many others were given away to booksellers. Midland collectors will long remember the golden opportunities for "finds" in the Nottingham and Lincoln shops which may never occur again. I have before me an old copy of Justinian's 'Institutes' which belonged to Tennyson's brother, Charles Turner with his book-label and the old Ffytche book-plate. This volume bears on the first page the inscription, "G. C. Tennyson Somersby in agro Lincolnensi 1812," and is copiously annotated throughout by the Laureate's father. This cannot be compared with the manuscripts just sold, but it is a book full of memories of the old Lincolnshire parsonage and is not to be despised.

Speaking of Charles Turner, one cannot but wonder why his poems receive such little attention from collectors. He is probably the best writer of the Sonnet this century has seen, and yet his 'Poems' (1830) is the only volume which commands at all a high price. Those who are early wise will buy his 'Sonnets' (1864), 'Small Tableaux' (1868), and 'Sonnets, Lyrics, &c.' (1873), while they may be still had for a trifle. And then there is Frederick Teunyson's volume of most graceful poems, 'Days and Hours' (1854); booksellers catalogue this as *scarce*, but it may still be had for 6s. or 7s. Will it be so for long?

One more hint. Every one knows the Parchment Library, but does every one know that Tennyson's 'In

Memoriam,' 'Poems,' and 'Princess' were once volumes of that Library! Messrs. Kegan Paul, & Co., who were Lord Tennyson's publishers in 1880, when the Library was first projected, brought out 'In Memoriam' as the first of the series, with *Le Rat's* etching of the Laureate for a frontispiece. Within the next four years Messrs. Macmillan purchased the copyright of these works, and the volumes had to be withdrawn from the Library. Consequently this charming edition is scarce, or at any rate it soon will be.

FREDERIC CATTLE.

SHAKSPERIAN RARITIES.

Acting upon the report of Mr. Samuel Timmins, the well-known Shaksperian scholar, and their own personal examination of the collection the Birmingham Free Library Committee have reported to the City Council that the Shaksperian rarities collected by the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps, and offered to the Corporation for £7,000, appear to be worth this sum. Sold separately, the committee are of opinion that they would be likely to realize even a larger amount; but it is to be hoped that they are in no danger of that separation and dispersal which Mr. Phillipps so earnestly deprecated. The catalogue comprises altogether 805 entries, but many include numerous examples, so that the objects illustrating the life and works of the great national poet, long the cynosure of neighboring eyes in the "quaint wigwam" on the South Downs, are really very large. Unfortunately, as all know, samples of Shakspeare's manuscripts are confined to the five signatures affixed to his will and other documents. Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps had lighted on nothing in this way; but

he had gathered into his cases and presses many curious documents that must have passed through the poet's hands besides the Clopton Cartulary dated from 1313 to 1615, and bearing the rare signatures of Sir Thomas Lucy, Thomas Greene (the poet's cousin), Walter Roche (his schoolmaster), Francis Collins (his attorney), and John A. Combe and Thomas Combe (his personal friends), as well as those of the Earls of Southampton and Essex. Not less curious are the ground plan of the College and the perambulation of the town of Stratford made towards the close of the sixteenth century, the unique impression of Viisscher's panoramic view of London from Whitehall to Rotherhithe, with views of the Globe and the other playhouses and circuses at Bankside. Two copies of a short Latin grammar, dated 1567-1568, by Lily, which form part of the collection, are stated to have been purchased by Mr. Phillipps for £120. The little book was unquestionably in use in the Stratford Grammar School in which the poet acquired his "small Latin and less Greek," and it can be shown that it was from this very primer and not from the classic text direct that Shakspeare quotes a certain line from Terence. The "case-book," of Dr. Hall, Shakspeare's son-in-law, is also a noteworthy object. It is described as a remarkable relic of a local physician's practice in the days of James I. But perhaps the most interesting item of all is the early proof of the Droeshout portrait, which, apart from the bust in Stratford Church, must with sorrow be confessed to be the only existing portrait of the poet whose claims to authenticity will bear strict examination. Even if Ben Jonson had not with marked emphasis certified to the skill with which the graver had "hit his face," this portrait would

have a great and enduring interest; but the unique Hollingbury early proof differs materially, both in form and expression, from the impressions as altered by an inferior hand, which form the frontispiece to the copies of the folios now extant.

THE MARRYATS.

In a recently published biography of Captain Marryat, his early days are passed over in a few perfunctory sentences. "Of his mother," says the author, "there is nothing to be supposed at all," and his family antecedents are dismissed far too curtly, for they undoubtedly exercised great influence upon the novelist's character.

Joseph Marryat, the father, resided for the latter years of his life at Wimbledon House, now the property of Sir Henry Peek; his brother was a

leading member of the Bar, and his wife—from whom no doubt Frederick inherited his impulsive nature—was a clever strong-minded woman. She especially devoted herself to horticulture—and the gardens at Wimbledon House under her direction became celebrated for their beauty. She was the patroness of Loudon, the gardener.

Frederick was a wild, headstrong boy, with a considerable talent for drawing. Some of his caricatures were published before his appearance in the world of literature.

Ample proof exists of the talent inherited by the family, when it is remembered that his eldest brother Joseph made his mark by his work on pottery; his brother Horace by his book on Sweden and Jutland; and his sister, Mrs. Palliser, by various works and by her great knowledge of lace and needlework.

LIBRARY NOTES.

MR. WILLIAM F. POOLE, has already gathered a nucleus for the great Newberry Library of about thirty thousand bound volumes and more than ten thousand pamphlets. The departments now best filled are those of bibliography, music and American local history. A correspondent of *The Boston Transcript* says that the collection includes the musical library of Count Pio Resse, of Florence, one of its treasures being the score of Jacopo Peri's 'Euridice,' the one performed in Florence in October, 1600.

THE eighteenth Report of the Free Public Libraries of Leicester, England, is full of interesting facts concerning the Central Library, the Branch Libraries, and the Reference Library of that town, and great care has evidently been taken in its compilation. The Report not merely

shows the work accomplished in all departments, and the number of books consulted during the year, but also gives the ages of the reader—the majority of them range between fourteen and twenty—and a 'Classification of Borrowers, Trades, &c.' At the Central Lending Library the number of volumes issued in 1888 was 126,931, against 110,538 in the previous year, an increase of 15,853. The total works issued at the Reference Library have been 18,331, against 15,552 last year—an increase of 2,779.

DURING the year ending on the 30th of April, 7,315 new volumes were added to the Mercantile Library and 3,273 old ones or duplicates sold or given away, making the total number on hand 223,544. Of Mrs. Ward's 'Robert Elsmere' 140 copies were bought; of

Mrs. Deland's 'John Ward,' 62; of Bryce's 'American Commonwealth,' 35; of Motley's 'Correspondence,' 26; and of Max O'Rell's 'Jonathan and his Continent,' 36. During the year 1883, 683 volumes were put in circulation. To give a notion of the promptness with which the Librarian meets a possible demand for a new book, the following figures will suffice. On

April 13, four publishing houses in New York and one in Boston each advertised a new book. The books were by five different authors. An order was given for 115 copies of them. They were received, catalogued, stamped, made ready for circulation, and before the Library closed on the day they were published, all but two of them were in the hands of subscribers.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

WE believe the following anecdote has not previously been published. It is too good to be lost, and recalls to mind Dr. Channing's remark that "One anecdote of a Man is worth a volume of Biography": at any rate it decides that if Thackeray was a cynic, his cynicism was sometimes on the right side. It was a fete night at Barry Cornwall's house, and a galaxy of charming Belles and Beauties were "tripping the light fantastic toe" very gaily, when Thackeray was invited to join in a Waltz;—he replied, "No thank you" and with a sympathetic and meaning glance at two demure little ladies in drab, who were sitting neglected in a corner,—*"I never dance except with Governesses."*

THE essence of Dumas's art consists in a conception of life without conscience, without dread of death, or of the dreams that may come when we have shuffled off this mortal coil. He was not a thinker. Of Hamlet Dumas could understand little or nothing. No hero of Dumas is ever sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought. He lives without thinking about life—or death; lives for the enjoyment and gladness of living and of loving; lives for ambition, fighting, wealth and pleasure, and is always gallantly ready to defend his honor with his sword. An unbounded self-indulgence shades off into the neutral-tinted superstition engendered by a corrupt church.

These heroes are young, handsome graceful, brave, are full of superficial chivalry, and of the external requirements of nobleness. They are generally animated, vivacious, gay, joyous and there is always pleasure in contemplating men who, ruled by any ideas, yet live are full of life. With his views of life it comes to pass that this *gaillard* Dumas deals much with the alliterative qualities of adventure, adultery, ambition, assassination, and above all, he revels in a duel—a duel fierce, determined, skillful, deadly. He is a true lover of the sword, specially of the picturesque rapier, combined with the fatal dagger. Dumas delights in the sumptuous hilt and in the white gleaming of the lovely blade of the knightly *arme blanche*. What a Gascon is to an ordinary Frenchman that is Dumas to all other romancers. He cares nothing for morality when it stands in opposition to valor, passion, success, splendor. His work is, perhaps, more subtly suited to his native land than it is to Germany or to England; but yet it delights all that love romance and care for the picturesque of chivalry and even of crime. It is enough for Dumas if his heroes be of noble birth, of reckless valor, young, and with the graces of camp and Court. His view of life is mainly showy and romantic; a view which, as an alternative from sterner and nobler concep-

tions, we can heartily enjoy. The vigor and agility of Dumas' virile and vivacious mind and temperament always worked in fullest sympathy with the characters that he depicted and with the manners and morals of the times which he portrayed. His young cavaliers had to be each a gallant to his lady, a warrior to his foe. Philip Sidney, when his contracted bride, Penelope, became Lady Rich, by a strong effort of moral rectitude, conquered an unlawful passion; but Dumas would not have sympathized with the heroic action, and would have regarded the peerless paladin with much surprise and with some contempt. — *The Gentleman's Magazine*.

As for me, the more I feel the difficulties of good writing, the more my boldness grows. It is this preserves me from the pedantry into which I should otherwise fall. I have plans for books the composition of which would occupy the rest of my life; and if there happen to me, sometimes, cruel moments, which well nigh make me weak with anger, (so great do I feel my weakness to be,) there are others also when I can scarce contain myself for joy; something from the depths within me, for which voluptuous is no word, overflows for me in sudden leaps. I feel transported,

almost inebriate, with my own thoughts, as if there came to me, at some window within, a puff of warm perfumes. I shall never go very far, and know how much I lack; but the task I undertake will surely be executed by another. I shall have put on the true road some one better endowed, better born, for the purpose, than myself. The determination to give to prose the rhythm of verse, leaving it still veritable prose; to write the story of common life as history or the epic gets written, (that is to say, without detriment to the natural truth of the subject), is perhaps impossible. I ask myself the question sometimes. Yet it is perhaps a considerable, an original thing to have tried. I shall have had my permanent value for my obstinacy. And who knows? One day I may find a good motif an air entirely within the compass of my voice; and at any rate I shall have passed my life not ignobly, often with delight. Yet still it is saddening to think how many great men arrive easily at the desired effect by means beyond the limits of conscious art. What could be worse built than many things in Rabelais, Cervantes, Molière, Hugo? But, then, what sudden thrusts of power! What power in a single word!—*Correspondence de Gustave Flaubert*.

MAGAZINE NOTES.

A RHYMING LETTER FROM COWPER. In the the *Quiver* for July there is a capital paper on 'Memorable Letters and their Writers,' from which we extract the following amusing epistle dashed off by Cowper to Newton, in a sunny hour, when the gentle-hearted poet held the demon of Dejection at bay:—"My very dear Friend,—I am going to send what, when you have read, you may scratch your head and

say "I suppose there's nobody knows whether what I have got be verse or not; by the tune and the time it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did ever you see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before?" I have writ "Charity" not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the reviewer should say, "To be sure, the gentleman's muse wears Methodist shoes," you may know by her pace,

and talk about grace, that she and her bard have little regard for the taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoydening (roistering!) play of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan to catch, if she can, the giddy and gay as they go that way, by a production on a new construction. She has baited her trap, in hopes to snap all that may come, with a sugar-plum.'

THE frontispiece of the August *Century* is a portrait of Alfred Tennyson from one of Mrs. Cameron's celebrated photographs; and in connection with this portrait the Rev. Dr. Van Dyke gives the results of his study of Tennyson's use of the Bible, under the title of 'The Bible in Tennyson.' Dr. Van Dyke incidentally discusses the relation of the English Bible to English literature. One of the most interesting of the old masters (Fra Angelico) is presented in this number in the Cole-Stillman series, engraved from the originals by Mr. Cole. Three full-page engravings are given from the works of the "angelical" painter.

THREE artists join in the principal contribution of *Harper's Magazine* for August—Austin Dobson, who writes a Prologue and Epilogue, and Edwin A. Abbey and Alfred Parsons, who evoke the spirit and intent of them in twelve drawings. The two poems belong to 'The Quiet Life,' which is said to be the title of a forthcoming book to be published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. With his pencil Alfred Parsons also makes of Wordsworth's sonnet 'How Sweet it is,' a poem beautified. If photography is to be ranked as an art, another artist writes for this Number—George H. Hepworth, who describes the experiences of an amateur photographer which are his own. Even if photog-

raphy is not now to be ranked as an art J. Wells Champney looks "with tempered enthusiasm into the future," when it may yet be acknowledged as "one of the finest of the graphic arts." Mr. Champney expresses this hope at the end of an essay on 'Fifty Years of Photography,' in which he reviews the remarkable evolution of the "art," from its beginnings under Daguerre up to the present period of its magical advances. That Madame Tussaud once had a rival in Westminster Abbey will be to many a surprise that will lead them to read John Lillie's interesting illustrated paper on the 'Westminster Effigies.' James Lane Allen writes on 'County Court Day in Kentucky,' and Louisa Parr upon 'The Fan.' Both articles are richly illustrated. Y. H. Addis tells of a discovery which she made in Mexico and William C. Prime explains its value to ceramic art. Mary E. Wilkins contributes a story, called, 'A Gentle Ghost,' and M. G. McClelland another, called 'Mollie.' Instalment of 'Jupiter Lights,' by Miss Woolson, and of 'A Little Journey in the World,' by Mr. Warner, complete the fiction. Richard E. Burton and Frances L. Mace contribute poems. Two of the most important contributions to this Number are Theodore Child's article on 'The Kremlin and Russian Art,' analyzing into its constituent elements Russian art as revealed in the architecture and treasures of the Kremlin; and Dean Lichtenberger's essay on 'The Religious Movement in Germany,' a thorough sifting of the factors in the religious revolution dating from the eighteenth century. Among other subjects treated in the Editorial Departments, President Harrison's reported rule of conduct engages the attention of George William Curtis, and recent literature bearing upon the social problem the attention of William Dean Howells.

AMERICAN NOTES.

THE London *Academy* for July 13 devotes nearly two pages to a eulogistic review of 'Dragons' Teeth,' a great novel from the Portuguese, translated by Miss Serrano and now published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MAURICE THOMPSON's volume of 'Songs of Fair Weather' was printed from type and is likely to become a rare book very soon.

THE next number of the "Riverside Paper Series" will be Miss Phelps's 'The Story of Avis.'

THE WORTHINGTON COMPANY have published a handsome new issue of the octavo edition of Bailey's 'Festus,' the plates of which they have recently purchased. The edition is handsomely printed on extra fine paper, and is illustrated with steel-engravings after designs by H. Billings, engraved by C. E. Wagstaff and J. Andrews. The cover is ornamented with an appropriate emblematic design.

ONE of the most important books of the approaching season will probably be the 'Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe.' The book contains numerous unpublished letters from Browning, Miss Martineau, Lady Byron, Archbishop Whately, Charles Kingsley, John Bright, James Russell Lowell, and John Ruskin. The volume is edited by her son, Mr. Charles E. Stowe.

HAWTHORNE's 'Mosses from an Old Manse' has appeared as an extra number in the "Riverside Paper Series," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The complete work is thus brought into the market at the low price of 50 cents.

MACMILLAN & Co. will publish this month, a revised edition of Bryce's 'American Commonwealth.' It is said that 10,000 copies of this work have been sold in the United States.

INGERSOLL LOCKWOOD, the literary editor of *The Bookmaker* and editor of *The Booklover*, author of 'Old Saws with New Teeth,' 'Legal Dont's' etc., has a new book in press entitled 'Travels and Adventures of Little Baron Trump and His Wonderful Dog Bulger.' It will be profusely illustrated by the eminent artist George Wharton Edwards. As the title indicates 'Little Baron Trump' is a juvenila. Lee & Shepard are the publishers. It will appear early in September.

THE firm of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., of Boston and New York, has been awarded a gold medal for the excellence of its display, at the Paris Exposition, of books by American authors.

MR. LODGE's volumes on Washington, recently published in the series of "American Statesmen" have been warmly praised by many critics, but perhaps the most valued approval is that from the Nestor of American historians, Hon. George Bancroft, who writes to the publishers as follows: "I like your new work on the unique man of the last century exceedingly. It is written independently as well as with a full sense of the unique greatness of Washington. You did your part nobly, and gained honor and a claim to gratitude by publishing so valuable a volume."

FREDERICK WARNE & Co. have just issued a "dollar" Shakspeare, printed from readable type on paper of good quality and neatly bound in cloth. William Foster, whose 'Follies, Foibles, and Fancies of Fish, Flesh, and Fowl' they have also just issued, has illustrated two of Edward Lear's songs, 'The Owl and the Pussy Cat' and 'The Duck and the Kangaroo,' which they will publish early in the fall.

ALMOST the only new English poet who has won a way into American magazines in the past two or three years is Mrs. Graham R. Tomson, a collection of whose verse is about to be issued by Longmans, Green & Co. Mrs. Tomson's book is called 'The Bird Bride, a volume of Ballads and Sonnets,' the title ballad is of interest to Americans in that it is an Eskimo legend.

WE are very glad to hear that the J. B. Lippincott Company have in preparation a supplementary volume to Allibone's 'Dictionary of English Literature,' bringing the work down to the end of the year 1888. It will include brief biographical notices of authors, and a full list of their published works. Authors who have published any works anonymously of which they are disposed to reveal the authorship are asked to give information to the editor.

'LITERARY LANDMARKS: A Guide to Good Reading for Young People, and Teachers' Assistant,' by Mary E. Burt, teacher of literature in the Cook County Normal School, Englewood, Ill., will soon be issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO. will soon publish Mr. George W. Child's 'Recollections,' parts of which have appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*.

MR. S. S. McCLURE's syndicate, which is now called the Associated Literary Press, makes some most attractive and astonishing announcements for the near future. It has already been related that Mrs. Burnett was to edit a youth's department, but it is now announced that Lord Tennyson will contribute a lyrical poem written expressly for it, that Lord Wolseley has consented to write on the subject of his campaigns, that Bret Harte will contribute a story of the plains, that Andrew Lang will write on reading for boys and girls, that Hubert Herkomer will tell how a portrait is painted, that Max Müller will write on subjects connected with his special field of knowledge, that Miss Helen Gladstone, Vice-Principal of Newnham College, will tell the history and aims of that seat of learning, that ex-Minister Phelps will discuss the law as a profession, that Edmund Gosse will write on subjects of literary interest, and that Mrs. Burnett herself will contribute a serial story to the department. A serial novel by Bret Harte, a serial novel of the time of Christ by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, and R. L. Stevenson's Letters from the South Seas will be the salient features of Mr. McClure's regular newspaper series. Mr. Gosse has taken charge of the literary part of the Press business in England.

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FOREIGN NOTES.

M. M. HACHETTE & Co. announce a magnificent illustrated edition of the 'Poetical Works of Boileau Despreaux.' Among the artists employed are Bida, Boulanger, F. Flameng, Gérôme, J. P. Laurens, and Madame Lemaire. The work will be issued in five different styles, in addition to which a unique copy will be printed on vellum at the price of \$800.

MR. H. S. SALT, the biographer of James Thomson, is now engaged in writing a Life of Thoreau.

JEANIE MORISON—the author of a noticeable poem, entitled 'The Purpose of the Ages'—has written an outline analysis of Mr. Browning's 'Sordello,' which will be published shortly by Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons.

DR. LUICK is to edit for the Early English Text Society a small volume of Miscellaneous Alliterative Poems, from Robert Thornton's Additional MS. in the British Museum and other sources.

MR. EMIL WERNER has undertaken to edit for the Chaucer Society the Early English version of Boccaccio's 'De Claris Mulieribus,' on which Chaucer founded (more or less) his 'Legend of Good Women,' though he had other sources for his poem, as Prof. Skeat points out in his excellent new edition of it for the Clarendon Press.

MR. W. DAVENPORT ADAMS has in the press a new volume of essays, entitled 'Rambles in Bookland.' Mr. Elliot Stock will publish the work shortly.

MR. JOHN S. FARMER, author of 'Americanisms — Old and New,' is now engaged upon a slang dictionary, which both by its comprehensiveness and by its historical treatment, is intended to supersede all previous undertakings. It is described as a dictionary of the heterodox speech of all classes of society, from the publication of Harman's 'Caveat; or, Warening for Common Cursetors,' (1566) down to the present time. It will include the jargon of sport; the cant, patter, and flash phrases of the criminal and disreputable classes; and also the unwritten colloquialisms of society; the arts, industries, and professions. The method of treatment will be historical, giving first the etymology, and then illustrative quotations in chronological order, together with synonyms and foreign equivalents. The whole will form three volumes, handsomely printed on foolscap quarto; and it will be issued, in a limited edition of 500 copies, to subscribers only, who should address themselves to Mr. Farmer, 6

Arthur Street, London Bridge, London, E. C.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co., of London, have just published a magnificent English-Persian Dictionary, which has been compiled by Mr. Arthur N. Wollaston, who is well known as an Oriental scholar. The volume contains nearly fifteen hundred large pages, printed in bold type. Each Persian synonym is followed by a phonetic equivalent in ordinary type, to give the correct pronunciation. So large a volume must necessarily contain a great deal of information, even though it simulates the style of an edition de luxe. All sorts of words are there, of course; and at the end there are some very useful tables descriptive of Persian money and numeration, together with the customary lists of name equivalents, and a comparative table of the Mohammedan and Christian eras.

MR. ANDREW LANG has collected or retold a number of fairy stories, which will be published early in the autumn season by Messrs. Longmans under the title of 'The Blue Fairy Book,' with numerous illustrations by Mr. H. J. Ford and Mr. G. P. Jacomb Hood.

MR. GEORGE REDWAY, of York Street, Covent Garden, will publish almost immediately a series of articles on 'Tennyson-Land,' by Mr. J. Cuming Walters. The articles deal specially with the Laureate's early days at Somersby and Louth, and trace the influence of his early surroundings in the poet's earlier work. Several hitherto unpublished facts relating to Tennyson's boyhood are placed upon record, and an account is given of the famous MS. of 'The Poems by Two Brothers.' The book is illustrated from original sketches and photographs, specially taken for the author, by Mr. Fred G. Kitton, the author

and artist of 'Dickens by Pen and Pencil,' &c.

THE letters of Sir Philip Sidney, the Bayard of the Elizabethan age, whom Spense termed 'that most heroic spirit, the glory of our days,' are being edited by an Oxford lady. Several unpublished documents, it is rumored will be included in the work.

CHARLOTTE BRONTE's novel, 'Jane Eyre,' has been brought out in a six-penny edition by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., and Messrs. Macmillan have also published a delightful pocket edition of the 'Poems of Charles Kingsley,' bound in blue cloth, at eighteen pence. Both of these valuable copyrights will shortly expire, and we are glad that the proprietors of them have had the sense to forestall the pirates.

MAISONNEUVE & Co., of Paris, have in the press a second and revised edition of Prof. Maspero's charming little volumes of 'Contes. Populaires

de l'Egypte Ancienne.' The new edition will contain a translation in full of the Lepsius papyrus, entitled 'Le Roi Khoufoui et les Magiciens,' and also translations of several fragments of a popular tale, entitled 'Le Roman d'Alexandre,' from a Theban-Coptic document of the Arab period, partly based upon, and partly reproducing almost verbatim, certain of the fragments attributed to Callisthenes. The Lepsius papyrus, of which we have heard so much yet known so little, is of considerable length, and contains four complete tales relating to feats of magic. These tales are recounted to King Khufu by his four sons, in order to amuse him in his hours of idleness. The device by which the stories are introduced, and the extravagant character of the incidents, indicate how the 'Thousand and One Nights' may have owed something of their origin to the literature of ancient Egypt.

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GENERAL NOTES.

'OUIDA' is "hard" on her brother novelists—even to the extent of writing about Mr. Rider Haggard's "pasteboard insanity." She declares that the English literature of to-day is "beyond all lacking in those artistic qualities, those qualities of style which constitute the special literary excellence of a literature and for which French literature is at all times conspicuous. Style seems by the English writer to be considered a thing with which he has nothing to do. In a nation which had consciousness of style the grotesque, unpolished and often barbarous diction of Carlyle and Dickens would never have been allowed to disfigure their talent, because before they would have addressed a lettered audience

they would have studied the art of letters. But it is not only defects of style which injure English literature; it is a want of knowledge of the world, a puritanism, a hypocrisy, a timidity which lie like lead upon it, and check its full development, and keep it in swaddling-clothes ill-fitting manhood.

AN anecdote of Dickens is related in *The Athenæum* which attests anew his great kindness of heart. An old servant, supposed to be faithful as he had been long in the novelist's service, robbed him of about \$350 to cover some betting losses, and Dickens, instead of letting him go to jail, or retaining him on a promise not to repeat the offence, retired him on a pension of about \$300 a year.

MR. CLARK RUSSELL has been commissioned by G. P. Putnam's Sons to write a Life of Lord Nelson.

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT has commenced the publication in *The Antiquary* of 'Bibliographical and Literary Notes on the Old English Drama,' a selection from jottings made by him from time to time on margins of a copy of the late Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's 'Dictionary of Old English Plays.'

LORD TOLLEMACHE, of Helmingham, has lent Dr. Furnivall his unique vellum MS. of the first prose englishing of the 'Dictes and Sayenges of the Philosophres.' It dates about fifty years before Caxton made and printed his translation, which is independent of that in the Helmingham MS. The comparison of the two versions is full of interest for the history of English prose; and, as the Early English Text Society has lately been giving special attention to this subject, it will print the two texts of the *Dictes* on parallel pages, and get some German or English edition to collect all the differences of words, syntax, and phrases in the two versions. Caxton is rather more diffuse than his foregoer; but the latter does not light up his text with a characteristic prologue, as our first printer so happily does.

A RECENT visit to Carlyle's birth-place at Ecclefechan found a sturdy old woman, a Mrs Gourlay, in charge of the house. She mentioned that some time ago she placed a tasteful ornament in the grate, which is an ordinary kitchen one but Mrs. Alexander Carlyle asked her to take it away, saying, "Uncle would not have liked anything of that kind." "It might also be mentioned," says the visitor "that when the present inconspicuous writer began to take some notes of his surroundings, Mrs. Gourlay looked at him sharply and suspic-

iously, and said, 'Ye're no Hall Caine, are ye? Dod, ye're awfu' like him.' The good lady, upon being assured that we were not anybody so distinguished as Hall Caine, explained that the novelist came here once, looked about him and wrote a depreciatory account of the place in some newspaper, which account was not only unkind, but contained many inaccuracies. Should Mr. Hall Caine ever go back to Ecclefechan we can assure him of a very warm reception—from Mrs. Gourlay at least. There is a set of Carlyle's works in the room, and before leaving we sat down in his study-chair before his writing table, and read the opening lines of 'Sartor Resartus.' Then after saying farewell to Mrs. Gourlay and receiving her parting 'injunction, no tae play ony o' yer Hall Caine tricks,' we went round to the burying place to visit Carlyle's grave."

ROBERT HAMERLING, the celebrated Austrian poet, died in July in his sixtieth year. He was born of poor parents at Kirchberg in 1830, his early struggles were severe, and probably laid the foundation for the ill-health to which he was a victim during the greater part of his life. After studying at the Vienna University he was made Professor at the Gymnasium of Trieste in 1855, which post he held for eleven years. In 1866 he retired to Gratz, where the liberality of a rich patron enabled him to devote himself to poetry. He had just composed his masterpiece, the poem 'Abasuerus in Rome,' which was the story of Nero, told with the glowing fancy of a southerner, united to the learning of a German poet. His description of the gradual satiety and disgust which seizes Nero, ending with a desire to recall the dead Agrippina, is particularly fine. The poem was read to some friends, and an Austrian lady of wealth who heard

it was moved to such enthusiasm that she gave the poet a fortune large enough to make him independent for life. His first volume was published in 1859, and 'Venus in Exile' (1863)

and 'Homunculus' are other noteworthy poems, the latter being an account of his life, and 'Aspasia' (1876) attracted much attention at the time.

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BOOK AUCTIONS.

THE library of the late Mr. Frederick Perkins, of Chipstead, Kent, which has just been sold by Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, was one of the few which possessed a collection of the original printed plays of Shakspeare published during the lifetime of the poet. The great private collections of the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Ellesmere, Lord Warwick, and Mr. Huth are well known. This of Mr. Perkins's probably came next in importance; and since the Shaksperian collection of George Daniel was dispersed at these room in 1864, there has not been any sale including so many of the quarto editions of the single plays. Those who have never seen these extremely interesting and now rare little books, which are at the same time curious as specimens of the printing and paper of the time, may be told that they are not much bigger than a man's hand, measuring about seven inches by five, and about three-eighths of an inch thick, very roughly printed on coarse ribbed paper, strong but not thick, the title-page having a woodcut device of some kind. These quartos, being so precious, have generally been cut at the edges of the leaves and gilt, and provided with crimson morocco bindings stamped with the arms or crest of the present possessor. All this is of course much to the regret of the old-book lover, who would prefer to see the book in its perfectly original state; but it is this careful binding that has preserved the fragile leaves. The copy of the first folio now sold

was a very good one, although it had the title-page and Ben Johnson's verses both mounted and was otherwise in fair condition. It is entitled 'Mr. William Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories and Tragedies, published according to the true original copies. London: Printed by Isaac and Jaggard and Ed. Blount, 1623.' It was bound in blue morocco and the leaves gilt. It sold for \$2075 to Mr. Quaritch. George Daniel's copy brought \$3580 and passed into the library of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, where it is preserved in a beautiful casket carved by Rogers out of a piece of the famous mulberry tree that grew on Shakspeare's grass plot at New Place. That copy has, we believe, the leaves mostly uncut, and is one of the "tallest" among the precious folios. The folio of 1632 was a second edition, printed by Tho. Cotes for Robert Allot, London. It had a worm-hole through half the leaves, but was also gilt edged, and in blue morocco, \$235. The third edition, 1664, has a different title with the additional words, "and unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio." This was a very large and perfectly sound copy, not mended in any way, but still bound in blue morocco with gilt leaves, \$500—Quaritch. The Fourth Edition, 1685, printed for Herringman, E. Brewster, and R. Bentley having the portrait by Burbage and two last leaves repaired, with two copies of the title page, differing, \$70. After some lots of various modern Editions were disposed of

came the Quartos. A Pleasant Conceited Comedy called *Love's Labor Lost*, newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakspeare, 1st Ed. 1598, the head-lines cut into and one page mended, \$350—Quaritch. The most excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo and Juliet*, 1599. The 2nd (or first complete) edition, head-lines cut into in places, and title mounted, \$820—Quaritch. Much Adoe About Nothing, first edition, 1600, \$375—Pearson. The Excellent History of the Merchant of Venice, with the extreme Cruelty of Shylocke the Jew towards the saide Merchant—the 1st edition according to some, but by others that of John Heyes preceded it, \$605—Bain. The second part of *Henrie the Fourth* . . . with Humours of Sir John Falstaffe, 1600, 1st ed., and Heber's copy in fine condition, morocco with gilt leaves, \$1125. A *Midsummer Night's Dreame*, 1600, the first edition according to Mr. Halliwell, the second according to others, \$305. The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of Denmark, newly imprinted and enlarged, without date, but 1607 assigned by Malone, doubtful if 4th or 5th edition, \$300. History of *Henry the Fourth*, with the Pattell of Shrewseburie and the numerous Conceites of Sir John Falstaffe, 1608, \$140. The Chronicle History of *Henry the Fifth*, with his battell fought at Agin-Court, &c., 3rd ed., \$495. Mr. William Shakspeare: his True Chronicle History of the Life and Death of King Lear and his Three Daughters, &c., &c., as plaid at Whitehall by his Majesties' Servants of the Globe on the Banckside," 2nd ed., 1608, \$250. 'The famous Historie of Troylus and Cresseid, excellently expressing the beginning of their Loves.' &c., &c., 1609, 1st ed., \$150. 'The late and Much Admired Play called Pericles, Prince of Tyre.' &c., &c., 1st ed. 1609, with autograph of Stevens, \$300.

The Most Lamentable Tragedy of *Titus Andronicus*, &c., &c., 2nd or 3rd ed., 1611, \$175. 'A most Excellent Conceited Comedy of Sir John Falstaffe and the Merry Wives of Windsor,' 2nd ed., 1619, \$210. 'The Tragedy of Othello, the Moore of Venice, acted at the Globe and at Black Friars,' 1st ed., 1622, \$650. The Tragedie of *King Richard the Third*, 6th ed., \$165. The True Tragedie of *Richard the Third*, wherein is showne the Death of Edward the Fourth, 1594—the only perfect copy known of the play Shakspeare is supposed to have used in his own play \$500. The spurious play, attributed to Shakspeare, 'The True and Honorable History of the Life of Sir John Old-castle, the good Lord Cobham,' 1600, \$135. Another spurious play, called 'The Merry Devill of Edmonton,' 1608, \$70. The second edition, but spurious, of *King John* 1611, \$75. The play of the Whole Life and Death of Thomas, Lord Cromwell, 1613, falsely attributed to Shakspeare, \$68.75. A Wittie and Pleasant Comedie called *The Taming of the Shrew*, 1631, 1st quarto edition, \$86.50. *Lucrece*, first edition, 1594, with the letter of Shakspeare dedicating it to Lord Southampton. Only three or four copies of this first edition are known. It had two small holes burnt through two leaves destroying a few letters, but otherwise a fine copy. Bound in red morocco, the leaves gilt, \$1000. This was the last of the Shakspeare collection. The whole library of 2,086 lots realised over \$40,000.

THE sale of manuscripts and books by Messrs. Christie, Mason, & Woods in London last month was extremely interesting on account of the rare manuscript Bible of the 15th century, the printed Bible of 1471, and several excellent manuscript books of Hours. Besides these, there were the autograph MS. of Pope, with his correc-

tions and additions in his own hand. A black-letter on vellum, 'Horse,' Venetiis N. Jenson, 1475, sold for \$210. *Æliani varia historia*, small 8vo, from the library of Marguerite de Valois, and is the original binding bearing her arms, bound by Clovis Eve Parisiis, in 1584, \$305; *Biblia Latina*, ex recog. Nic. de Lyra Romæ, Sweynheym, and Paunartz, 1471-2, \$500; *Biblia Sacra Latina*, MS. vellum, early XV. cent., with many miniatures, three thick 4to vols., in the old monastic binding, with brass bosses; in perfect state, \$825. After this came the Pope MSS., *Dunciad*, 1st ed., large paper with MS. corrections by Pope, Dublin, 1728, \$80. *Sappho to Phaon*, the autograph MS. folio, 1707, \$40. *Essay on Criticism*, MS. folio, 1709, \$102.50. *Windsor Forest*, MS. folio, 1709, \$80. *Essay on Man*, some in MS., some in type, with numerous corrections by Pope, \$160. *Ethic Epistles*, autograph MS., corrected by Pope, \$130. *Epistle to Lord Bathurst*, altered and corrected in MS., \$110. A large number of Oriental MSS. from General Nassau Lee's collection sold for very moderate prices, from a dollar to \$25 the highest. *Costumes du Fetes, des ballets mascarades du Theatre*, 1630, drawings by L. Berain, mostly in sepia, some in water-color, \$450. *Caricatures*, by Gillray. Rowlandson, and others. 800, in portfolios, \$260. *Meissonier (L. A.)* 116 designs for ornament. Paris. 1725-54, \$220. *Burton's Arabian Nights*, 1880, 15 vols., \$100.

THE late Mr. J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps's Library was sold at Sotheby's on the first four days of July. The collection consisted of a rough-looking lot, with just a nice book here and there. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing in connection with this sale was the prices realised for the entire remainders of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's Privately Printed Publications; of these only small numbers were printed for presents, in some cases only twenty copies, but surely an average of twenty-five cents a volume all round was very low. The following are the principal results of the 'Shakspereana':—The 1623 folio, sold with all faults, \$475. Bennett; the same fourth edition, 1685, \$150; 'Rape of Lucrece,' 1632, one of only two

copies known, \$375, another of the same, wanting frontispiece, \$110; 'Much Adoe About Nothing,' 1600, several leaves in facsimile, \$250; 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' 1619, with three leaves in facsimile, \$77.50; 'Pericles,' 1609, title reprinted, and wanting two leaves, \$150; Ashbee's reprints of Shakspere's Early Quarto Plays, 48 vols., half-morocco, uncut, of which only thirty-one copies were printed, \$275; Mr. Ouvry's set of these reprints sold for \$880; the copyright of 'Outlines on the Life of Shakspere,' by Halliwell-Phillipps, was purchased by Messrs. Longmans for \$250.

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THE BOOKMART,

VOL VII.

OCTOBER, 1889.

Whole No. 77.

A POET'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

'He dieth young whom the Gods love,' was said
By Greek Menander; nor alone by One
Who gave to Greece his English song and sword
Re-echoed is the saying, but likewise he
"Who uttered nothing base," and from whose
brow,

By right divine, the laurel lapsed to yours,—
Great sire, great successor,—in verse confirmed
The avowal of "the Morning-Star of Song,"
Happiest is he that dieth in his flower.*
Yet can it be that it is gain, not loss,
To quit the pageant of this life before
The heart hath learnt its meaning; leave half-
seen,

Half-seen, half-felt, and not yet understood,
The beauty and the bounty of the world;
The fertile waywardness of wanton Spring,
Summer's deep calm, the modulated joy
Of Autumn conscious of a task fulfilled,
And home-abiding Winter's pregnant sleep,
The secret of the seasons? Gain, to leave
The depths of love unfathomed, its heights un-
scaled,

* NOTE.

"Whom the Gods love die young was said of yore,
And many deaths do they escape by this:
The death of friends, and that which slays even
more,
The death of friendship, love, youth, all that is,
Except mere breath."—*Don Juan*, Canto, IV., s. 12.

"The good die first,
But they whose hearts are dry as summer dust
Burn to the socket."—*The Excursion*, Book I.

"And certainly a man hath most honour,
To dien in his excellence and flower."

—CHAUCER, *The Knight's Tale*.

Rapture and woe unreconciled, and pain
Unprized, unapprehended? This is loss,
Less and not gain, sheer forfeiture of good,
Is banishment from Eden, though its fruit
Remains untasted.

Interfered then the oracle, "He dies young
Whom the Gods love," for Song infallible
Hath so pronounced! Thus I interpret it:
The favorites of the Gods die young, for they,
They grow not old with grief and deadening time,
But still keep April's moisture in their heart,
May's music in their ears. Their voice revives,
Revives, rejuvenates, the wintry world,
Flushes the veins of gnarled and knotted age,
And crowns the majesty of life with leaves
As green as are the sapling's.

Thrice happy Poet! to have thus renewed
Your youth with wisdom,—who, though life still
seems

To your fresh gaze as frolic and as fair
As in the callow season when your heart
Was but the haunt and pairing-place and nest
Of nightingale and cuckoo, have enriched
Joy's inexperienced warblings with the note
Of mature music, and whose mellow mind,
Laden with life's sustaining lessons, still
Gleams bright with hope: even as I saw, to-day,
An April rainbow span the August corn.

Long may your green maturity maintain
Its universal season; and your voice,
A household sound, be heard about our hearths,
Now as a Christmas carol, now as the glee
Of vernal Maypole, now as harvest song.
And when, like light withdrawn from earth to
heaven,
Your glorious gloaming fades into the sky,
We, looking upward, shall behold you there,
Shining amid the young unaging stars.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

August 6th, 1889.

JOHN MILTON IN WEST-
MINSTER.

It was (writes Mr. T. C. Noble, to *The Westminster Magazine*) in one of those substantial brick-built houses which formerly stood in that historical part of old Westminster known as Petty France—now York Street—that there lived from the Christmas quarter of 1651, till the year of the Restoration, 1660, "The Prince of Poets," John Milton. It was "a pretty garden house, next door to the Lord Scudamore's and opening into St. James's Park," and had been in the occupation of a Mr. Robert Roane and his wife Martha, until our poet purchased for £60 the interest in the lease, and removed thither from his old official residence by Scotland Yard, Whitehall.

Petty France, in Milton's day, was very different to the York Street of our time. Our poet had for his neighbors on one side Mr. Gostocke, Colonel Medhopp, and Dr. Staynes, on the other side Mr. Thomas Herbert and Lord Scudamore, all which names occur in the Assessment Book for raising the Army and Navy Maintenance Tax in 1655. In the parish rate-book occurs this entry: "Mr. John Milton, 2s. 6d. and 4s.," the first being the assessment on his "Rent," and the second on his "Estate." It is my privilege to be the first (I believe) to note in print this interesting fact, and I think it but right to state that probably this fact would have remained buried among our records had it not been for the convenient and safe depository provided for them now at the Town Hall.

It was in this Petty France¹ house

¹ In 1643 the street was called "Pettie France," and exactly 200 years afterwards it is still known in the rate-books as "Petty France." In 1844 to 1847 it is called "Petty France, or York Street," and in 1848 "York Street" only. This is another fact now for the first time decisively recorded.

that our poet lived through all those trying days of his existence, so graphically pictured to us by the Rector in his most valuable and entertaining discourse (February 1888). In this house—in more modern times known as No. 19, York Street (adjoining if not actually upon a portion of the site where the Panorama building exhibiting a view of Niagara Falls has been erected), and which had been pulled down to the front door and its belongings by the month of May, 1882—John Milton resided, as I have said, from Christmas, 1651, until 1660. Here he did duty as Cromwell's secretary; here he became totally blind; here he married his second wife, and, alas for him! buried her within fifteen months after, and here he composed that inimitable verse—the grandest and most lasting monument to his memory—"Paradise Lost." Speaking of this poem, it may be of interest if I state that the original agreement, dated the 27th of April, 1667, for the sale of the copyright for \$25 (in which agreement are some curious stipulations) was presented to the British Museum in 1852 by Samuel Rogers, the banker poet, and is known as Add. MS. 18,861. The original receipt for the \$25 was sold in London twenty years ago for \$225, and purchased by an American, while another receipt, dated 1669, and one by his third wife Elizabeth, dated 1680, was sold in the well-known auction rooms of Messrs. Puttick and Simpson, in Leicester Square, at the Dawson Turner sale, in 1859, for \$465!

On November 12, 1874, the 200th anniversary of the burial in the chancel of Old St. Giles' Church, Cripple-gate, of "John Milton, gentleman," I published in *The Standard* newspaper the substance of a most interesting series of documents, relating to the poet's father, found under the usual

circumstances of such finds at the Public Record Office. The valuable MSS. (which a keener eye than the officials' saw the value of) were for the first time printed by me, but the subject was not perfectly completed until another discovery made by me some six years later,¹ and at a time too when Colonel Chester (Editor of the Westminster Abbey Registers) also discovered the genealogy of our poet's mother.

It was while John Milton was a resident in Petty France, and quite blind, that he married his second wife, Katherine the daughter of Captain Woodcock, of Hackney. In the parish register for 1656, the publication of the Banns is thus recorded:—

"John Milton of this parish, Esq., and Mrs. Katherin Wookecke of the parish of Aldermanbury, spinster, published October 22, 27, November, 3."

On the same days the Banns were published at St. Mary, Aldermanbury, and on the 12th of November (on the anniversary of which he was buried some eighteen years later) he was married before Alderman Dethicke, J. P., probably in the Guildhall, London.²

The issue of this marriage was a daughter. It is registered in our Books under the heading "Births: dayes of entrance," thus:—

"1657, Oct. 19. Katherin Milton, d. to John, Esq., by Katharin."

Some one in the "good old times" has added, "This is Milton, Oliver's Secretary." But our poet's happiness was short-timed, for both mother and child died shortly after, and both were buried in our church. The Burial entry reads:

1657, Feb. 10. Mrs. Katherin Milton.

1657, March 20. Mrs. Katherin Milton. C.

¹ See *Athenæum*, July 3, 1880, and 'Life of Milton,' by Prof. Masson, Second Edition, vol. i. (1881).

² Masson's 'Life of Milton,' First Edition, 1877, vol. 5, p. 282.

The C of the second entry means Child, and the date according to present Calendar is 1658.

I will quote another fact or two not generally known. John Milton the Scrivener, of Bread Street, Cheapside, died at the house of his illustrious son in Barbican,¹ in Cripplegate parish, March, 1646 (7), and was buried in St. Giles's Church. The Barbican House (No. 17 on the south side) existed until 1864, when it was sold by the Hayward family to the Underground Railway Company for \$16,250. The last actual tenant was a dyer by trade, named Heaven, and when he left the premises he had a board placed in front of the first floor window, upon which was inscribed the notice that "Heaven, removed by Metropolitan Railway," was to be found at a new address thereunder advertised. And it may interest Americans if I tell them that at Toledo, in Ohio, a window removed from this house was to be found, a year after that had been pulled down.

After John Milton left this parish, in 1660, he removed to Jewin Street, close to the Church of St. Giles, in which he was subsequently buried. In 1662 (3) he married his third wife. On the 11th of February, in that year, he took out a licence at the Faculty Office, which gave the power to "John Milton, gent., aged about 50 years, and a widower," and "Elizabeth Minshall, a mayden, aged about 25 years, and att her own disposing," to marry either at the Churches of St. George, Southwark, or St. Mary Aldermary; and the marriage accordingly took place in the latter church on the 24th of February following. This lady was of the Cheshire family

¹ I have among my Manuscript Collections the original conveyance of the old house (not Milton's house) called the "Barbican," which, in the reign of James the First, was the town house of the Spanish Ambassador.

of Minshall, but then a resident in the parish of St. Andrew, Holborn. There was no issue by this third wife, who survived her husband many years. Three daughters by the first wife survived the poet, but his only son by her died sometime between the months of May and October, 1652.

And this date reminds me that I have before me now as I write the diminutive newspaper for that year, called the *Mercurius Politicus*, the censorship of which was in the hands of Milton; its "editor" and owner being Marchmont Needham, the poet's neighbor in Petty France, and one of his best friends. Marchmont, the eldest son, was baptized on the 6th of May, 1652, and if only for a passing note, and to show how a name clings to a parish, I need only add that many in this parish to-day remember the late parish clerk and church servant for about fifty years, whose name was W. E. Needham.

MR. SPURGEON'S 'SALT CELLARS.'

'The Salt Cellars, being a collection of proverbs together with homely notes thereon, by C. H. Spurgeon,' is the title of a work just published by Messrs. Passmore & Alabaster, of London. The cover and the title-page bear further the legend that "these three things go to the making of a proverb: shortness, sense and salt." Mr. Spurgeon tells us in his preface that for many years he has published a sheet almanac intended to be hung up in workshops and kitchens, and known by the name of 'John Ploughman's Almanack.' The placing of a proverb for every day for twenty years naturally cost Mr. Spurgeon much labor; and he very properly says that he cannot afford to allow the large collection of sentences thus

brought together to die with the ephemeral sheets. He has therefore collected them into two volumes, which we think will be welcome wherever they go. Nor has he merely gathered the proverbs together, but he has added to each what he modestly describes as a homely note thereon. Sometimes the note on the proverb is a very good proverb in itself. For example, take the very first in the first volume. The proverb is "A bad bank-note is sure to come back"; the comment or explanation is, "Anything evil will come back to the man who has sent it out." Some of the proverbs are old friends in a new garb; as, for instance, "A bitten child is afraid of a stuffed dog," which seems to us a very good version of "A burnt child dreads the fire." "A false tale is a nimble footman" is new to us at least; but it is very effective; and Mr. Spurgeon's note explains that the false tale "runs everywhere and knocks at everybody's door long before the truth is out of bed." Truth ought not to be so much of a sluggard, one would think; but Truth may argue that she can afford to sleep safe in her own integrity. "A friend should bear with a friend's infirmities" is the saying of Cassius in "Julius Cæsar," but Cassius may have been quoting from a form of proverb. To the saying that "A good character is an estate," Mr. Spurgeon adds that "Some are like the Irishman who, on applying for a situation, was asked for his character. 'Well, sir,' said he, 'my last master said he thought I should do better without my character. He was afraid it would hinder my getting a place.'"

Sometimes, as is to be expected, the proverb comes in verse. "A horse will not attempt to fly; it knows its powers, and so should I"; to which Mr. Spurgeon adds a characteristic note: "This would keep many out of

the pulpit who are now as much out of place in it as if a salmon should climb a tree." "A jealous man puts nettles in his own bed" is keen and true. "A man may drown himself in a quart pot," to which Mr. Spurgeon adds the following short and appropriate question: "Have you not seen it done?" "A merry heart goes all the day; your sad tires in a mile," is, of course, our old friend Autolycus. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is a familiar proverb telling a half-truth. Mr. Spurgeon does not commend it for any more than that. He says it is "the home-lover's reason for stopping for ever in his native place," and that "there is some reason in it, for frequent and freakish changes hinder prosperity." When young Joe Willett, in 'Barnaby Rudge,' is admonished that a rolling stone gathers no moss, he replies that a milestone does not seem to gather much either. We find quite near to the aphorism about the rolling stone its flat contradiction in another proverb, "A setting hen gathers no barley," which Mr. Spurgeon thus explains: "This is the Australian's answer to those who speak against emigration. If you want a living you must go after it." "Sometimes the edge of their own proverb falls reverse upon themselves," as Milton says. A very admirable proverb it seems to us is contained in the desponding exclamation of Leonato in 'Much Ado about Nothing,' when his friends are offering him wise condolences—"Patch grief with proverbs." Very amusing is Mr. Spurgeon's remark on the words "All cats do not make music under the same window;" "yet in London," he says, "we are driven to think they do. "An old maid knows how to bring up children," is a mere contracted version of the saying that "Bachelors' wives and maids' children are always well managed." We get

the same idea in another way when a proverb tells us that lookers-on are the best chess-players. They have, or used to have, in Ireland a saying that "the best hurler"—goal or golf player—"sits on the wall;" from that convenient eminence he is able to criticise and find fault with the players, and tell them in short how to do it. We have never before heard of the evidently very modern proverb which admonishes to "be a man and not a masher." Mr. Spurgeon records it indeed, but dismisses it with the remark, "Don't want to know what this means; the subject is too insignificant." "Better ask the way than go astray," is thus illustrated by Mr. Spurgeon: "A coachman completely lost himself in London because he was too conceited to inquire the way; and many will thus miss their way to heaven." We can probably all endorse from personal observation the remark about the conceited coachman in London. There are cabmen who scorn to ask their way, and seem to be in the full faith that if they only keep driving straight on the place they want to get to will come out to meet them. We wish that all cabmen would, cut out and paste in their hats both this proverb and Mr. Spurgeon's comment on it. Mr. Spurgeon invites controversy, it seems to us, when he turns the "Half a loaf is better than no bread" to the account of the opinion that "if wages be not so high as we could wish, yet if we are out of work for a single week it will take months to recover the loss. Strikes hurt the strikers even if they win." It is one of Mr. Spurgeon's especial characteristics that, like Mr. Browning's hero, he is "ever a fighter." The resolute controversialist shows in many of his comments that he loves to capture a proverb of ancient and general meaning and send it out like a carrier-pigeon with his own

particular message hung round its neck.

It is quite marvellous how many a scrap of antique wisdom Mr. Spurgeon has thus converted into a direct and particular admonition against the drink traffic and the absorption of alcoholic liquids in any form. "Better wear 'the blue than bear the blues'" is a proverb which reads very much as if Mr. Spurgeon himself had invented it—"A few proverbs I may myself have made," he says modestly in his preface—especially when we read his explanation that "the Blue Ribbon is the ens'gn of temperance, but the blues are the melancholy which grows out of excess." Certainly no reasonable man will find any fault with Mr. Spurgeon's zeal in the cause of temperance, or blame him for turning any proverb into a short sermon against inebriety. "By the street of By-and-by we come to the house of Never," seems to us a well balanced saying. "Cockneys on the spree are lunatics at large" is not, we should think, a proverb of very ancient meaning. The comment sets it sharply off. "One has only to see their conduct to feel that this is a very mild censure. 'Arry and 'Arriett go on any how." Poor 'Arry; poor 'Arriett. The voice, the pen, and the pencil of scorn are sharp against them. There must surely be something to be said for them; we should like to make a proverb to illustrate and enforce our opinion, if we only knew how to make it. Mr. Spurgeon's censure is good-humored at all events. We have been quoting a great deal from Mr. Spurgeon's collection and really begin to feel as if we were infringing his copyright, but it is very tempting reading, and one is drawn on to make selection after selection. It should be added that there are many pages inserted of "sayings of a more spiritual sort" from which countless readers

may find comfort, but which it would be scarcely seemly to quote or comment on here. 'The Salt-Cellars' might be safely commended even to that vague and not very earnest personage, the general reader. Let him open it where he may, he will find something to make him stop and read. We may own that for ourselves we were on the whole rather more interested in Mr. Spurgeon's application of many of the proverbs than in the proverbs themselves. The reader finds himself asking as he lights on some familiar or unfamiliar proverb, "Come now, I wonder what Mr. Spurgeon will make out of *that*." For one never quite knows what he may make out of it. The old-fashioned applications of Æsop's fables every child could anticipate—could know what they were sure to be like; but there is no such commonplace and prosaic certainty about Mr. Spurgeon's applications and therefore they have to be read.

AN ANGLER'S BIOGRAPHY.

The voice of the city, the whisper of men,
I hear them, and hate them, and weary again
For the lull of the stream, the breath of the brae
Brought down in a morning of May.

So sings, not inappropriately, an old angling poet, Mr. Thomas Tod Stoddart. Of all pleasant brief biographies, of all good books for men weary of towns, truly 'Angling Songs,' by Thomas Tod Stoddart, with a Memoir by Anne M. Stoddart, is the best among new books (W. Blackwood & Sons, London). This is really an ideal biography of one who, being asked concerning his occupation, said, 'Man, I'm an angler!' Mr. Stoddart lived to fish, to see nature, to grow roses, and to write verses, chiefly about his favorite diversions. Some one seems to have been saying, of late, that there is little poetry about

fishing, that poets have not been fishers. Far from libraries one is obliged to trust to an inadequate memory, yet I think angling has had its rhymers. The ancients are almost out of the question, for they seem to have known little of the artificial fly till they came across Ælian's friends who used the red spider. Homer talks of sea-fishing with rod and line, but his allusion to the 'horn of the ox' let down with the hook is obscure. Was it a horn artificial minnow? The Athenians had little opportunity of fishing in Ilissus, and the Spartans with their Eurotas, the Elians with their Alpheus, did not leave much poetry. Theocritus was as learned in fishing as in boxing; his idyll of the Fisher's Dream is quite scientific in the description of the struggle with the fish of gold. Leonidas of Tarentum wrote good epithets for old anglers. Oppian gave his mind to this theme, so did Ausonius. Virgil might have been an angler in happier circumstances, but it is fair to say that he never praises Wordsworth's 'blameless sport.' Shakspeare applauds the pastime in 'Antony and Cleopatra,' and we learn from Plutarch that the Serpent of old Nile was herself a fisher. The Alexandrian painters were fond of fishing subjects; at home, Thomson (in 'The Castle of Indolence') wrote nicely on trout. The 'Piscatory Eclogues' are not very good poetry, but Kingsley's fishing prose and verse is that of a singer who understood his business. The 'Tyneside Garlands' are almost the 'Volkslieder' of angling: we have Sir Henry Wotton with us too. Sir Walter was looking for tackle (now in the possession of a lady in the North) when he found his lost MS. of 'Waverley,' and all the kingdom of Romance. Had Scott not wanted some hooks and horse-hair, there would have been no Waverley Novels. But

Scott certainly says little of his art in verse.

A corpse among the *alders* dark,
The *Palmer* weltered there,

does not refer to fly-hooks, nor does the 'black Palmer' in 'Marmion,' though he, too, was useful about Loch Skene. Scott *does* praise the shepherd who

Idly busied him to guide
His angle o'er the lessened tide;

but it is in a conventional strain. The truth is that Scott, 'the friend with many hares,' preferred coursing. In fact, it may be admitted that, except Thomson, Kingsley, Moses Brown, Wotton, and Walton, the professional poets of England have been no great anglers. The fisherman they only use as a picturesque figure in the foreground. But angling has made many men poets in their *heures perdues*: among others Stoddart. All friends of rod and line should read his charming if unequal verses—

Sorrow, sorrow, speed away
To our angler's quiet mound;
With the old pilgrim, twilight grey,
Enter thou the holy ground;
There he sleeps whose heart was twined
With wild stream and wandering burn,
Woe of the western wind!
Watcher of the April morn!

Again—

Here, the hazel boughs aboon,
That to their mirror beck sae gally,
Puir Wat upon an April noon
Gled his last fish its deadly stoun',
And as it wambled, gaff'd it bravely.

He killed his last salmon when he was too old and weak to carry it home. He prophesied his own end fifty years before it came.

And I, when to breathe is a burden, and joy
Forgets me, and life is no longer the boy,
On the laboring staff, and the tremorous knee
Will wander, bright river, to thee!

Miss Stoddart's biography of her father is full of pleasant anecdotes of Christopher North and the Shepherd of strange extracts from a poem by Mr. Stoddart, as wild as anything in

French *romanticisme*, and is, indeed, a picture of an honest, innocent, and most original life. 'He sleeps in the Kelso cemetery, in a spot chosen some months before his death by himself,' 'where I can hear the Tweed,' he said. *Requiescat in pace*. He lived in better days, before every small trout caught was recorded in all the newspapers by advertising innkeepers.

ANDREW LANG.

A BOOK-LENDER'S WAIL.

Book-lover, ne'er your volumes lend,
Not even to your dearest friend,
For, sure as there's a Bookman's Heaven,
When back—if ever back—they're given,
They'll be in such a wretched plight
Your soul will sicken at the sight;
Or, red as are the roseate streaks
Of sunset sky, will flush your cheeks,
With anger at the havoc wrought
Through want of heart or want of thought.

I love my books, and strive to see,
However humble their degree,
That gently they are handled aye,
And fretful feel whene'er away
Some borrowing chum has carried them,
And bitterly myself condemn
For having not the strength of will
To tell him borrowing is an ill—
An ill that cannot be endured,
An ill of which he must be cured.

Books I have lent, fresh as when they
Awaited publication day,
Though I had read them o'er and o'er
And places marked—at least a score—
Where most I felt their charm, and, when
Into my hands they've come again,
Dog-eared, ink-stained, the leaves have been,
Or buttery smears on them I've seen,
The margins torn, fly-leaves suppressed,
And backs awry—nay, e'en *non est*.

Myself, I'd sooner what I lent
Were ne'er returned, than it were sent
Back to my keeping torn and tattered,
Or half the pages grease-bespattered:
But since, in wantonness so thorough,
They spoil the volumes that they borrow,
Or for all time do them retain,
Why—*why*—let borrowers beg in vain;
Nor lend the meanest of your store
Would you not rue it evermore.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

EMBROIDERED BOOK COVERS.

Book embroidery is a fad which may attain the dimensions of a mania. There were days when it had the dignity of an art, and missals of the seventeenth century, volumes once belonging to queens and to monasteries and preserved in the collections of connoisseurs or unearthed by the antiquarian, form the models on which the new embroidery of books is based. A young girl who admires Whittier is embroidering a cover for a copy of his poems which she hopes may be accepted by the Quaker singer in his hoar but kindly age. A thick-piled green velvet is the material, and the design is a monogram of the poet's initials in gold and silver threads, with a conventional border. An amateur photographer has filled a portfolio with fine large prints of Hudson River and Catskill scenery. His pretty sister, who figures as "human interest" in many of the pictures, has designed for the volume which is to contain them a cover of soft drab velvet, against which background she has embroidered the old bridge in Sleepy Hollow with the headless horseman hard on the heels of Ichabod Crane, a fitting reminder of the legends of the Western Rhine. A dainty prayer-book belonging to a devotional little maid is cased in black velvet, adorned with lily sprays. Someone sent Mrs. Langtry a superb volume of historical costumes finely illustrated. This Mrs. Langtry has had bound in a cover of pale greenish-blue silk, over which wanders a design of golden dragons, winged and with wonderfully wreathed tails, which assault each other ferociously with teeth and claws. Book embroidery is not a difficult art if the artist adopts conventionalized designs for small covers, and subjects which can be

treated in mass without fine detail for all work. It is not worth undertaking except for volumes of permanent value, but as applied to well-chosen books it is likely to prove a profitable field for the needle-women who enter the market while it is a novelty.—*Mail and Express*.

duced a great deal of bad verse, but to surpass the Laureate in this respect was impossible. The ridicule poured upon his odes by Fielding was amply justified, and Johnson laughed, as well he might at the couplet,—

"Perched on the eagle's soaring wing,
The lowly linnet loves to sing."

COLLEY CIBBER'S 'APOLOGY'

'An Apology for the life of Colley Cibber.' Written by Himself. A New Edition, with Notes and Supplement, by Robert W. Lowe. With Portraits and Etchings. 2 vols. London: Nimmo. 1889.

There appears to be a demand just now for fine editions, and Mr. Nimmo understands how to supply it. These are two beautiful volumes, "printed on fine double-edge demy 8vo paper for England and America," with twenty-six original mezzotint portraits by R. B. Parkes, "as India proofs after letters," and eighteen etchings by Adolph Lalauze. Five hundred and ten copies of the 'Apology' are printed in this form, and if Cibber could have known how his book would be honored a hundred and fifty years after its publication, his vanity would have been even greater than it was. Vanity is a comfortable fault to the possessor, and a high opinion of himself kept Colley Cibber in good humor with the world through a long and by no means tranquil career. Pope's anger got the better of his judgment when he deposed Theobald and placed "King Colley" on the throne of dulness. Cibber's faults were many, but stupidity was not one of them. He was a successful comedian, a successful dramatist, a good stage manager, and, as it has been justly said, "an unequalled critic of theatrical performances." It must be admitted that Cibber made an execrable poet. The last age pro-

Indeed Cibber himself attributed his appointment as successor to Eusden to his Whig principles. He acknowledged the weakness of his poetry, and he also confessed his inability to write good English. Fielding attacks the Laureate's style again and again, and not without reason: but Cibber, while frankly admitting that he sometimes wrote nonsense, prefers this "frolicsome fault" to the sense of "flat writers." If he writes more carelessly than others, it is because he has a warmer imagination:—

"I grant," he says, "that no man worthy the name of an author is a more faulty writer than myself; that I am not master of my own language I too often feel when I am at a loss for expression. I know, too, that I have too bold a disregard for that correctness which others set so just a value upon. This I ought to be ashamed of, when I find that persons of colder imaginations are allowed to write better than myself. Whenever I speak of any thing that highly delights me, I find it very difficult to keep my words within the bounds of common sense. Even when I write, too, the same failing will sometimes get the better of me."

It is evident that ridicule, even when it came from a Fielding or a Pope, was wasted upon a man so self-satisfied as Colley Cibber, who was, as he said, "unmoved by blows that might have felled an oak." Indeed, his indifference enabled him to turn the tables on his antagonists. Everything said against the dramatist was regarded by him as a proof of his importance. When the public papers censured the management of his theatre, and his fellow-managers wished that a reply should be made to their objections, Cibber considered that the best policy was to say no-

thing; and "my reason for it was," he observes, "that I knew of but one way to silence authors of that stamp, which was to grow insignificant and good for nothing, and then we should hear no more of them." Apparently he was not quite so impervious to the stings left by Pope's verses, and ultimately made the poet wince under an attack that illustrates very forcibly the grossness of the age. But for a long time Cibber bore Pope's malice unmoved. "When I find my name," he wrote, "in the satirical works of our most celebrated living author, I never look upon those lines as malice meant to me, for he knows I never provoked it, but profit to himself. One of his points must be to have many readers. He considers that my face and name are more known than those of many thousands of more consequence in the Kingdom; that, therefore, right or wrong, a lick at the Laureate will always be a sure bait, *ad captandum vulgus*, to catch him little readers." Pope, with his extreme sensitiveness and irritable disposition, was scarcely a match, despite his genius, for an enemy, so thick-skinned and with a temper so imperturbable. Indeed, he did far less harm to the Laureate than to the 'Dunciad,' which lost much of its point when Theobald was de-throned.

The 'Apology' is one of the most attractive books of its class, and is remarkable for the careless ease with which it is written. No dullard could have composed a work which is said to have kept Swift up all night, which Horace Walpole thought worthy of immortality, and Dr. Johnson found "very entertaining." Cibber's passion for the theatre began early, and he thought himself the happiest of mortals when, after a long probation, during which he had the "joy and privilege" of seeing plays and giving

his services for nothing, he obtained a salary of 10s. a week. The first praise the actor received almost took away his breath and brought tears into his eyes. When his salary was doubled and he was assured of £20 a year from his father, he took "a leap in the dark" and married. Not long afterwards, urged by necessity, he began to write for the stage. "My muse and my spouse," he said, "were equally prolific; the one was seldom the mother of a child but in the same year the other made me the father of a play." His first play, 'Love's Last Shift,' in which Cibber took a part with great applause, kept possession of the stage for forty years; and if success is a test of merit, he had reason to be satisfied both as author and actor. In the course of his long life he wrote about thirty plays, and on the stage appears to have been always a favorite of the public. When Cibber was seventy, Horace Walpole writes:—"Old Cibber plays to-night, and all the world will be there." He is said in his later years to have played for £50 a night, at that time the largest sum ever received by any English actor.

The latter half of the seventeenth century was the most dissolute in English annals, and its dramatic literature testified to the profligacy of the town. While our playwrights borrowed freely from Molière, they neglected to imitate the purity of that great master. It is impossible to exaggerate the grossness of Dryden and Wycherley, of Congreve and Mrs. Behn; and the statement of a recent critic that Cibber's plays "are praiseworthy for their comparative innocence," does but serve to illustrate the excessive grossness of the time. In the 'Apology,' Cibber asserts that the enormities of the Stage are palpably owing to the depraved taste of the multitude. "While vice and farcical

folly," he writes, "are the most profitable commodities, why should we wonder that, time out of mind, the poor comedian, when real wit would bear no price, should deal in what would bring him most ready-money? But this, you will say, is making the Stage the nursery of vice and folly, or at least keeping an open shop for it. I grant it: but who do you expect should reform it? The actors? Why so? If people are permitted to buy it without blushing, the theatrical merchant seems to have an equal right to the liberty of selling it without reproach." He affirms truly enough that the Stage, when not abused, is a delightful school of morality; but such a school was unknown, except in theory, to Cibber and his contemporaries.

Corrupt as the theatre was, the genius of many of the actors and actresses was remarkable. Cibber, an admirable and discriminating critic, writes of them with enthusiasm. Of Betterton, who lives in the memorable eulogy of Steele, and is styled by Pepys the best actor in the world he writes in an elaborate and masterly piece of criticism that, like Shakspeare, he had no competitor,—“the one was born alone to speak what the other only knew to write;” and even in old age, Mrs. Betterton, the actor's wife, is said to have been the admiration of all the best judges of nature, and without a rival in Shakspeare's plays. Two of the most famous of the actresses praised by Cibber are Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Oldfield; yet so little hope was there of the former “at her first setting out, that she was at the end of the first year discharged the company;” and Mrs. Oldfield “had been a year in the Theatre Royal before she was observed to give any tolerable hope of her being an actress, so unlike to all manner of propriety was her speaking.” It was Mrs. Bar-

ry of whom Dryden wrote as having “gained a reputation beyond any woman I have ever seen on the theatre.” Mrs. Oldfield, a woman of many virtues though not virtuous, suffered more than once under the lash of Pope. As an actress, she must have been equal to Mrs. Bracegirdle, “the darling of the theatre,” whom, indeed, she seems to have supplanted, which may account for that actress's retirement at the early age of thirty. It will be remembered that it was not until after the Restoration that women appeared upon the Stage, and the sudden display of female talent is remarkable. In addition to the names already mentioned, Cibber praises Mrs. Verbruggen as “mistress of more variety of humor than I ever knew in any one woman actress;” and Mrs. Butler as “a capital and admired performer;” and although he does not describe poor Nell Gwyn's theatrical talent, for she died when he was a boy, we know from the warm but not indiscriminate praise of Pepys that her abilities as a comic actress were of no common order.

Mr. Lowe has edited this fine edition of the ‘Apology’ with great care. His notes are copious—indeed, too copious, for some of them might have been spared with advantage—but the editor has done well to illustrate his text with the ‘*Historia Histrionica*,’ and with Aston's ‘Brief Supplement’ to Cibber's ‘Lives of the late Famous Actors and Actresses,’ two rare tracts, which, as Mr. Lowe justly observes, form a natural introduction to Cibber's History of the Stage and of his own career. A supplementary chapter to the ‘Apology’ describes the chief incidents of theatrical history up to the time of the author's death, and a copious index adds to the value of an edition which will not only please the general reader, but satisfy the student of the period.

*A COMPLETE COLLECTION
OF GENTEEL CONVER-
SATION. 1738.*

In this remarkable little volume we have in satirical guise a vivid picture of the social intercourse of the early 18th Century, from the hand of the witty and many-sided Dean Swift. In the somewhat lengthy introduction that facetious dignitary of the church gives the attentive reader an insight into the Art of Conversation, as practised in his day, treating the subject with a quiet sarcasm which but thinly veils the truth and accuracy of his delineation, allowing us to see plainly that beneath his humorous criticisms lies a substratum of fact, which makes the book valuable far in excess of its merits as an amusing composition.

After displaying the tendency to neglect this art amongst his fellow-countrymen, he recommends his production as the fruit of several years' careful note-taking and observation in polite circles, congratulating his "dear country" as having "outdone all the Nations of Europe in advancing the art of Conversation to the greatest Height it is capable of reaching, and therefore being entirely convinced that the Collection I now offer to the Public is full and complete, I may at the same time boldly affirm that the whole Genius, Humor, Politeness, and eloquence of England are summed up in it." A little further on he says; "I can faithfully assure the Reader, that there is not one single witty Phrase in the whole Collection, which hath not received the stamp and approbation of at least one hundred years," and this gives us the key-note to the whole production, as the Dean's satire appears to be directed against the antiquated character of the converse his contemporaries held with each other. If we may judge

from the examples he offers in the form of dialogues, polished conversation of the time consisted principally of proverbial platitudes, plentifully seasoned with *double entendre*, which degenerated into coarseness. Allowing much for exaggeration, we have to confess that what is not inane is questionable, and what pretends to be wit is but vulgarity in a wrong place.

Another ray of light on the manners of the time, comes from such a remark as this: "There is hardly a polite Sentence in the following Dialogues which doth not absolutely require some peculiar graceful Motion in the Eye, or Nose, or Mouth, or Chin and in ladies the whole Exercise of the Fan, fitted to the Energy of every word," giving some idea of what smirking, posturing, simpering individuals men and women of fashion were.

After noticing that the only recent invention which has contributed to Politeness in discourse is, "that of abbreviating or reducing Words of many Syllables into one," he has a word on the Maids of Honor who have "degenerated into Free-Thinking." During the time the Dean rustled his gown in the chambers of St. James's he must have had plenty of opportunities for noting the peculiarities of these ladies of whom he has known "two and twenty sets." Presumably they did not agree too well with the sharp tongued Doctor, who could enshrine them in an epigram with as much ease as he could change his politics. He has another slap at them on the same subject: "As to Blasphemy and Free-Thinking, I have known some who are afraid of Sprights, I must however except the Maids of Honor, who have been fully convinced by an infamous Court Chaplain, that there is no such place as Hell."

We next find a kind of apology for having omitted "one great Ornament of Discourse," namely "all the Oaths now in Fashion." His amusing remarks on this point show us pretty plainly what the custom of the day was. "First a just collection of Oaths repeated as often as Fashion requires, must have enlarged this volume at least to Double the Bulk (!) Secondly, I have been assured that certain Ladies take offence at too great a profusion of Cursing and Swearing, which I confess did startle me not a little, *having never observed the like in the Compass of my own several Acquaintance*, at least for twenty years past." Judging by what is known of the times, we fear, alas! we cannot consistently accuse the Dean of libelling his fair countrywomen.

So great, however, is the interest of this introduction, that to do it justice by brief extracts is quite impossible. Every page, almost every line, is pregnant with the biting satire of which Swift was so great a master. As to the amusing Dialogues themselves, a careful reading is necessary to properly appreciate the wonderful cleverness with which the author has placed before us a bit of everyday life.

JARVIS'S FLY-LEAF.

AN OCTOGENARIAN POET- LAUREATE.

On August 6th Lord Tennyson celebrated his eightieth birthday. It was an occasion of rejoicing for all his countrymen. Their felicitations are assured to him, but the occasion is more properly one on which they will felicitate themselves. From the Queen to the humblest of the people who care for the things of literature all must feel that he has given dignity to the epoch. It will be something for those who enjoy no other distinc-

tion to have lived in his time. The Sovereign in her representative capacity owes the deepest debt to him. As Poet Laureate he has sung the glories of her reign. Scarcely any event of the highest importance has failed to find its imperishable memorial in his verse, and the Queen's debt is but the concrete form of the debt of the whole people. For them he is and must remain the most effective expression of the highest aspirations of their time. If his theme is rather the past than the present, it is only because he has faithfully reflected the public sense of the need of a standard of thought that may serve as a corrective to the more work-a-day ideals of the age. It has been a busy age, practical and enterprising to a fault, and in proportion as it has had these qualities it has naturally shown a more pronounced taste for the romantic in its imaginative pleasures. Without Lord Tennyson the voice of its better self would have been mute. He is most intensely modern, therefore, when he seems most remote from the present time. Where he has touched the problems of the hour it has always been to show their relationship to what is loftiest in thought and deepest in feeling, and to bring them as it were into line with the firmest and the most abiding truths. To those who, at whatever distance from him, march in those ranks of literature which he leads, the obligation is of a very peculiar kind. His life has enhanced the dignity of letters. From his earliest youth to his vigorous and prolonged old age, he has followed with single and simple devotion the noblest of all callings. In all that long period he has written no line of which he need be ashamed either as an artist or as a man. He has proved the adequacy of letters as one of the settled pursuits of life. They have given

him honor of every kind, even of that kind which, as some think, was rendered superfluous by the essential greatness of his name. He represents his age in this as in all else. In the Victorian era—perhaps for the first time, to state it as a general truth—Literature, as a career, has become sufficient to itself.

This note of his genius was long since observed by Arthur Hallam, and necessarily at a time when the observation had something of the quality of prophecy. This tender and discriminating friend was the first to recognize in the Early Poems "the spirit of the age," as distinct from the individual form of this or that writer. The variety of his lyrical measures, celebrated in the same beautiful eulogy to which we refer, was, as such, but another expression of the energy and unrest of his epoch. His never-failing elevation of thought has touched all this with dignity. He has taught those of his contemporaries who know how to read him rightly to think not meanly of themselves—the highest service, perhaps, that man can render to his fellow. Arthur Hallam is not alone in recognizing the poet's intimate communion with the Time Spirit; it is apparent in every serious estimate of him. He seems to have some truth for every man, and he is one of the few writers who have enjoyed the distinction of a Concordance. This sense of his universality has sometimes found expression in the strangest ways. A well known lecturer on flowers has made the Tennysonian flora the subject of a special lecture. He revels in the Tennysonian appreciation of the garden, and recognizes in the Laureate a poet pre-eminent in his botanical knowledge and in his mastery of the art of its literary application. The Lecturer has catalogued with loving care a hundred trees,

plants, and flowers named by the favorite writer, and in the abundance of imagery borrowed from them has discovered his personal familiarity with them all, admiring above all his artifice for conveying even an idea of tune by floral suggestion. Even the the Spirituajists have claimed Lord Tennyson as an affinity, if not exactly as one of themselves. They have indeed but to quote his own words from the curious letter published in Chicago some time since, in which he said that, from boyhood up, he had possessed the power of making his individuality "dissolve and fade away into boundless being, and this not a confused state, but the clearest of the clearest, the surest of the surest, utterly beyond words, where death was an almost laughable impossibility, and the loss of personality, if so it were, seeming no extinction, but the only true life"; or as he puts it in a poem that is still more properly his own:—

"The mortal limit of the Self was loosed
And passed into the nameless, as a cloud
Melts into heaven.

On this hint, of course, willing searchers soon ransacked the entire collection of his verse, and found hint upon hint to the same effect in the 'Princess,' the 'Golden Supper,' the 'Holy Grail,' and even in the 'In Memoriam,' that "one great song of Immortality" itself.

He is no less representative in his weakness than in his strength, and there is surely weakness of a kind, though no more than may be involved in a certain lassitude of being, in the continuation of 'Locksley Hall.' The first poem of that name was all energy and hope, even when it was, at times protest and fiery indignation. The second would have been unexceptionable if it had been all kindly tolerance, but it was sometimes despair. Alas! there were "sixty years"

between. As Mr. Gladstone has shown in his admirable essay on the two, their connection lies in the continuous identity of the hero. He supplies thread on which the subject and the movement hang. The first was written under the influence of the storm and stress of the first three decades of the century, when the English ship of State was caught in what the critic has finely called the backwaters of the French revolution. In the intervening period, the temper of hope and thankfulness which Tennyson had so largely contributed to form had been tested by experience, but only he perhaps has failed to see how nobly it has borne the test. "There is still a perfect harmony—a true equation—between the two 'Locksley Halls,' the warmer picture due to the ample vitality of the Prophet's youth, and the colder one not less due to the stunted vitality of his age." This means no more than that the greatest poet of the age has still been true to his age in his faithful reflection of its occasional misgivings about itself.

SOME REMARKABLE BOOKS.

There are few subjects so barren as not to afford matter of delight, and even of instruction, if ingeniously treated. Montaigne has written an essay on 'Coaches,' and another on 'Thumbs.' Lyonnet has written a large work on the goat-moth caterpillar; and Straus-Durckheim another big volume on the cockchafer. Evelyn wrote a discourse on salads, entitled 'Acetaria,' which has been admired and commended by the best judges of literature. In 1669 Steadman published a book called 'Campanologio, or the art of Ringing,' which reached three editions in the course of a few years. Another work on the

same subject was published by Shipway, in three parts, in 1816. A curious little treatise on sneezing, entitled 'Mart: Schookii de Sternutatione tractatus copiosus, omnia ad illam pertinentia,' &c., was published at Amsterdam in 1664. Tobias Swinden, an English clergyman, wrote an 'Inquiry into the Nature and Place of Hell,' and a second edition of his work appeared in 1727, with an illustrative plate. In this singular work the reverend gentleman endeavors to prove that the sun is Tartarus! Chevreau has written 'A History of the World,' in which he tells us that it was created a little after four o'clock in the afternoon of Friday, September 6th!—a very precise bit of information. The rare edition of the 'Biblia Germanica,' in two folio volumes, published in 1487, contains many colored woodcuts, remarkable for the singularity of their designs; for instance, Bathsheba is represented washing her feet in a small tub of water, and Elias ascending to heaven in a four-wheeled wagon. H. Maurice's 'Impartial Account of Mr. John Mason of Water Stratford,' 1695, informs us that Mr. Mason, who is supposed to have been the founder of the gymnastic sect of Jumpers, preached a sermon announcing that our Savior's reign of a thousand years upon earth was about to commence on the very spot where he was standing, which was received with so much favor, that a great concourse of people, for many miles round, took up their habitations there in expectation of the event—truly an excellent stratagem for increasing a congregation.

An edition of the 'Classics,' published on the Continent, has a curious frontispiece representing on one side a divine personage, and on the other a figure of the author, from whose mouth issues a label with the these words—"Lord, lovest Thou me!"

former, we see poetry in the making, which is of course a fascinating sight. If the latter, we see poetry in the marring, which, when the hand that mars is the poet's own, is a stranger spectacle still. And of all examples of this latter description the strangest surely is that of the remarkable man who never, so far as the world knew, wrote a line of original poetry, and who buried his translations of the poetry of others as effectually out of human sight and ken as he could possibly contrive to do, but who was nevertheless destined to have the buried treasures disinterred and himself acclaimed as a poet of indefeasible title to the name. Why, one asks one's self, on reading the late Mr. Edward Fitzgerald's reprint of the 'Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam,'—why should a man compose, print, and publish, or pretend to publish, in the year 1859 a well-nigh perfect piece of verse, admirable alike in form and matter, in exquisite felicity of diction, in warmth and richness of Oriental color, and above all in a certain stately distinction of style and movement which would alone entitle it to a high place in English poetry; and then proceed, after numberless revisions and re-revisions, corrections and re-corrections, to publish a careful, deliberate, and authoritative recension of the great poem, in which it is hardly too much to say that every single alteration is a change for the worse? To take but one, and one that meets us at the very threshold, imagine a poet whom the grace of the Muses had once inspired with this magnificent opening—

Awake! for Morning in the bowl of Night
Has flung the stone that puts the stars to flight;
And lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
The sultan's turret in a noose of light!

Fancy such a poet, I say, calmly sitting down to alter this splendidly sudden burst of song into—

Wake, for the Sun who scattered into flight
The stars before him from the field of night,
Drives night along with them from Heaven,
and strikes

The sultans turret with a shaft of light!

It is enough to make one throw away the file, and forswear corrections for ever. Can it be possible, we ask ourselves, that the taste which appreciates the fine audacity of the first version could tolerate for a moment the (by contrast) insufferable flatness of the second. Was it that Mr. Fitzgerald was seized with a qualm of that most inconvenient ague, the translator's conscience, — that he thought that the second version was closer to the original than the first, and felt bound in duty to sacrifice the daring imagery of the earlier to the tame and commonplace metaphor of the later form? Not a bit of it; for —will it be believed?—there was *no original at all*. The first stanza is wholly and solely of the English poet's own invention. The star reflecting bowl, the stone of Morning, the Hunter of the East, however armed—they are all pure unadulterated Fitzgerald. That "shaft," to paraphrase the learned Coke on the learned Littelton, "came never out of Omar's quiver"; and why therefore, oh! why substitute this desperately hackneyed feat of solar archery, for the bolder, nobler, more realistic, and ten times more picturesque and striking figure of the lasso? To go through the famous poem, stanza by stanza, would be too melancholy a task to undertake, even if space allowed. Any reader of critical taste who will compare the two versions for himself will, I feel sure, confirm the general proposition that the "emendations" of the 'Rubaiyat' are among the most unfortunate "improvements" that anything except a street or a public building has ever had to undergo.

I have always admired that vitality of youthful illusion which was at an

advanced age displayed by the late Mr. W. C. Bryant in compiling a sort of 'Index Expurgatorius' of grammatical and orthographic solecisms which the compositors and contributors engaged upon his newspaper were desired to avoid. He evidently thought, good easy man, that it was possible to kill a popular error in speech and writing—nay, as his list might not survive him, he must have believed that to set out in the seventies on an enterprise of this kind was a fairly hopeful proceeding. If so, what a buoyant temperament must have been his! For without having reached the seventies one may have watched people with a passion for accuracy in the use of their mother-tongue, endeavoring for twenty or five-and-twenty years to correct some gross and ignorant abuse of language, some abuse which could only have crept in through those media for the world-wide dissemination of philological blunders, the newspapers—and laboring absolutely, blankly, hopelessly in vain. The solecism against which these reformers direct their attacks may be denounced, laughed at, reasoned with, "explained by the historical method" (the severest treatment of all), preached against, killed, buried, and epitaphed, and a week afterwards it "comes up smiling," as cheerful and confident, as assured of immortality as ever; until at last its defeated and baffled enemy is fain to lay down his arms, and ironically choosing in one of the blunders which he has denounced his formula of capitulation to the remainder, he asks himself "*Cui bono?*" and with a grim smile mistranslates it, "What's the good?" if he is wise he once for all abandons these efforts to check the adulteration of his mother-tongue, and certainly resolves that he will interfere no longer to prevent other people mistranslating foreign languages, misunder-

standing classical allusions, and misapplying technical terms. He determines that for the future he will allow things to "transpire" instead of to "happen," and will even permit what has "transpired" to be "kept strictly secret"—or in other words to allow the liquid which has leaked out to remain still in the vessel. If anybody suffers a humiliating defeat our now demoralized purist will listen unmoved to a description of the defeated as having been compelled to "pass under the Caudine Forks," though he (the now demoralized purist) knows well that there is no subway beneath that famous gorge, and that you can no more pass under it than you can under Glencoe. He will remain calm when people talk about being impaled on "the horns of a dilemma," though he knows that these horns are simply "forks" again—two divaricating paths, each of which is an *impasse*—and that you can no more be impaled upon them than you could be caught by your coat-tails in the "branch" of a road. When Frankenstein and his monster change places as of old, he will utter no word of protest; and when he hears of European States becoming "members of the comity of nations," the news will excite no more surprise in his mind than if comity really meant "convention" or "assemblage," or than if it were an easy thing for a nation to become a member of the "courtesy which prevails among civilized States." He will not murmur when "feasible" is used for plausible, and applied to beliefs which there is *prima facie* ground for entertaining. He will not repine though *feræ naturæ* be translated "wild beasts of nature," and though "sumptuary laws" be interpreted as "laws relating to dress," instead of enactments prohibitory of that excess in *sumptus*, or expenditure, which was usually, no doubt, but not necessarily

or always the most lavish in respect to dress and personal adornment. Neither will he any longer venture upon the gentlest remonstrance with those who, when they wish to describe any one as having received the highest honors which it is possible for an applauding populace to bestow, speak of him as having been put off with that distinctly inferior and second-class triumph known as an "ovation." Nor will he allow himself to be any longer vexed by the thousand and one misquotations of the Bible, Shakspeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope, and the hundred and one misquotations of Byron and Tennyson. And as he listens patiently to all these solecisms, wondering the while whether the people of Soli really played worse tricks with their language than the inhabitants of any other obscure town in ancient Cilicia, you shall perhaps hear the same persons, who have been committing these enormities assume themselves the airs of purists with respect to irregularities of verbal formation which have abundance of irregular analogy to support themselves withal. The fastidious taste which cannot stand "reliable" because the "on" which is necessary to complete the force of the verb has disappeared from the adjective, is apparently content to accept "indispensable" (bereft of its "with") and "available" (which has dropped its "of") without so much as a wry face.

Most people, if asked what is the most widespread and deeply-rooted of human passions, would probably answer, I imagine—the desire of gain. An entire science, indeed, has been founded on the assumption that it is so, and though Mr. Mill and other political economists have insisted on the various deductions which require to be made from the universality of the proposition, it is still believed, and no doubt with sufficient accuracy for

the general purposes of the science in question, to hold good. And it is no doubt the fact that some at least of the counter-influences dwelt upon by Mr. Mill are hardly uniform in their modifying operation. Thus, for instance, if the desire for ease, the love of leisure, the wish to save trouble, and so forth, are sometimes found acting in opposition to the acquisitive propensity, on the other hand they occasionally stimulate it. Men work the harder that they may rest the sooner and the longer; they strive the more eagerly to make money in order that they may enjoy the leisure which money will enable them to purchase. But though it may thus be true that the instinct of gain is the strongest passion which exists in the human breast, and the one which must be reckoned as the most generally *effective* in any calculation of the forces that determine human action, it may be plausibly questioned whether it is as much entitled to the name of "universal" as the passion of vanity. Men have been met with who are superior to the instinct of acquisition, or rather who hardly seem to feel its pressure with any degree of potency; but any one who assures a fellow-mortal that he is insensible to the influence of self-esteem should be subjected to a rigid cross-examination. Vanity is so Protean in its forms that it frequently escapes all but the most penetrating of observers. When it does not occur in any of its commoner and more palpable forms, it will generally be found on examination to exist in some subtler shape. Neither religion nor any of its ancient or modern substitutes is any guarantee for its absence. The meekest Christian may regard his meekness with inward self-complacency; the most stoical and cynical of philosophers may be secretly vain of what he imagines to be his freedom

from vanity. The old story of Diogenes trampling, as Plato told him, "with greater pride" upon the "pride of Plato," is true for all times and countries. There is no man who does not at the bottom of his heart congratulate himself on some real or fancied superiority to his fellow-man. And he who bears himself modestly as regards his real points of pre-eminence will often show his vanity with respect to the imaginary ones. Most of us must be acquainted with men of intellectual distinction who pride themselves upon the physical attractions which exist only in their imagination, and with the empty-pated Adonis who reserves the complacency which he might well have bestowed on the outside of his head for its undeserving interior. The man of ideas is often vain of his imaginary practical ability: while the man of affairs persuades himself that his real strength lies in the region of speculative thought. Frederick the Great set far less store by his reputation as a soldier and a ruler than by the artistic and literary abilities which only sufficed to raise him to the level of a third-rate flute-player and a fifth-rate poet. Richelieu's achievements as a statesman never gave him probably a tithe of the pleasure that he derived from his sorry Alexandrines. And it was fortunate for both these great men that they were vain of something, even if that something were ill-selected, for it is probable that the feeling of self-satisfaction, whether well or ill founded, affords a more unalloyed and unassailable pleasure to the human being than any other with which this mortal state provides him. It is a pleasure, too, which reacts in a certain sense upon society at large; and the social value of vanity is not half sufficiently appreciated by the philosopher. It is the great, perhaps the only efficient, corrective

of the vice of envy, which torments a sufficient number of men as it is, and which without its happy antidote of vanity would make this planet an almost intolerable place of residence. When one walks through the miles and miles of "residential streets" in London, and the leagues and leagues of roads of the same description in the suburbs; and when one ponders on the furiously hungry competition which goes on in these days among the inhabitants of an immense—and, it is to be feared, an every year immensely increasing—number of the inhabitants of these houses, to outshine their equals in fortune and to rival their superiors; and when one reflects that among all the endless chains of desire—link of new longing ever succeeding to link of momentary satisfaction—which binds the life of man to the essential unhappiness of unrest, (and his intelligence according to Schopenhauer, to the acceptance of the pessimistic creed), there is none in which link succeeds link with such penal and penitential regularity as it does in the case of this same struggle for "social advancement"—one has indeed good cause to thank Heaven that the vanity which stimulates it in some represses it in others, and is a consolation under failure to all. "I strove with none, for none was worth my strife" is a thought which fortunately might be echoed by many thousands who have nothing like Landor's high and imposing grounds for so proud a boast of self-sufficiency—who have literally and truly nothing to restrain them from joining in the fierce and foolish competitions of the day, except an absolutely excuseless egotism, a wholly unwarranted belief that they are already the superiors of those whom they see around them. It matters not a jot what the foundation of the supposed superiority may be—whether good looks, good birth, a

good balance at the banker's; it is enough that the self-credited possessors of the supposed superiority are on the strength of it vain—that is to say, happy—instead of being envious—that is to say, miserable. Vanity, in short, is the “real blessing” of mankind, and is worthy of the consideration of pessimists whether, on a proper estimate of its importance in sweetening the lot of humanity, they ought not to revise their theory of life.

H. D. TRAILL.

CATALOGUES: “GOT AS A CLUE.”

Got as a clue to us to show
What books are high and what are low
In price, for need there none be told
Book-lovers rarely have much gold,
Since thus it aye hath been all known.
But boundless are our wishes, though
Our purses seldom bulge—and so
Through Catalogues we search consoled,—
Got as a clue.

“Octavo, quarto, folio,”
With pencil marking as we go
From page to page, ne’er are controlled
Our hopes to buy what we behold;
So ne’er in vain are they, I trow,
Got as a clue.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON

MR. LINTON'S POEMS.

‘Poems and Translations.’ By W. J. Linton.
Scribner, N. Y.

Far back in 1852 Mr. Linton issued his ‘*Plaint of Freedom*,’ which Landor crowned with eloquent praise; and ‘*Claribel*,’ now a somewhat scarce book, was published in 1865. He has not been songless in later years, but has contented himself with printing his poems at his private press at Appledore for distribution among his friends. At length he appeals to a larger circle of readers. In the present collection are included several lyrics from ‘*Love-Lore*’ (privately

printed some four years ago), a few pieces from the ‘*Claribel*’ volume, and some translations printed—with few exceptions—for the first time. The book is handsomely and tastefully produced in small quarto form. A portrait of the venerable poet is prefixed, and the collection is dedicated “to William Bell Scott, my friend for nearly fifty years.”

The first section is devoted to later poems. Here Mr. Linton is in his most cheerful mood; he sings, like the shepherd in Sidney’s ‘*Arcadia*,’ “as though he should never be old.” The opening verses are graceful and happy:—

In Childhoods unsuspecting hours
The fairies crown’d my head with flowers.
Youth came: I lay at Beauty’s feet;
She smiled and said my song was sweet.
Then Age: and, Love no longer mine,
My brows I shaded with the vine.
With flowers and love and wine and song,
O Death! life hath not been too long.

Such frank self-complacency takes us back to the days of Robin Herrick, who would have recognized in Mr. Linton a kindred spirit. Flowers and love and wine are the subjects of these later poems; and very refreshing it is to find a poet who can handle the old theme with fluency and freedom in the old simple lyrical measures. Occasionally, as in the tender regretful poem ‘*Too Late*,’ we are reminded of Landor:—

Yes! thou art fair, and I had loved
If we in earlier hours had met;
But ere tow’rd me thy beauty moved
The sun of Love’s brief day had set.
Though I may watch thy opening bloom,
And its rich promise gladly see,
’Twill not procrastinate my doom:
The ripen’d fruit is not for me.
Yet, had I shared thy course of years,
And young as Hope beheld thy charms,
The love that only now endears
Perchance had given thee to my arms.
Vain, vain regret! Another day
Will kiss the buds of younger flowers,
But ne’er will evening turn away
From love untimelier than ours.

At other times we seem to be listening to some lyric of the early seventeenth century. There is little of conscious imitation, but Mr. Linton has studied the old poets with such loving care that his readers may reasonably expect to find traces of their influence. "I'll not mourn though she refuse me" was evidently inspired by Wither. Such poems as 'Trail thy broken pinion, Love,' or 'Fair slender flower and straight' would hold an honorable place in Davison's 'Poetical Rhapsody.' One or two pieces are in a vein of whimsical pleasantry. In a very different style are the singularly impressive stanzas 'Spring and Autumn':—

"Thou wilt forget me." "Love has no such word."

The soft Spring wind is whispering to the trees.
Among lime-blossoms have the hovering bees
Those whispers heard?

"Or thou wilt change." "Love changeth not,"
he said.

The purple heather cloys the air with scent
Of honey. O'er the moors her lover went,
Nor turn'd his head.

Hardly Heine could have been more pregnantly significant in the space of eight lines.

The three score poems that compose the first part of the collection have been well chosen. They are never awkward or labored, and frequently are models of grace and elegance. 'Rosy Wine,' 'Madam! No!' and 'Her Rivals' show that as a writer of *vers de société* Mr. Linton can hold his own with the best. 'Madam! No!' is more in the manner of Sir John Suckling than of Mr. Austin Dobson; but Suckling would have given it a sharper pungency. The reader will smile at the attitude of dignified *hauteur* assumed by the poet in the closing lines:—

Madam, no! and leave thy wiles:
Though I own thee fair,
I in truth mistrust the smiles
That any fool may share.

I must quit, despite thy charms
(Truly they are rare);
But those all-embracing arms
Can not detain me there.

Madam, no! my heart may yearn;
Love indeed could wait—
Cared I but to take my turn
With those who crowd thy gate.

Among the early poems in the second section Mr. Linton has included 'Eurydice,' 'Harry Marten's Dungeon Thoughts,' and 'Grenville's Last Fight.' Long before Lord Tennyson wrote his fine, but somewhat rhetorical ballad of 'The Revenge,' Mr. Linton celebrated Grenville's heroism in simple, strenuous blank verse. There are no flourishes in Mr. Linton's poem (written in 1854); he tells the memorable story in plain straightforward language, keeping as closely as possible to Sir Walter Raleigh's narrative in Hakluyt's 'Voyages.' 'Harry Marten's Dungeon Thoughts' is thrown into couplets, a fitting measure for a soliloquy spoken by a captive who is pacing up and down his prison chamber. 'Iphigenia at Aulis' might have been written by Landor, and we suspect that Mr. Linton drew his inspiration from Landor's 'Hellenics.' The spirited verses with the heading '1854,' beginning "Tell the Tzar of England's glories," have the right martial ring, and ought to have been popular at the time when they were written. Some of Mr. Linton's compressed epigrammatic utterances are noteworthy.

The translations of French poetry cover a wide field; they begin with the twelfth century 'Bele Erembors,' and end with Leconte de Lisle and Théodore de Banville. They are not loose paraphrases, but literal translations, in the forms of the originals. To show how closely Mr. Linton keeps to the French we may quote his rendering of Clément Marot's charming lyric 'Dedans Paris, ville jolie':—

Here in Paris, city free,
One day, passing melancholy,
I into alliance fell
With the gayest damosel
That e'er came from Italy.

She is seized of honesty,
And I think (my fantasy)
Is no fairer damosel
Here in Paris.

I'll not name her here to thee;
Only my sweet friend is she:
For the alliance thus befel,—
A kiss I had of the damosel,
Without thought of infamy
Here in Paris.

It is only fair to Mr. Linton to subjoin the original:—

Dedans Paris, ville jolle,
Un jour, passant melancolle,
Je prins alliance nouvelle
A la plus gaye damoyelle
Qui soit d'icy en Italie.
D'honnesteté elle est salsie,
Et croy—selon ma fantasie—
Qu'il n'en est guères de plus belle
Dedans Paris.

Je ne la vous nommeray mye,
Si non que c'est ma grand'amyé;
Car l'alliance se felt telle
Par un doux baiser que j'eust d'elle,
Sans penser aucune infamie,
Dedans Paris.

Charles d'Orléans "Le temps a laissie son manteau" and "Yver! vous n'estes qu'un villain" are very elegantly turned; and Froissart's virelay, "On dit que j'ay bien maniere," is rendered with a neatness that should satisfy the most fastidious. "Il pleut, il pleut enfin," the best of Armand Gouffé's drinking songs, sparkles brightly in Mr. Linton's translation. The renderings of Béranger are admirable; the cleverest is 'The Land of Cokayne' (a remarkable feat of agility) but the most delightful is 'Rosette.' Mr. Linton has made a gallant attempt to grapple with Victor Hugo's 'Le Chasseur Noir' and "O soldats de l'an deux!" Such poems defy translation, but Mr. Linton has been more successful than might have been expected.

The translations from the French are followed by ten paraphrastic ver-

sions of Catullus's quatrain "Nulli se dicit mulier mea nubere malle." Mr. Linton printed in 1886, as a *jeu d'esprit*, thirty-two renderings of the epigram, under the title 'In Dispraise of a Woman. Catullus with Variations.' We may find room for a couple:—

"Were Jove himself to seek me for his bride
I should prefer thee:" that is what she says.
O Wind and Water! I am satisfied:
I know so little of woman's ways.

Sweet to be told that I am loved the best,
Sweet in a pleasant haven to abide:
But winds must veer, and water hateth rest,
And Venus is but sea-foam defied.

This volume contains Mr. Linton's choicest work, and it is pleasant to see that his latest poems are the best. He has been (in Dekker's words) "a priest in Apollo's temple many years," and his voice has gained a mellower tone of sweetness. We hope that, when the present edition is exhausted, these poems and translations may be issued in a more popular form. Distinguished by taste and feeling, by ingenious fancy and tuneful utterance, they deserve a cordial welcome.

THE NAMES OF ANCIENT PUBLISHING CENTRES.

The following translation of the Latin names of ancient book centres may prove of value. The dates refer to first printing done in each city:—

Amstelodamum.....	Amsterdam.....	1523
Argentina.....	Strasburg.....	1440
Bononia.....	Bologna.....	1471
Basilea.....	Basle.....	1460
Brugæ.....	Bruges.....	1473
Bruxellæ.....	Brussels.....	—
Colonia.....	Cologne.....	1466
Delphi.....	Delft.....	—
Duacum.....	Douay.....	1564
Gandavum.....	Ghent.....	1480
Glascua.....	Glasgow.....	—
Hafnia or Codaia.....	Copenhagen.....	1498
Holmina.....	Stockholm.....	—
Lugduni Batavorum.....	Leyden.....	1480
Leodium.....	Liège.....	1566
Lipsia.....	Leipsic.....	1488
Lugdunum.....	Lyons.....	—
Mouachium.....	Munich.....	1500

Moguntia.....	Mayence.....	1440
Norimberga.....	Nuremberg.....	1470
Oxonla.....	Oxford.....	1468
Pictavium.....	Poitiers.....	1479
Rothomagum.....	Rouen.....	1487
Spira.....	Spire.....	1471
Taurinum.....	Turin.....	1474
Tolentum.....	Toledo.....	1498
Tobinga.....	Tubingen.....	1498
Trajectum ad Rhenum.....	Utrecht.....	1473
Ulyssipo.....	Lisbon.....	—
Vindobona.....	Vienna.....	1482
Westmonasterium.....	Westminster.....	1474

ILLUSTRATIONS TO CHARLES DICKENS UNDER THE HAMMER.

The rush into the auction room of original drawings (not already otherwise appropriated) designed to illustrate the works of Charles Dickens, shows that the popularity of the great novelist is as fresh as ever. Two interesting sales of these memorials, so eagerly absorbed by collectors, have lately taken place under the auspices of Messrs. Sotheby, and the prices obtained by the fortunate ex-proprietors are such as to offer a substantial solatium for the dispersion of these treasures, upon the preservation of which they may reasonably congratulate themselves. The precarious fate of such memorials may be assumed from the circumstance reported of Hablot Knight Browne, who must be regarded as artistic exponent-in-chief of Dickens's creations, that when the artist had etched his designs on the plates, the originals were thrown into the fire, or given away incontinently to those of his friends who had the temerity to ask for them.

The illustrations to Dickens have happily escaped this ordeal, and their whereabouts may be satisfactorily ascertained. The original designs by Seymour and Phiz for the 'Pickwick Papers' are in Paris, in the possession of Mr. W. Wright, who has also secured the "Pickwick vignette," and

several of G. Cruikshank's designs for 'Sketches by Boz.' Mr. Stuart Samuel owns, among others, part of the "Boz" series, and these may at present be studied by the curious at their ease in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colors, London, in the Humorists Exhibition, where a feature is made of the original drawings to Dickens. Several of the sketches for 'Oliver Twist,' 'Nicholas Nickleby,' 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' 'The Christmas Carol,' and others may be there interviewed, together with the whole of the original "working" drawings, as transferred to his plates by the artist, for three of Dickens's novels, 'David Copperfield,' 'Dombey and Son,' and 'Bleak-House.' There also is the admirable series of water-color drawings for 'Oliver Twist,' made somewhat late in life, by G. Cruikshank for Mr. F.W. Cosens, who also rejoices in an unique series of illustrations in water-colors executed by Hablot Knight Browne, under similar circumstances, to illustrate Dickens's works. Another interesting souvenir is the version by O. R. Leslie, R. A., painted for his friend the author, of 'Mr. Pickwick surprised by his friends with Mrs. Bardell in his arms,' which was secured at Dickens's sale. Mrs. Cruikshank possibly treasures up the two designs made by her husband over half a century ago—his artistic contributions to the 'Pic-Nic Papers,' and the six designs executed by Phiz for the same work, as edited by Dickens, may come into the market at any unexpected moment.

The highest prices hitherto reached have been given for Seymour's designs for 'Pickwick.' Six of these in various stage of completion appeared in the auction room on the 14th June. One sketch, 'The Pickwickians in Mr. Wardle's Kitchen,' had never been published, and seemingly supported

the artist's theory, that the designs were originally executed as a tentative series to be "written up to" at a later date, when the "literary hand" came in. The remaining five were merely sketches for the drawings which subsequently passed into the possession of Messrs. Chapman and Hall. These were 'Mr. Pickwick Addressing the Club' (a large version by "Phiz" in colors of the immortal founder of the club is exhibited at the Humourists), 'The Pugnacious Cabman,' 'Dr. Shammer's Defiance of Jingle,' 'The Runaway Chaise,' and a slight outline of the figures subsequently embodied in the design for 'The Dying Clown,' better known as 'The Stroller's Tale,' which turned out so unhappy as concerned the artist's own fate. With these was a miniature portrait of Seymour, painted in monochrome by Taylor, and the historical letter in Dickens's hand, with the signature "writlarge," to his unfortunate illustrator, probably the only one he ever received from the author, asking the artist, as a personal favor, to make another drawing for the etching of 'The Dying Clown,' and convivially adding "I have asked Chapman and Hall to take a glass of grog with me on Sunday evening, when I hope you will be able to look in." These mementos long remained in the possession of Seymour's family, and most interesting is the letter which formed part of the little collection, written by the artist's son to the original purchasers of these relics, who probably secured them for a trifle. The price reached by this small parcel would have amazed all the parties concerned in their production—Mr. Quaritch carried them off for \$2,500.

The sum received by Seymour for the completed drawings, including the plates etched by his hand, probably did not exceed thirty dollars

apiece. H. K. Browne, through whose facile artistic interpretation generations of Dickens's admirers must realise the novelist's universally familiar characters, it is believed, was satisfied to work for no more extravagant remuneration; the sale of his original drawings, designed to illustrate 'Martin Chuzzlewit'; and the water-color drawings for the "Phiz vignettes," followed the Seymour studies on the 9th of July. A few of these sketches brought prices which might have astonished the illustrator no less than the author. The well-known and elaborate frontispiece 'Tom Pinch at the Organ,' the player's figure surrounded by a fanciful vision of the characters in the book, "an epitome of all the salient incidents," as evolved from the musician's reverie, expressed in miniature with great spirit, and was carried off by Mr. Lever for \$175; the buyer secured a bargain in "Mr. Pinch and Ruth, unconscious of a visitor," the famous "beef-steak pudding" episode, which was sold for the modest figure of \$57.50. 'Mr. Pecksniff on his mission' (to the abode of Mrs. Gamp) reached \$78.75; the 'Pleasant little family party at Mr. Pecksniff's' brought \$72.50. Judging by the fierce competition, the drawings in which Sarah Gamp figured seemed the prime favorites, the design showing the monthly nurse with her "eye on the future," illustrating the passage—"Would you be so good, my darling dovey of a dear young married lady. . . . it's my card. Gamp is my name, and Gamp my nater" fell to Mr. Wright for \$75. "Mrs. Gamp makes Tea," "And quite a family it is to make tea for," said Mrs. Gamp, "and wot a happiness to do it!" went for \$92.50. The most spirited struggle was evoked over the famous gin-and-tea-drinking symposium in Sarah's bedchamber, between Mrs. Gamp and that

"graceless renegade" Betsy Prigg; "Mrs. Gamp proposes a Toast," is thus particularized in the sale catalogue, "The drawing of this celebrated historical subject, one of Phiz's happiest inventions, is finished with especial care;" this "descriptive bit" was not ill-placed, the drawing brought \$177.50, being secured by Mr. Pearson, the purchaser of the preceding lot.

The "Phiz" vignettes, though smaller and of more recent execution, have the extra attraction of being

tinted in colors. 'Little Nell and her Grandfather in the Old Curiosity Shop' went to Mr. Wright for \$110. Browne's version of "Scrooge and Marley's Ghost," differing materially from Leech's inimitable design on the same subject brought \$75. 'The mad gentleman and Mrs. Nickleby' and 'The Nickleby Family' averaged \$70 apiece; and the delightful frontispiece to 'Pictures from Italy,' one of Phiz's most successful efforts in water-color art, was sold for the modest price of \$40.

LIBRARY NOTES.

PUBLIC spirited citizens of Warren, Mass., have put their hands in their pockets and subscribed about \$15,000, which will be devoted to erecting a handsome building for public uses. It will comprise a public library upon the first floor and a Town Hall and museum and art gallery on the second story. The building will be erected on Main Street at the corner of Bacon Street. It will be a substantial structure of granite, two and a half stories in height, with a square tower at the southwest corner rising to a height of 62 feet.

A NEW Library is to be built for the Kaiser Wilhelm's University at Strasbourg, to contain at first 859,000 volumes. Nearly \$250,000 has been devoted to the work.

MR. PAUL BONNEFON the sub-librarian has succeeded Mr. Louis Ulbach as librarian of the Bibliothèque de l'Arсенal at Paris.

THE National Central library at Florence has undertaken a catalogue raisonné of the numerous autographs in the collection. Each article is registered thrice: (1) under the name of the writer; (2) under the name of the addressee; (3) under the names of the various persons mentioned.

A PERFECT copy of the first New Testament printed in the Icelandic language has just been secured by the University Library at Copenhagen. It was translated by Oddur, and published at Røeskilde in 1540. It was found in a peasant's house near Copenhagen, where it had come from Iceland in 1820, and was purchased by the Library for \$6.87.

THE heirs of the late Frederick H. Cossitt, of New York, have given \$75,000 towards establishing a public library in Memphis. Mr. Cossitt died before he had taken steps to make his desire in regard to a library for Memphis binding on his heirs, but they did not stand upon their legal rights and gave the amount out of their inheritance that Mr. Cossitt intended to donate to the city where he laid the foundation of his wealth. Two other gentlemen have agreed to give \$5,000 each, if eight men can be found willing to join in making a fund of \$50,000 for the purchase of books.

THE whole number of printed and manuscript items received at the Bodleian Library during 1888 was 43,949, of which 30,545 were sent in under the Copyright Act.

At the meeting of the trustees the following communication was filed: "Gentlemen: I desire to make application for Curator of the East Oakland Reading Room. I am aware that there is no vacancy, but the present Curator is a single lady and can support herself in various ways that I cannot, having a family to educate and support, also she has had the position eight years, to my certain knowledge, and it is but fair that some one else should have a chance. If it suits your pleasure I can give sufficient recommendation."

THE late Simon Cameron has left his library and \$5,000 to the Young Men's Christian Association of Harrisburg, Pa., as a foundation of a library for journeymen and apprentices.

THE Parliamentary paper with reference to the British Museum just published contains some interesting information about the reading-room. The readers last year numbered 188,432, being an average attendance of 622 a day, as against 182,778 in 1887. The resources of the room are said to be taxed to the uttermost, but the introduction of regulations whereby the use of novels has been restricted, and the reservation of seats, during temporary absence, unduly prolonged, has been forbidden, has to some extent relieved overcrowding. There is quite a rush for seats now, between eleven a.m. and one p.m. In the days gone by readers were content to come in from two to four p.m. It is curious, too, to note that while the number of readers has increased, the number of books supplied to them has decreased. In the past year the total number of volumes supplied was 1,208,709, as against 1,221,298 in 1887. The total number of readers in the newspaper-room during the year has been 14,499, giving a daily average of 48. The

number of volumes on the average given to each person was more than three. The number of sets of newspapers published in the United Kingdom and received under the provisions of the Copyright Act during the past year was 2,244, comprising 157,166 single issues. The library, the report says, has received three valuable donations during the year: three years' files of 71 colonial newspapers, from the Colonial Institute; a collection of playbills of Drury Lane Theatre from 1744 to 1862, given by Mr Augustus Harris; and the memoirs of the Belgian Academy, presented by that body.

It has been resolved to spend \$37,500 on a new building for the Aberdeen Free Library.

"ONE of the funniest institutions in this city," says the *N. Y. Sun* for Sept. 8, "is the Mott Memorial Library. Dr. Valentine Mott left it behind him because he could not conveniently carry it into another world, and it has since been maintained as a public institution. It is strictly methodical, chiefly surgical, almost entirely confined to the period of 25 years ago. The library and various busts and portraits of its original owner are housed in a delightful old brick mansion in Madison Avenue. The books are carefully locked in cases, and seldom consulted. The whole house is exempt from taxation. Of course, it is wicked to tax a free library. Meanwhile, however, the rooms in which the unused library is situated are rented, doubtless at a fair price, in the morning to a kindergarten, in the afternoon to a ladies' fencing school, and on some nights to one or more secret organizations. The ground floor is occupied by the Grolier Club."

JOHN W. MCCOY by will made the Johns Hopkins University his residuary legatee. He left to the Universi-

ty his library in bulk to be its absolute property. The library occupies a separate building in the rear of the residence No. 1300 Eutaw Place, and is connected with the dwelling by a conservatory. The collection, if not the largest private library in the State, is the best and most carefully

chosen. The books cover the field of English literature, and the library is particularly strong in art and archæology. Among its treasures are many thousand portrait engravings of the leading men of the age. There are many other engravings and the choicest books of the language.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

H. T. BUCKLE, the author of the famous 'History of Civilisation,' once sent to Lady Reay a list of the really important authors the world had produced. Excluding physical and mathematical works, the following twenty-one are specified as the principal original writers:

Homer.	Locke.	Ricardo ('Political Economy').
Plato.	Berkeley.	
Aristotle.	Kant.	Cervant's ('Don Quixote').
Dante.	Hegel.	
Shakspeare.	Comte.	Bunyan ('Pilgrim's Progress').
Bacon.	Smith ('Wealth of Nations').	Goethe ('Faust').
Descartes.	Mill ('Logic').	
Hobbes.	Malthus ('on Population').	
Grotius.		

AN English "gentleman" gives in a letter addressed to *The Athenæum* this hint of the way in which salable autographs are accumulated:

If authors and other notabilities will persist in successfully catering for the public amusement and taste, they must expect to receive letters of eulogy from a grateful public, who in turn will receive notes of acknowledgment. For, instance, I read an article only last week in a well known London journal, bewitchingly interesting to myself, the perusal of which turned the current of thoughts into a fresh channel altogether; and nothing is so productive of genuine pleasure in this world as a brand-new idea. After reading the article in question I felt in duty bound to thank the writer of that article for the pleasure he had afforded me, and no doubt I shall receive a letter in return from the prominent writer referred to, and thus letters of celebrities are accumulated.

In the memoir of T. T. Stoddart, the Angler-Poet, his daughter recounts some anecdotes of his literary friends. De Quincey was one of them; and Miss Stoddart gives some curious instances of his passion for reading.

When staying at Christopher North's he would lie in bed for days, till he had read all the new books his host possessed, and then get up and, dress, and behave like a sensible mortal. On one occasion Stoddart was talking to the professor in the library when De Quincey came in, dressed only in his night shirt and with his arms full of books. He took no notice of the two, but placed the books on the shelves, collected another armful, and left the room.

PROFESSOR EDWARD ARBER, the distinguished editor of old books, says of John Smith's famous narrative:

The story of Pocahontas is absolutely true. Nobody doubted it till 1866, when Charles Dean started the present scepticism on the point. Henry Stevens believed Smith implicitly, and he is the greatest authority of our age. Before I edited Smith's works I knew of all this doubt; and I went coolly and warily into the matter, determined to find out the truth. Bit by bit the evidence accumulated, until the honesty of the statement and high character of the Lincolnshire captain came out refulgently. Of Pocahontas's existence and service to the English colony no man doubts. The question is, Did she render this peculiar service to Smith? No one was present there but himself. Did he invent it afterwards? Was he a liar generally? Certainly not. In my reprint many greater hairbreadth escapes than that are recorded in his life; and in later Indian stories captive men have often been saved from death by Indian squaws. Such an incident is almost commonplace. So, after a most rigorous test, I was happy to believe that the Pocahontas story is not a myth like the William Tell one, but a solid, historical fact.

A CURLY-HEADED, innocent gown-boy, of the sort which Thackeray loved to contemplate and delineate, came fresh from home with his pock-

et superfluously full of guinea-tips, administered by loving aunts, grand-mammas, *et hoc genus omnia*. Among the bigger boys was a contemporaneous cadet of the Sheridan family. Sheridan, whose genius (*splendide mendax*) for borrowing and forgetting to repay was still proverbial when this century was young. So he fastens, like a young boa-constrictor, on this tender guinea-pig, and borrows first one guinea one week, then another the next, and how many more who knows. However, Thackeray — whether the little one was his fag, or was found by him crying in a corner — somehow found this out, and said to the fleeced innocent: 'Why you little spooney, what made you lend this money to Sheridan? Don't you know you'll never see it again?' 'Oh,' pleaded the plucked doveling, 'he did *beg* me so for it: and he told me he'd be so certain to pay me back as soon as ever——' 'All gammon and spinach!' put in Thackeray here. 'What have you got left? Hand it over to me,

and you shall have half-a-crown a week as long as it lasts; or else Sheridan will sack you clean.' 'And there he was, going about,' added Thackeray to Oldfield, 'with the Sheridan blood in him—the young marauder!'

'It would seem that the race of publishers' hacks is not yet extinct in England. Mr. Christopher Holt writes to *The Bookseller*:—

"SIR,—Some comments have been made recently on the poorness of the living to be obtained by translating French novels. Fourpence per page is, indeed, miserable enough, and proves that the race of booksellers' (or publishers') hacks is not extinct.

I think I can match the case of the translator. I have before me a copy of the 'Youth's History of Scotland,' by "Tillotson, Esq." It consists of four sheets of royal, printed in 32mo, and in bourgeois or long primer type, not leaded; and it is within my personal knowledge that the author was remunerated at the magnificent rate of 10s. (ten shillings) per sheet, or £2 for the work! This, as I reckoned at the time, was less than a relative of mine, a law stationer, would charge for copying it in the roughest way. The author (poor devil!) was afterwards, I believe, engaged on some of Cassell's publications; and it is to be hoped he received better pay."

BOOK NOTICES.

In their "Knickerbocker Nugget Series" Messrs. Putnam's Sons have recently published 'The Wit and Wisdom of Sydney Smith' and 'Tales by Heinrich Zschokke.' The selection from the writings and conversation of the witty Canon which was compiled and published in England many years ago was well worth reprinting, notwithstanding the author's constant diatribes against America. Perhaps the reverend gentleman had rashly invested his savings in Pennsylvania bonds. The tales by Zschokke which are included in Messrs. Putnam's little volume are 'Adventures of a New Years' Eve,' 'The Broken Pitcher,' 'Jonathan Frock,' and the 'Walpuris Night,' the three first trans-

lated by Parke Godwin and the latter by W. P. Prentice. Zschokke would well stand further drafts upon him. This series of books of which 25 volumes have now been published is a credit to both printer and binder. Daintier little volumes have not been issued in America.

MR. CASPAR'S 'Directory of the American Book and Stationery Trade' has at length been published, and a highly creditable performance it is. The first part contains an alphabetical list of firms with their approximate commercial standing. Some idea of the importance of the trade in America may be gathered from the fact that this list alone occupies over 540 pages, and enumerates over

25,000 firms. The second part contains a digest of the trade lists of the American book-publishers being a systematic and analytical key to the nature of the books published in the United States and Canada. The fourth part is devoted to geographical classification alphabetically arranged by States, extending to over 400 pages. In the fifth part the trade branches in the directory are arranged under the various departments. It also contains a list of the specialties of the miscellaneous retail booksellers and of the antiquarian booksellers together with a subject index of the titles of the literary, scientific, technological, and political periodicals of the country. In addition to this wealth of information are articles devoted to 'the Theory and Practice of the book trade and kindred branches,' lists of practical and special bibliographies, of catalogues of public and private libraries, and of bibliographies of different countries, and a vocabulary of terms, phrases,

and abbreviations in English, German, French, Italian, Dutch, Latin &c. employed in literature, the graphic arts, and the book, stationery, and printing trades. The whole is rounded off by a copious analytical index. In so vast an undertaking as this no doubt some slight errors may be discovered; be that as it may, Mr. Caspar has performed a difficult and a thankless task in a workmanlike manner and deserves the thanks and support of bibliopoles and bibliophiles, alike. No such trade directory has ever before been published.

In their "Globe Series" Messrs. Rand & McNally have recently published 'The Tents of Shem,' an exceedingly attractive, fresh, and well written story by Grant Allen; 'Up Terrapin River,' a collection of somewhat tiresome stories by Opie P. Read; Mario Uchard's ever amusing 'My Uncle Barbassou,' translated by A. D. Hall; and 'Merze, the story of an Actress,' a not uninteresting story, poorly told by Marah Ellis Ryan.

MAGAZINE NOTES.

THE October *St. Louis Magazine* is bright and thoroughly interesting. There is a valuable and richly illustrated article on the city of Birmingham, Alabama; three good stories by Chauncey Hickox, Mrs. McOrland and Alfred Watson; the usual critical and sarcastic Literary Chats and Light Moods by the editor A. N. De Menil; poems of unusual merit by Benson M. Lewis and others; and a Home and Society department.

THE *Central Journal for Library Work* for August contains an exhaustive article on that interesting chronicle of English History 'The Philobiblon of Richard de Bury, Bishop of Durham, Treasurer and Chancellor of King Edward III.'

besides other articles and book notices.

THE October issue of *The Chautauquan* is the initial number of Volume X., and appears in a new form and with a handsome cover of new design. The discussion of important public questions which has been so popular a feature in the past, will be continued in the current volume. The contribution to the October number is by Helen Campbell on 'Child Labor and Some of Its Results.'

THE September *Century* contains a paper on Napoleon Bonaparte of unusual interest and importance, being contemporary accounts, by British officers, of the ex-Emperor's exile to Elba; his voyage to St. Helena and

life on that island. Not the least valuable part of this record consists of the conversations here preserved with Napoleon on some of the most prominent passages of his career. Mr. Paine, whose article on the 'Pharaoh of the Bondage' will be remembered, presents an illustrated study of the identity of 'The Pharaoh of the Exodus and his Son'—in the light of their monuments. George Kennan closes his account of 'The Kara Political Prison,' in an article devoted to the tragic history of the institution. Another illustrated article is Emmet O'Brien's account of 'Telegraphy in Battle' during the civil war.

THE United States to-day boasts artists who hold their own with the foreign masters. It has come to be generally recognized that American art must be reckoned with. The display of the representative examples of it at the Paris Exhibition fully justifies, therefore, the distinguished treatment of them in *Harper's Magazine* for September. Theodore Child has entitled his paper 'American Artists at the Paris Exhibition.' It really comprehends the whole subject of American art at the present time. His criticism is not dogmatic, but the artists themselves would be the first to call it authoritative; for it seeks to understand the temperament and the point of view of each—to evoke, to discriminate, to appreciate, to sympathize. The article is accompanied by twenty engravings rendering specimen paintings as perfectly as possible in black and white.

The Writer and The Author, the two helpful magazines for literary workers published in Boston by William H. Hills, are meeting with deserved success. *The Writer*, which will begin its fourth volume in January, has long been regarded as an almost indispensable aid by those who write

for publication, and *The Author*, which will close its first volume with the December number, has been received with equal favor. Each number of *The Writer* is filled with valuable advice and suggestions regarding literary work, contributed by experienced writers, and everything that is printed in the magazine is of practical value to its readers. In the September number there are articles entitled 'Shorthand in Composition,' 'Home-Made Book-Shelves,' 'Book-Reviewing,' 'The Critic Musical,' 'The Critic of the Drama,' 'Newspaper Makers and Newspaper Grumblers,' 'Letter-Writing to Cultivate Style,' etc., and three pages of 'Helpful Hints and Suggestions' and answers to Queries about literary topics, that alone are worth the price of the magazine.

MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON has written a new and characteristic story called 'The Merry Chanter.' It will begin in the November *Century* and run through four numbers. Mr. Dana Gibson will illustrate it.

The North American Review for October contains two important articles on industrial subjects, two on matters connected with national politics, three on military topics, and one on a pressing religious question. Besides these, there is a striking symposium on defects in medical education in this country. Henry George emphasizes 'The Warning of the English Strikers,' and suggests the single tax as the only remedy for labor troubles. Mr. George justifies a strike only as a means to an end. In 'The Tyranny of Labor Organizations' Austin Corbin deals with the subject from the employer's point of view and pleads for entire freedom on the part of both employer and employee. The Hon. Thomas B. Reed, M. C., of Maine, discusses the question of 'Obstruction in the National House,' and insists on the adoption by Con-

gress of rules which will facilitate the transaction of business. Ex-Postmaster-General Don M. Dickinson writes of needed reforms in the postal service, under the heading 'Progress and the Post.' Dion Boucicault takes up a topic on which he is well qualified to speak, 'Theatres, Halls and Audiences.' Lord Wolseley continues his papers on the Civil War. Jefferson Davis makes a vigorous reply to the strictures made upon him by the British Adjutant-General in the first article of his series. An entertaining contribution on 'Ericsson and his "Monitor"' is furnished by Professor

Charles W. MacCord, of the Stevens Institute of Technology, who was formerly chief draughtsman for Captain Ericsson. The contributors to the symposium, 'The Open Door of Quackery,' are Dr. William G. Eggleston, of Chicago, Dr. Austin Flint, of New York, and Dr. R. Ogden Doremus, of New York. Among the papers in the department of Notes and Comments will be found one on 'Europe in Persian Eyes,' by the Hon. S. G. W. Benjamin, formerly United States Minister to Persia, and one on 'Naval Education in the Future,' by Lieut. G. L. Carden.

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AMERICAN NOTES.

THE new novel which Mr. Rae, author of that clever book 'Miss Bayle's Romance,' is about to publish is entitled 'Maygrove: A Family History.' It is full of queer people.

WHAT promises to be an exceedingly interesting series of articles will appear in the forthcoming volume of *The Century*. They will deal with the men and women and the history of the French salons of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and they will be accompanied by portraits.

A COLLECTION of poetical quotations on the subject of music is announced by A. C. McClurg & Co. It will bear the title of 'Musical Moments.'

A TRANSLATION into English of the late Crown-Prince Rudolf's book, 'Notes on Sport and Ornithology' is nearly ready for publication.

A NOVEL by Miss Mary Agnes Tincker, author of 'Signor Monaldini's Niece,' will be published shortly by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is entitled 'Two Coronets,' and deals with scenes and characters in Italy and New England.

'THE Constitutional History of the United States as Seen in the Development of American Law' is a book now on the press of G. P. Putnam's Sons. It is a collection of papers by various well known lawyers.

MISS YONGE's new historical novel is nearly ready for publication. It is to be called 'The Cunning Woman's Grandson; A Tale of Cheddar a Hundred Years Ago.'

ANOTHER series of illustrated editions of old songs has been undertaken by White & Allen. This will include 'The Bells of Shandon,' 'Old Uncle Ned,' 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' and 'Sally in Our Alley.'

The Saturday Review regards Dr. Emerson's book on his father, 'Emerson in Concord,' as discreet notwithstanding its intimate character. Referring to the fact that Emerson was soon after his marriage elected hog-reeve of the town, the *Review* says that "if Montaigne had been hog-reeve instead of Emerson, we should have known half the pigs in Concord by sight.

ONLY 200 copies are to be printed of the large paper edition of the volume edited by Alexander Ireland under the title of 'William Hazlitt, Essayist and Critic.' One hundred and twenty-five of these have already been subscribed for in England, and the remainder are intended for this country. F. Warne & Co. are the publishers.

'METZEROTT—SHOEMAKER' is the title of a new novel announced by T. Y. Crowell & Co. It is a labor story.

THE publishers of *St. Nicholas* announce that that popular children's magazine is to be enlarged beginning with the new volume, which opens with November, 1889, and that a new and clearer type will be adopted. Four important serial stories by four well known American authors will be given during the coming year.

THE second of Oliver Optic's stories in the "The Blue and the Gray" Series will soon be issued by Lee & Shepard, Boston, his publishers, under the suggestive title 'Within the Enemy's Lines,' and is uniform with 'Taken by the Enemy.' The fame of Oliver Optic as the "champion storyteller" for young people, is enhanced by his latest production, as the topic gives him the finest of opportunities to indulge in thrilling narratives, while at the same time keeping true to historical accuracy. Like its predecessors, of course, its scenes are connected with the war of the Rebellion and the author states frankly that he "believes that all his events were possible, and that every one of them had its parallel in the actual occurrences of the historical period of which he writes." The books of this series have never been surpassed in brilliancy and interesting story by any of this distinguished author's previous volumes.

HARPER & BROS. have just ready 'A History of the Kansas Crusade: its friends and its foes,' by Eli Thayer, who planned and organized the movement by which Kansas was made a free State, with an introduction by Edward Everett Hale, a fellow-worker with Mr. Thayer in the emigration cause; 'Man and His Maladies,' a popular handbook of physiology and domestic medicine, by A. E. Bridger; and No. 6 of the 'Franklin Square Song Collections,' edited by J. P. McCaskey. In fiction they have ready Walter Besant's 'Children of Gibeon,' a story of the London Working girl, and a cheap edition of Richard Malcolm Johnston's Georgia story entitled 'Ogeechee Cross-Firings'; and for children 'Captain Polly,' by Sophie Swett, and 'Princess Liliwinkins, and Other Stories,' by Henrietta Christian Wright, both illustrated by Rosina Emmet Sherwood, the only woman who received a medal of honor in the American art section at the Paris Exposition.

AN unpublished article by Thackeray has been secured by Mrs. Hodgson Burnett for her syndicate 'Youth's Department.' It contains various illustrations by his whimsical pencil.

THE *National Magazine* is the name of a new literary venture of Chicago, which begins with the October number. It is published under the auspices of the new "National University," which opens October 1st, of which it is the organ. The first number will contain articles on literary, educational and scientific subjects, and a prospectus of the University, which is said to be modelled after the London University and has extensive non-resident courses, teaching many subjects by mail. Published at 182 Clark Street.

'THE MERRY CANTER' is the characteristic title which Mr. Frank R. Stockton has selected for his forthcoming *Century* story. This title repeats the name of a vessel commanded by not one, but four Yankee captains, and carrying on a cruise its owners a young married couple.

'MEMOIRS OF A MILLIONAIRE' is the somewhat old-fashioned title of a novel by Lucia T. Ames, now on the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mrs. Austin's 'Standish of Standish' and Bret Harte's 'Heritage of Dedlow Marsh' are also on the list of this firm.

MR. JOHN T. MORSE, Jr., has written for the "American Statesmen Series" a biography of Benjamin Franklin which will appear immediately.

MRS. RORER, whose 'Cook Book' achieved such wonderful popularity has prepared another volume for her fellow-housewives, entitled 'Home Candy Making.' It has just been issued in attractive form by Arnold & Co., Philadelphia.

MR. LOWELL's 'Hawthorne' is again announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. as being in preparation. Mr. John Biglow's book on William Cullen Bryant is in press.

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FOREIGN NOTES.

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS fall list includes 'A Midsummer Drive through the Pyrenees,' by Edwin A. Dix; 'The Land of the Viking and the Empire of the Tsar,' by E. Frazer Blackstock; 'In the Time of the Cherry Viewing: A Tale of Life in Japan'; 'Liberty and a Living; or, Working and Playing on the Great South Bay,' by Philip G. Hubert, Jr.; a selection of 'The Letters of Horace Walpole,' edited by Charles D. Yonge; and the following verse: 'Epithalamium,' by Mary M. Barnes; 'The New Pandora: A Drama,' by Harriett H. Robinson; and 'Day Lilies, and Other Poems,' by Jeanie O. Smith.

THE seventh of the series of "English Men of Action" is 'Monk,' by Julian Corbett, author of 'The Fall of Asgard.' Other volumes are in preparation.

"ERIK BRIGHTYES," the hero of Mr. Rider Haggard's new romance, is an Icelandic chieftain of the ancient days, and a performer of many glittering deeds. The author went to Iceland last year to study local color for this story.

THE large demand for the cheap edition of 'Lorna Doone' still continues, and a further issue is in the press. The second of this cheap series, Mr. Hardy's 'Far From the Madding Crowd,' has also proved a great success, and, like its predecessor, is passing into a second edition.

WE understand that Macmillan & Co. will commence a 3s. 6d. edition of Mr. Marion Crawford's popular novels this month. They also announce an edition at the same price of the works of Thomas Hughes, Q.C., author of 'Tom Brown's School-Days.'

THE Earl of Lytton's serial novel, 'The Ring of Amasis,' is to be published in the forthcoming volume of *The English Illustrated Magazine*.

A POPULAR edition of Luther's works is announced in Germany. The collection, which will be issued in parts, will consist of four series and each series will be provided with a different portrait of the author. A 'Life of Luther' will accompany the collection, which is to be edited by the distinguished theologians Ewald, Kostlin, Rade and Buchwald.

WE have received, as a Separat-abdruck from the *Jahrbuch* of the German Shakspeare Society a catalogue of the library of the society (Weimar: Wagner), compiled by the librarian, Dr. R. Köhler. As might be expected, it does not contain any great rarities, such as the folios or quartos, but it forms a good practical collection of editions and criticism. The catalogue is divided into five sections: (1) editions of collected and single works, including many facsimiles, but wanting the great Cambridge edition; (2) translations and acting copies, the German translations being, of course, very numerous, but the French by Charles Hugo and the Portuguese by the King of Portugal being absent—a Danish translation of 'Hamlet' dates from 1777, which happens to be also the year of the earliest German translation of that play; (3) Shaksperiana—the most valuable portion of the collection, comprising the Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society, but not of its forerunner; (4) the history of the English drama, with special reference to the predecessors and contemporaries of Shakspeare; (5) dictionaries—both these last sections are weak.

MR. DOUGLAS B. W. SLADEN, who has recently been on a visit to the United States and the Dominion of Canada, has collected materials for a companion volume to his 'Australian Poets.' It will be entitled 'Younger American Poets,' and will include selections from the works of W. D. Howells, Joaquin Miller, Paul Heyse, Sidney Lanier, Helen Hunt, &c., as well as examples of Canadian poetry.

WILLIAM MICHAEL ROSSETTI has prepared a volume of 'Notes' on his famous brother's work under the title of 'Dante Gabriel Rossetti as Designer and Writer.' These include a prose paraphrase of the 'House of Life.'

THOMAS MITCHELL, an Englishman who has spent many year in the land of the Czar, and is the author of 'Murray's Handbook to Russia,' has written a book named 'Russian Pictures,' which is described as unusually interesting. It is to be published this season.

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE has completed the 'Treasury of English Sacred Lyrical Poetry,' with the formation of which he was entrusted by the delegates of the Clarendon Press. The selection is ranged under three books: The first dating from about 1500 to 1680 (but mainly finding its materials in the seventeenth century); the second, from 1680 to about 1820; the last, thence to our own time. Short biographical notices of the writers (except a few, such as Spenser, Milton, Cowper, or those still living) have been added, with explanatory and glossarial notes.

MESSRS. CHATTO & WINDUS will shortly publish Mr. J. Churton Collin's 'Monograph on Dean Swift.'

THE success of the cheap edition of the more popular of Charles Kingsley's books has been so great that Messrs. Macmillan propose to add several more volumes. They have lately published 'Prose Idylls,' which makes the twelfth and last volume of the series as originally projected. But they have now arranged for six more volumes, to appear monthly, which will contain 'The Roman and the Teuton,' and the several collections of essays and lectures historical, scientific, and literary. We venture to hope that they will be encouraged to add 'Glaucus;' or, Wonders of the Sea-Shore, if not also 'The Hermits.' There would then remain some half dozen or more volumes of sermons, which (with selections, &c.) make up the twenty-eight volumes of the collected edition of Kingsley's Works.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will shortly publish under the title of 'Religion: a Dialogue, and Other Essays,' a selection from Schopenhauer's 'Parerga und Paralipomena,' translated by Mr. T. B. Saunders.

A VOLUME of 'Original Fairy Tales,' by Mr. Andrew Lang, will be published this month by Mr. J. W. Arrow-smith, of Bristol.

EDWARD WAKEFIELD, a nephew of Gibbon Wakefield author of 'The Art of Colonization,' and a man who has held many high official positions in the New Zealand Government—now being one of the Commissioners for that region at the Paris Exposition—has written what is said to be an ex-

haustive and valuable book on 'New Zealand After Fifty Years.' It is on the press of Cassell & Co.

WE are glad to hear that Messrs. Macmillan intend to follow up their cheap series of Charles Kingsley's popular works with a similar edition of the works of Tom Hughes. 'Tom Brown's School-Days' will be published this month; 'Tom Brown at Oxford' (which has stood the wear of time less well) in the following month; and 'The Scouring of the White Horse,' with 'The Ashen Fagot' in the same volume, later on. All will have the original illustrations by Richard Doyle, A. Hughes, and S. P. Hall.

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GENERAL NOTES.

It is reported that Mr. Bullen has decided to retire from the 'Keepership of Printed Books' in the British Museum.

MR. QUARITCH is an astute man of business, and understands well how to find markets in untrodden fields. His enterprise extends to both hemispheres, and far beyond the beaten track frequented by his less sagacious contemporaries. In illustration of this we observe in a Buenos Ayres newspaper of recent date the announcement of a forthcoming sale of valuable books consigned to that distant part of South America by Mr. Quaritch. Book-hunters in the Argentine Republic may well be grateful to Mr. Quaritch for his wide-reaching energy.

M. M. BALLOU, who has published several well known books of travel, will soon bring out a book describing his recent observations in Alaska.

In London a few weeks ago, at an auction sale, a copy of Thackeray's 'Second Funeral of Napoleon' and

'The Chronicle of the Drum' (1841) brought \$150, the first edition of 'Oliver Twist' \$160, the first series of 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' original edition, \$52.50, and the first edition of 'David Copperfield' \$45.

CONCERNING that "illiterature which rests its only hope of popularity on its nastiness," W. M. Gattie says in the *Fortnightly Review*: "Against this evil criticism is powerless, and worse than powerless; for such is the perversity of mankind that an exposure of the improprieties of a book of this type is tolerably certain to treble its circulation; and, in fact, decrying a novel on the score of its indecency is a favorite form of advertisement." This is a truism, of course, yet it seems to be one unknown to a great many reviewers. Vigorous denunciation of the ephemeral "nasty novel" no doubt relieves the outraged intellect of a man of taste; but it sends a hundred or more idiots to the booksellers. A masterly "letting alone" is the wisest treatment to give to the current bits of "illiterature."

A MS. report of a course of lectures delivered by Carlyle in 1838 has been unearthed in England. These lectures have never been printed. In one of them he said of Shakspeare that he "is the epitome of the era of Elizabeth, a man in whom that era as well as other eras have found a vein, one who gives utterance to many things silent before him, and worthy to be called the spokesman of our nation. It is now universally admitted that he must be regarded as the greatest person that has been produced in the literature of modern Europe. He was one the great souls of nature, like a Homer, an Aeschylus, a Dante—a voice pure, the inmost heart of nature. He speaks the dialect of the sixteenth century in words much more expressive and comprehensive than any used before him, for knowledge had made great progress in his time, and therefore his language became more complex and rich in significance."

THE *Chronicle of the Graphic Arts* (Vienna) No. 7, contains a concise article on the Graphic Arts in the Paris Salon, and a biographical sketch of William Sharp, the distinguished engraver, which gives interesting details of his connection with Mesmer, Swedenborg, and Richard Brothers the Prophet. It also gives an excellent reproduction of Albert Dürer's etching of the Apostles Peter and Paul with the Handkerchief of Saint Veronica.

MR. JAMES PILLING has issued his 'Bibliography of the Muskogean Languages,' 114 pp. 8vo. It contains 521 titular entries of which 467 relate to printed books and 54 to manuscripts. The work has been performed with the painstaking accuracy which has characterized Mr. Pilling's previous bibliographical compilations.

THE commission formed by the Royal Academy of History of Madrid to celebrate the fourth centenary of the discovery of America—of which the Duke of Veragua, a lineal descendant of Christopher Columbus, is vice-president—has decided to offer two prizes (of \$6,000 and \$3,000) for a literary competition. The work, which should not exceed two volumes of 500 pages each, may be written in Spanish, Portuguese, English, German, French, or Italian. "The vastness of the subject necessitates that the paper should be a highly finished work of art, not so much from the richness of diction, but rather from the general arrangement and neatness of style; for its nobility and beauty should spring from the simplicity of the phraseology, and from a just appreciation and careful judgment."

THE most singular material for book-making is proposed by Prof. Castagnatta, and partially carried out by Prof. Burkham of Brunswick. His idea was to make a book indestructible by printing in gold or silver letters upon thin leaves of asbestos, the binding to be of a thicker sheet of asbestos. Neither time or fire could have any effect upon a volume of this kind, and it might well merit the title of "the book of eternity."

It will be welcome news to admirers of Alexandre Dumas to learn that his new novel may be expected at Christmas.

THE German Booksellers' Union, in Leipzig, has decided to have during the winter months classes for the instruction of booksellers' assistants in addition to those already held for apprentices. The instruction will include the English and French languages, the laws and customs of the book trade, and book-keeping by double entry.

IN spite of the absorbing question of the strikes, *The Pall Mall Gazette* has found space for a discussion as to the smallest book in the world. The best claim seems to be made out for a book containing poems by Mrs. Hemans, Byron and Schiller, with an engraved portrait of each of them, and measuring three-quarters of an inch in height by half an inch in width.

THE new Canadian copyright law provides that a work to obtain copyright must be printed and published in Canada within one month from its first appearance elsewhere: and that such works must be registered at the Ministry of Agriculture (why there?) before or simultaneously with their first publication elsewhere. Protection is granted for twenty-eight years.

THE *Allgemeine Zeitung* tells us that the British Museum has purchased, for the sum of \$4,250 the Book of Prayers ordered by the late King Louis II., of Bavaria, from the Munich artist Francis Fleschuetz.

A PERFECT copy of 'Le Pastissier Francois' has come to light in Holywell Street bound up with a worthless tract. It was printed at Amsterdam in 1665 by Louis and Daniel Elzevir. A copy sold for \$300 in 1883, and another was purchased for no less than 10,000 fr., at a Paris sale a few years since.

THE London *Bookseller* is referring to the United States exhibit at the Paris Exposition when it pays its New York contemporary this deserved compliment:—'For bibliography and general helpfulness to booksellers and librarians, there can be no doubt that *The Publishers' Weekly* Office claims the first place.'

A NUMBER of gentlemen connected in various ways with Harvard, stimulated by the appearance of Prof. Fay's 'Concordance of the Divina Commedia,' have undertaken a concordance of the 'Vita Nuova' and the 'Canzoniere.' This is likely to be completed within a year, and the Dante Society may publish it.

—:O:—

BOOK AUCTIONS.

MESSRS. SOTHEBY sold the Burton Constable collection of manuscripts lately. For some reason, which is difficult to discover, the collection had acquired celebrity, and consequently great monetary value was attached to it. Disappointment was generally felt when the catalogue was issued at the uninteresting nature of the greater part of the collection, and the total realized by the sale (\$8,090) shows that there were but few really valuable lots in it. These sold very well, and were mostly bought by amateurs. The following prices are some of the highest reached: Bevis de Hamtone le Chivaler, an unpublished old French romance, \$125. A Bible in Latin, on vellum, of the twelfth century, illumi-

nated in the Anglo-Norman style, but much injured through damp, \$135. A Collection of Manuscripts relating to Yorkshire, from 1066 to 1760, \$1,075. A volume of Latin works, translated into English by Richard Misyn, Carmelite Prior of Lincoln in the 15th century, \$450. Romans du Conte d'Anjou, in old French and illuminated, \$300. Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers and Documents, 4 vols., dating from 1559 to 1584, \$2,025. Confession of Faith of the Kirk of Scotland, signed by Charles II. on his coronation, \$675.

THE same auctioneers also sold the Burton Constable library of printed books. The following are some of the higher prices realized: Blomefield's Norfolk, 5 vols., 1739-75 (imper-

fect) \$170. Grævii et Gronovii Thesaurus Antiquitatum, 70 vols., 1694-1725, \$132.50. Horæ B. Mariæ V. ad legitimu Sarisburiensis, 1511, \$250. Missale ad Usum Insignis Ecclesiæ Sarisburiensis, 1555, \$93.75. Prymer in Englysshe after the Use of Salisbury, 1538, \$77.50. Purchas His Pilgrimes, 1625-26 (imperfect), \$190. Shakspeare's Works, third edition, 1633 (imperfect), \$225. Wilkins, Concilia M. Britannicæ et Hibernicæ, 4 vols., 1737, \$120.

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LAHN.....Bremen 7.30 A. M.

WESTERNLAND.....Antwerp..... 7.30 A. M.

Thu. 3 COLUMBIA.....Hamburg 9.30 A. M.

AMSTERDAM.....Amsterdam.. 9.30 A. M.

Sat. 5 NORGE.....Christiania.. 10.00 A. M.

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Wed. 9 GALLIA.....Queenstown. 2.00 A. M.

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Thu. 10 WIELAND.....Hamburg..... 4.00 A. M.

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Sat. 12 LA CHAMPAGNE.....Havre..... 3.30 A. M.

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Sat. 19 LA BOURGOGNE.....Havre..... 9.00 A. M.

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(Steamers depart about 3 hours later.)

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EMS.....Briceen..... 9.30 A. M.

Wed. 23 GERMANIC.....Queenstown. 11.30 A. M.

TRAVE.....Bremen..... 11.30 A. M.

Thu. 24 HAMMONIA.....Hamburg.. 3.00 A. M.

ROTTERDAM.....Rotterdam.. 2.30 A. M.

Sat. 26 LA GASCOGNE.....Havre..... 2.30 A. M.

HEKLA.....Christiania.. 2.30 A. M.

PENNLAND.....Antwerp..... 3.00 A. M.

UMBRIA.....Queenstown. 3.00 A. M.

DEVONIA.....Glasgow..... 4.00 A. M.

FULDA.....Bremen..... 4.00 A. M.

Wed. 30 CITY OF PARIS.....Queenstown. 6.00 A. M.

LAHN.....Bremen..... 6.30 A. M.

Thu. 31 EDAM.....Amsterdam.. 8.30 A. M.

COLUMBIA.....Hamburg..... 8.30 A. M.

From BOSTON.

Sat. 5 CEPHALONIA.....Queenstown. 3.30 A. M.

12 SCYTHIA.....Queenstown. 8.30 A. M.

19 PAVONIA.....Queenstown. 3.30 A. M.

26 SAMARIA.....Queenstown. 7.30 A. M.

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Wed. 9 SWITZERLAND.....Antwerp..... 10.00 A. M.

30 NEDERLAND.....Antwerp..... 10.06 A. M.

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Wed. 2 MAIN.....Bremen..... NOON.

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culties which beset Vergennes and the patient determination with which he overcame them. To control the indiscretion of generous enthusiasts like La Fayette; of meaner partisans, half patriots, half intriguers, like Beaumarchais; to rouse a lethargic king, moving as Hotspur has it, "a dish of skimmed milk with an honorable action"; to overcome the jealous suspicions, the irritable arrogance, and, it must be added, the regard for international equity, which kept back the Spanish court from cordial co-operation with France, these were the barriers to success which Vergennes had to break down. It is, indeed, on what may be called the European, as distinguished from the American, side that M. Doniol's work has most novelty and interest. One sees that the alliance with the colonies was only one incident of a complex drama wherein almost every European power played or threatened to play, a part. This side of his subject M. Doniol has brought out with great clearness.

In some measure his book gives one the impression of having fallen between two stools. One hardly knows whether to regard it as a history or a magazine of documents. The amount of criticism and the extent of the connecting narrative makes it much more than the latter. Yet if it is to be regarded as a history, and judged by ordinary rules, it is overlaid with extracts from original authorities. It is, in fact, what the *Narrative and Critical History of America* is—an attempt to combine in one work a history and a collection of historical authorities. One result of this is that the order of thought is sometimes sacrificed to the order of time. It would have tended to greater clearness if the negotiations between France and Spain could have been treated more continuously. But it is only just to M. Doniol to say that

if the threads of his narrative sometimes cross one another unnecessarily, all is done that can be by clearness and precision of style to keep them distinct in the reader's mind.

Of moralizing there is little in M. Doniol's work; yet that little is enough to show, what indeed is implied in the general tone of his work, approval and even admiration of Vergennes. "La justesse et la persistance y étaient, toutefois une grande probité aussi" (vol. i., p. 12). Is it mere English prejudice which makes it somewhat difficult to recognize the "grande probité"? Take M. Doniol's own account of the attitude of Vergennes in December 1776:

"Répondant à la communication officielle des succès du Général Howe, il ajoute à l'expression des banalités dont la diplomatie use dans les cas pareils tout ce que la préoccupation de ne pas découvrir la France pouvait dicter de protestations cherchées" (vol. II., p. 107).

In a note on the very same page M. Doniol quotes the instruction given by Vergennes to De Noailles, the French ambassador in London. The *London Chronicle* had asserted that Deane, one of the American agents in Paris, had been allowed to arm privateers in the French ports. De Noailles is instructed to contradict this: "Vous ne devez pas même hésiter de la qualifier de mensonge impudent et grossier." How did matters really stand? Earlier in the very same month, Deane was sending to a correspondent in America an invoice of arms, clothes, and ammunition for thirty thousand men and two hundred cannon, and asking, "Do you want heavy iron cannon, sea-officers of distinction, or ships? Your special orders will enable me to procure them." Was the French government so ill-informed that it knew nothing of these things, or so weak that it could not hinder them? But, in truth, the connivance with Deane's schemes was only the fulfilment of a

policy which Vergennes had laid down more than a year before. In a memorial, drawn up, indeed, by another hand, but of which M. Doniol says—"Si un secrétaire écrit, c'est en réalité M. Vergennes qui parle," the French course of policy is very plainly announced.

"Il est donc essentiel que la France dirige dès à présent ses soins vers ce point de vue. Elle doit alimenter le courage et la persévérance des insurgés en les flattant de l'espoir d'une assistance efficace lorsque les circonstances le permettrait" (vol. i., p. 247).

A passage in a memorial written by Vergennes in 1777 illustrates, perhaps even more forcibly, the manner in which he understood the obligations of good faith.

"Il a été prudent dans le principe de n'administrer que des secours inévidents clandestins, et susceptibles d'être desavoués, lesquels pouvant suffire pour nourrir dans les Américains l'espoir d'une assistance plus relevante, et pour les affermir dans leurs principes de resistance. . . . Mais ce qui était prudent et suffisant dans le commencement deviendrait insuffisant et pernicieux si la France et l'Espagne n'adoptant pas une méthode plus analogue à la grandeur comme à leur intérêt, se contentaient d'assister sourdement et d'une manière étroite les Américains" (vol. ii., p. 462).

To deceive the representatives of a friendly power was undignified; that is all. The public morality of 1776 was far higher than that of 1689; but one cannot read Vergennes's despatches without being reminded of Macaulay's description of Avaux:

"One sentiment was to him in the place of religion and morality, a superstitious and intolerant devotion to the crown which he served. This sentiment pervades all his despatches, and gives color to all his thoughts and words. Nothing that tended to promote the interests of the French monarchy seemed to him a crime. Indeed, he appears to have taken it for granted that not only Frenchmen, but all human beings, owed a natural allegiance to the House of Bourbon, and that whoever hesitated to sacrifice the happiness and freedom of his own native country to the glory of that house was a traitor."

In exactly this spirit Vergennes speaks of any attempt on the part of the colonists to make separate terms with England as "le plus noire des

ingratitude." So, too, he formulates the whole duty of man: "Un bon Francois ne connaît de véritable intérêts que la gloire de son maître et la dignité de son couronne." It will, perhaps, be unjust to Vergennes's shrewdness to quote, as a like illustration of moral perversion, a passage in which he assures Franklin that "les Anglois l'important aussi éminemment sur nous par l'expérience de la mer et la science des manœuvres que nous l'importons sur eux par la noblesse et le disintéressement de nos vues" (vol. ii., p. 115). We may doubt whether Vergennes deceived himself. We may be very sure that he did not deceive the shrewd old citizen of the world to whom he wrote.

No doubt there was in France side by side with this, among such as La Fayette, a sympathy with men striving in the cause of freedom—a sympathy largely based on ignorant sentiment, largely tinged with the artificial classicality of the last century, yet real and generous. But it was the craft of the diplomatists, not the zeal of the enthusiasts, that determined the attitude of France. And almost every page of M. Doniol's work shows one how exclusively French diplomatists looked on the claims of America as instruments for weakening England. They were firmly convinced that a reconciliation between England and her revolted colonies could only be cemented by a joint attack on France. It was far from being the wish of Vergennes that the colonies should receive their liberties in any way which did not exhaust and embarrass England. Thus, in February, 1777, he writes to the Spanish ambassador—"Nous sentons parfaitement tout l'avantage de la durée de cette guerre dont la prolongation heureuse ou malheureuse ne peut que contribuer, à l'épuisement de l'Angleterre" (vol. ii., p. 179). In

the same spirit he writes: "Ne nous en plaignons pas; ci n'est pas un spectacle affligeant pour les Deux couronnés de voir l'Angleterre se déchirer de ses propres mains" (ii., p. 36): and again, "Laissons les Anglois travailler eux mêmes a leur propre destruction" (ii., p. 248).

The policy of France assuredly answered its designed end in making the gulf between England and her revolted colonies impassable. In courting, even in accepting, the French alliance, the colonists were practically declaring that their position was changed. They were no longer discontented subjects with specified and limited grievances for which they needed redress. They were active belligerents, taking part with a power which was scheming for the invasion and detachment of Ireland, which did not shrink from the prospect of kindling a servile insurrection in the West Indies.

Such a work as that of M. Doniol, as a matter of course, abounds with subjects of incidental interest. Such, for instance, is that strange scheme for making the revolted colonies into a stadtholderate under the Count of Broglie—a scheme gravely entertained by Kalb, one of the chief French supporters of America. When we see how the follies of George III. had filled the Americans with a morbid dread and hatred of monarchy; how distasteful to them was even that amount of irresponsible power which was vested by the constitution in the president; how it needed all of Washington's deserts and services, his unique position and more unique character, to overcome the scruples of his countrymen—we see how little the French partisans of America knew of the nation with which they were dealing. It is also an incidental illustration of like ignorance that Vergennes should have imagined that

the two Adamsses, John and Samuel, were brothers.

Vergennes, indeed, had enough insight into the condition of the colonies to perceive the inevitable conflict of interests between north and south. But, at the same time, his deductions have been strangely falsified by events. A peaceful South dependent on commerce, an aggressive and belligerent North, was what he pictured to himself:

"Leurs intérêts ne sont pas plus uniformes que les climats sous lesquels les respirent. Le Sud et le Nord diffèrent essentiellement; le premier faiblement peuplé, la culture y étant abandonnée à des nègres ne pouvant pas être régie par un esprit d'agrandissement et de conquête, le commerce doit être son principe et sa fin: les colonies du Nord peuvent être dirigées par des principes et des vues différents; un climat âpre, un sol pénible à féconder, une population abondante, effet de la frugalité et du travail, tout cela peut y porter l'esprit d'émigration et de conquête" (vol. II., p. 466).

It hardly needs to be wise after the event to see the errors in Vergennes's estimate of the south. How could that oligarchy with its squirely tastes, its free wasteful outdoor life, its love of landed property, and its contempt for manual labor, become a trading community? Its industrial system was fatal to the development of any varied commerce. There was nothing in the habits of the people or the geographical conditions of the country to encourage the formation of cities.

M. Doniol, too, furnishes not a few vivid illustrations of the difficulties which beset the path of Washington. So full and decisive has been the verdict of history that it is difficult to imagine the time when a well informed French envoy could write of Conway, Lee, and Miffling as the victims of personal intrigues set on foot by the jealousy of Washington. Yet such, it is plain, was the view of Gerard in 1778, though it was a view which a more familiar knowledge of American politics untaught him.

Again, nothing could well have been more imbecile than the conduct of Sullivan and the other American generals who had to co-operate with D'Estaing. The inability of the French fleet to effect anything was mainly due to the incapacity of the colonists. Even if it had not been so it would have been clearly the wise course of the Americans, as far as might be, to take the blame on themselves; to do everything in their power to soothe the susceptibilities of a nation whose alliance was absolutely needful to them. Yet, instead, they attacked D'Estaing for his failure, and for the change of policy which it involved, with an acrimony which, with a man of more susceptible or jealous temper, might have been fatal to all future co-operation.

J. A. DOYLE.

—*The Academy.*

ASHES.

WRITTEN IN THE SHAKSPEARE CHURCH, AT
STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, AUGUST 23, 1889.

Man longs to view his destiny completed;
He cannot see it—but his Maker can.
As shapes of cloud in mountains are repeated,
So thoughts of God accomplished are in Man.

Here the divinest of all thoughts descended;
Here the "sweet heavens" their sweetest boon
let fall;
Upon this hallowed ground begun and ended
The life that knew and felt and uttered all.

There is not anything of human trial
That ever love deplored or sorrow knew,
No glad fulfilment and no sad denial,
Beyond the pictured truth that Shakspeare drew

All things are said and done, and though forever
The streams dash onward and the great waves
blow,

There comes no new thing in the world, and never
A voice like his, that seemed to make it so.

Take then thy fate, or opulent or sordid;
Take it, and bear it, and esteem it blest!
For all crowns that ever were awarded
The crown of simple patience is the best.

WILLIAM WINTER in *Harper's Weekly*.

THE GREEK GOLDEN TREASURY.

The more the Greek language is expelled from schools, the greater, apparently, is the general curiosity about Greek Literature. Translations multiply, and it seems not beyond hope that every one who deserves to know Greek will finally learn it for pleasure, while persons to whom it is merely pain and grief will be spared the terrors of *Tupto*, and of irregular verbs. For example, the Greek Anthology, the Golden Treasury of short Greek poems, was for hundreds of years the companion only of scholars. But now a pretty copious selection of English versions from the Anthology has been edited by Mrs. Graham Tomson, and is vended at the moderate price of a quarter (Walter Scott). If there is a popular demand for Agathias and Marcus Argentarius, if Philodemus of Gadara is to compete with the popular novel at the railway stations, clearly Culture is no mere empty name. The Anthology has been a book of singular fortunes and misfortunes, but the last thing that even its admirers could have hoped for it was modern popularity. Meleager, a Greek-speaking Syrian, about a hundred years before the Christian era, was a genial, garrulous old poet; who first made a Golden Treasury of brief lyrics, and added very many of his own. Two later editions were put forth, one shortly after our era, another, by Agathias (a poetical and probably briefless lawyer) after Justinian. Four centuries later came the Treasury of Cephalas. Each new editor seems to have left out a good deal of old works and inserted pieces by his contemporaries. It was much as if Tottell's 'Miscellany,' or England's 'Helicon,' had been edited again and again under Charles II., Anne, and

the Georges, with omissions and additions. In the fourteenth century a Byzantine monk, Planudes, got at the Anthology, dividing it into seven books, with plenty of Christian poetry in it. But in 1606 the famed Salmasius rediscovered the earlier edition of Cephala at Heidelberg. The manuscript reached the Vatican in the fortunes of war, and was published by Brunck in 1776.

I went to Jena, and got drunk
With that most learned Professor Brunck.

says Porson, thereby giving Brunck a kind of celebrity which he neither desired nor probably deserved. However, Brunck's editions "supplanted," as Mrs. Graham Tomson says, "the monkish changelings" of Planudes. The victorious French carried the Heidelberg MS. discovered by Salmasius from the Vatican to Paris, and it was edited anew by Jacobs. Very many pieces, those of Sappho, for example, had dropped out, and yielded their places to late versifiers like Paulus Silentarius and Rufinus. But it is curious and interesting to possess poetry so extremely "decadence" as theirs, and we must be content with what the ages have preserved to us.

The Anthology has been the joy, and the puzzle of Translators. These tiny poems of life, of love, of death, of "art-criticism" have been rendered into Latin, French, English, in many different ages. Dr. Johnson when sleepless used "to drive the night along" as he lay in the dark by doing the Greek into Latin elegiacs. The Greek, as light as thistle down, as sweet as honey, must have altered rarely in the monumental Latin of the Doctor. Ronsard translated several pieces, and turned the lines on Democritus the Laugher into an epitaph on Rabelais. Pluto is advised to be glad that he has now one merry man in his pale dominions. People have hence inferred that Ronsard

was an enemy of Rabelais, a most unfounded scandal. The Elizabethans did not neglect this treasure of verse, and even Shakspeare, if the piece from the 'Passionate Pilgrim' be really his, rendered an epigram by Marianus Scholasticus. Other examples have been found in the Elizabethan song books published lately by Mr. Bullen. Herrick, we believe, turned a few of the less agreeable ditties. Among English poets Cowper, and Shelley, and Mr. Goldwin Smith, and Leyden, and Campbell, and Archdeacon Farrar have dallied with the Anthology. Merevale and Bland tried their hands, and several numbers in the old *Blackwood's Magazine* contained articles of translation, comparison and criticism. Mrs. Tomson's volume is full of versions by old and new translators, "new countless poets," as one of the originals has it in an epitaph on Erinna, the Greek girl poet. In a verse translation, Mr. Matthew Arnold says no original poem is any longer recognizable. The only possible thing, if it be possible, is not to turn a good poem into a bad one. Where Shelley and Cowper are concerned one may be sure that this evil change has not occurred. But there is something in the Greek, some volatile essence, that escapes even these chemists. Two beautiful versions are omitted in the new selection. One is by Mr. William Johnson, of Eton, a rendering of Callimachus's lament for his friend:

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead.

They brought me bitter news to hear, and bitter tears to shed.

The other is Archdeacon Farrar's translation of Plato's lines to Aster, "the Star":—

Gazing on stars, my Star; Ah! would that I were the welkin,

Starry with infinite eyes, gazing forever on thee.

A great number of pretty pieces have necessarily been left out, perhaps

have never been Englished at all, because of their license. For example, Paulus Silentarius, who admits that he took to flirtation late in life, wrote many things that we cannot but admire, though there is every reason why they should *not* appear in a cheap book for the general public. The original Anthology is a manual of every Greek mood — pessimism, pleasure, devotion, regret, doubt, hope, all are expressed; dead and living loves are lamented or implored; pictures are criticised, occasional pieces of every conceivable kind, patriotic, literary, antiquarian, are all crowded and crushed together, but on the whole, Love, Death, Religion, Art, are the prevailing themes. Mockery, which has a section to itself, is hardly represented in the English, except for this neat epigram of Leonidas of Alexandria, by Mr. Richard Garnett:

Menodotis's portrait here is kept; most odd it is.
How very like to all the world, except Menodotis.

Artemus Ward was less original than he deemed when he advertised a portrait which must be very valuable and rare "if it was like nobody at all."

Translations can never, or but rarely, be permanent, for they bear the cast and fashion of the time, while the original is Greek and eternal. Some of the modern versions are even marked by the influence of Rossetti—mediæval nineteenth century—than which nothing can be less Greek. Of all the versifiers Cowper seems by far the most adequate; he has a classic touch, remote from the fantastic:

Poor in my youth, and in life's later scenes
Rich to no end, I curse my natal hour;
Who nought enjoyed while young, denied the
means;
And nought when old enjoyed, denied the power.

That need never be done again, nor the lines to a swallow that has slain a cicala—"Attic maid with honey fed"—the piece which ends:

Ah, for pity drop the prize;
Let it not with truth be said
That a songster gasps and dies
'That a songster may be fed.

The moral apparently is that a poet should not review other poets. The modern school of translators, unlike Cowper, turn the stereotyped, unvarying elegiacs of the Greek into any lyric measure which seems appropriate—ay, even into the sonnet or the rondeau. This gives variety, perhaps, at the expense of grace and consistency. But each age has its own accent.

Cupid in a bed of roses,
Sleeping, chanced to be stung.

That has the Elizabethan note, and is, indeed, from Bateson's *Second Set of Madrigals* (1618).

It 's oh to be a wild wind, when my lady's in the sun!

cries another translator, and now the voice is that of the Victorian age, with its imitation of the popular simplicity. Mr. Symonds, again, shows how near some anonymous Greek came to Omar Khayyam:

Straight is the way to Acheron,
Whether the spirit's race is run
From Athens or from Merv.

Compare Omar:

Whether in Naishapur or Babylon
Whether the cup with sweet or bitter run
The lees of life are oozing, drop by drop,
The leaves of life are falling, one by one.

Longfellow calls the Anthology one of the saddest of books. But this is hardly the impression left by a volume of moderately cheerful selections, such as this by Mr. Garnett:

Honey and milk we sacrifice to thee,
Kind Hermes, inexpensive deity,
But Hercules demands a sheep each day
For holding, as he says, the wolf at bay.
Imports its much, meek browsers of the sod,
Whether the beast devour you or the God?

The Anthology, as the Editor well says, is like the Garden of Alcinous, where trees are at once and always in fruit and flower. Perhaps even a

few dried blossoms and candied fruits from the garden may encourage some to pass within its enchanted walls, into the fairy pleasance.

—*—*—*—

CHARLES DICKENS AS AN
EDITOR.

Mr. John Forster, in his 'Life of Charles Dickens,' devoted but little space to the consideration of my father's work as an editor of magazines—"less," he owned, "than might perhaps have been wished"; but this view of the biographer's subject is certainly of far more interest and importance than many other aspects which he has discussed at length. Beyond my father's early and brief connection with *Bentley's Miscellany*, a very great part of the work of the twenty busy years from 1850 to 1870 was devoted, first to *Household Words*, and then to *All the Year Round*, and nothing better illustrated his indomitable energy, and the boundless capacity for taking pains which distinguished him, than the strenuous manner in which the editorial duties of those journals were discharged. Everything that could maintain the high standard which he had set up was done. Nothing was considered too small, no detail too petty, for his own personal attention. The utmost pains were given to the consideration of every manuscript that came into the office, no matter whether its owner bore a name honored in literature or was only a raw recruit in the great army of writers. An amount of time and labor was devoted to the polishing and finishing other people's work in proof which would surprise many occupants of editorial chairs, and which, there is no doubt, very considerably astonished some of the contributors whose work required the greatest quantity

of excision and "writing-up." During my own experience as sub-Editor of *All the Year Round*, during the last two years of my father's life, I hardly remember a week in which, after making up the number in London, he did not devote the two or three succeeding hours to going with the utmost care over the proof of each article selected; and even when, in his absences from town on reading tours he had to be content to leave some of the proofs to me, his instructions as to the manner in which they were to be dealt with were so precise and definite that any work which was done upon them might still almost be said to be his own.

A description of one particular set of proofs which he gave in a letter to Mr. Forster may fairly stand for the description of many others. "I have had a story," he wrote in 1856, "to hack and hew into some form for *Household Words* this morning, which has taken me four hours of close attention. And I am perfectly addled by its horrible want of continuity after all, and the dreadful spectacle I have made of the proofs—which look like an inky fishing-net." I became very familiar with those "inky fishing-nets" in later years; and it is possible that, when the fishing net method was employed on work of my own, I hardly appreciated the assiduity and painstaking care of the Editor so well as when some other contributor provided the *corpus vile*.

Apart from the fact that it was impossible for my father to be anything but thorough, or to engage in any work—or, for the matter of that, in any play either—to which he did not devote his whole heart and soul; and apart from the other fact that he took a very serious view of the responsibilities of an Editor towards his public; all this extraordinary care was the effect of a policy and a principle

which were, and always have been, kept steadily in view in connection with the two magazines. To enlist promising recruits; to help forward rising merit; to further the development of latent ability; and above all to give every possible assistance to young writers who showed steadfast perseverance, and any of his own capacity for taking pains in small things as well as in great; these objects were always foremost in my father's editorial mind. Nothing gave him keener pleasure than to find anything good from a new writer; nothing was of more interest to him than the progress of any one who was able to date an important success in the battle-field of literature from a first appearance under his banner. Thus it was always a source of infinite satisfaction to him—to take one example only—that the first poems of Adelaide Procter appeared in *Household Words* when their real authorship was unknown to him; and the little story connected with their publication is representative of so many others that it may well be repeated here.

"In the spring of 1853," he wrote to Mr. Forster, "I observed a short poem among the proffered contributions, very different, as I thought, from the shoal of verses perpetually setting through the office of such a periodical." These verses, which purported to be written by a Miss Berwick, being duly accepted and published, were followed by others, until, in course of a very short time, Miss Berwick became one of the regular contributors to the magazine. At the end of the following year my father, sitting next to Miss Procter at dinner, spoke to her, as of a subject with which she would be sure to sympathise, of Miss Berwick's work and of the especial interest he had in her, and Miss Procter then found it impossible any longer to keep up the

innocent deception. "You have given me a new sensation," my father wrote to her when she confessed her identity with Miss Berwick. "I did not suppose that anything in this singular world would surprise me, but you have done it." Then he described the interest he had, from the first, always had in "that Miss Berwick," and gave that account of a long conversation he had had on the subject with Mr. Wills (at that time his sub-Editor) which will be found in the 'Letters of Charles Dickens,' and may be referred to as an excellent example of the care and thought he was in the habit of giving to casual contributors, of whom he knew nothing except through the manuscripts which they offered for their editorial judgment.

It is not to be denied that all this unwearying personal care and labor occasionally had their drawbacks for contributors and Editor alike. If any mistake was ever made, it was sure to be on the side of kindness, and it is certain that subsequent disappointment was not infrequently the outcome of an encouragement which was sometimes even too generous, of an appreciation which was sometimes expressed with even an excess of liberality. That a good deal of excellent work was devoted to material which was not worthy of it is also indisputable, and disappointment arose too often on the editorial side also from the non-fulfilment of possibly exaggerated expectations. Furthermore, writers being only human after all, there were occasional displays of ingratitude and perversity which might well have disgusted an Editor less resolute and less conscientious. But, on the whole, the system worked well—very well—as the great success of the magazines attests on the one hand, and as many writers of repute still living, who went through

the "fishing-net" mill in their early days, would be, I am quite sure, very willing to admit, on the other.

These brief and imperfect reminiscences of the school in which I served my apprenticeship as writer and Editor, and of which I consequently had the most intimate personal experience, have been recalled to my mind by a collection of letters from my father to a contributor to *Household Words*, which very well exemplify some of the salient points of his editorial method, and which I have been asked to introduce with these few words by way of preface. It should be remarked that the lady to whom they were written (an American temporarily resident in England) was an invalid, and that some part of the unvarying consideration and patience which the letters display may be attributed to sympathy with her sufferings; while to them also may be assigned the querulous complaint to which reference is made in the letter of the 26th of June, 1864. But, on the whole, the correspondence may be taken as representing, faithfully enough, the pains and attention which were given by my father to a great number of other contributors who had no claims upon him but such as arose from their casual business relations. The outcome of the present correspondence, it may be noted, was a dozen articles on American subjects—not, I am bound to say, particularly good ones—the last of which was published in March 1867.

CHARLES DICKENS.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Saturday, Ninth May, 1863.

DEAR MADAM,

I beg to thank you for the opportunity you have given me of reading your paper on myself, and for the sincere gratification I have derived

from its perusal. I am perfectly sure that it is what you tell me it is—"a heart tribute"—and I assure you from my own heart that I deeply feel and esteem it.

In Mr. Wills's feeling that there would be a kind of impropriety in its appearing in pages under my direction I quite concur. If I thought less highly of your praise, I might have less delicacy on this head.

Will you allow me to enclose you a card, which will admit you on any or all of the five Fridays on which I shall read this season. I send you with it my grateful interest and regard.

Dear Madam,

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. N—.

GAD'S HILL, PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, Twenty-sixth May, 1863.

DEAR MADAM,

It is often very difficult for me to keep pace with my correspondents, I hope you will attribute the tardiness of my reply to your last letter to this unavoidable circumstance, and not to any lack of interest in it.

I regret that neither of the accompanying papers is quite suitable to the requirements of *All the Year Round*. It would not be easy to explain within the compass of a hurried note what those requirements are; nor could I hope to suggest them to you successfully if the journal itself cannot do so.

Also you have anticipated any advice I could offer you by finding for yourself the most likely channels through which to render your literary work remunerative.

Thus nothing is left for me to say except to assure you—which I do most sincerely—that it would give me real pleasure to be able to accept any contribution from yourself or

your husband; and to couple with this assurance the faithful promise that I will myself attentively read any paper you may send me, marked "Private" on the cover.

For the novels you mention I fear there is little chance. A name needs to be made by periodical writing of another kind before a publisher will—except in rare instances—enter on such a venture.

In that respect there is no opening in *All the Year Round*. But for general contributions there is *always* an opening there, and it is at least as much a pleasure to me as it is my interest to find new contributors who hit the mark.

Personally, I beg you to believe that I am truly sensible of your high opinion, and that I esteem it as a great and high privilege to have awakened so much interest in your breast. It would be a real gratification to me if I could prove this to you by helping you towards the attainment of the honorable objects in which you have my full sympathy.

Dear Madam,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. N—.

OFFICE OF *All the Year Round*:
A weekly journal, conducted by CHAS. DICKENS,
No. 26, WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W. C.
Thursday, Eleventh of June, 1863.

DEAR MADAM,

I regret to assure you that it is out of my power to comply with your clever little girl's request. Mr. Headland tells me that the pressure on the stalls for to-morrow night is so great that he has been obliged to withhold all but two of the few free admissions that are usually set aside for my own family.

It was satisfactory to me to hope as I read on that the *Unholy Land* could be made available here. But my satisfaction was sadly dashed by

the discovery that it is incomplete. I can scarcely exaggerate the difficulty, with one long serial in progress here, and my own series of papers under resumption from time to time, of entering on any other "continuation." Could you finish your project in three papers, or in two? I cannot even pledge myself to find space for the *Unholy Land* in three parts; but I would try, if you could so accomplish it.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday, Twenty-ninth June, 1863.

DEAR MADAM,

I will try *A Trip in the Unholy Land* in two chapters. The first portion I hope to publish in *All the Year Round* before the month of July is out.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. N—.

OFFICE OF *All the Year Round*:
A weekly journal, conducted by CHAS. DICKENS,
No. 26, WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W. C.
Saturday, Twenty-fifth July, 1863.

MY DEAR MADAM,

As I announced the *Trip in the Unholy Land* "in two parts," and as the enclosed MS. resumes it and would be inconsistent with that announcement, I cannot have the pleasure of accepting the papers.

For any long story continued from No. to No. there is no opening at present in these pages. You will the better understand the assurance I give you on this head when I explain that we have four such compositions already before us. The subject of the story you suggest, moreover, is a very, very deficient one. In connection with it many things need to be known and treated of, which would demand unusual powers. *The Orders and Disorders of Charity* is a title suggestive of a very useful paper on a

very fruitful subject. But it would require a pretty accurate knowledge of the working of our English Charitable Institutions, and of the faults in that working. As to the Sisterhood of St. Vincent de Paul, it is essential to remember that a sisterhood is easy of establishment in a Roman Catholic community, and far less easy in a Protestant community. As to the latter, the difficulties in the way of that kind of combination must be set against the blessings of civil and religious liberty, and of the Reformation.

I repeat from my heart what you write of your country. "It is all very awful to me." I wish I could discern through the whirl and uproar any tokens of that "Purification by blood and fire," but I confess I see none.

Dear Madam,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. N——.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Wednesday, Fifth August, 1863.

DEAR MADAM,

While I heartily sympathise with your feeling and purpose, I cannot accept *Nobody's Child*, simply because the essay only says what has been often said, and does not strengthen the case by putting it in any forcible light. In one main respect you are wrong as to fact. Foundling children *must be* taken care of by the Poor-law Unions in which they are born or found. Long ago I tried hard to improve the treatment and bringing-up of such children by enlisting more public sympathy in their behalf. The years that have since elapsed have been years of much improvement in this wise. As to the Foundling Hospital, the extent to which it was once abused was held to necessitate the present restrictions. They may be right or wrong, but there was a cause

for them, and it is a question for argument.

That too many women are dreadfully cruel to their sister-women who have illegitimate children is painfully true. But I presented this very point in an early Number of the present series of the *Uncommercial Traveller*; and then by no means for the first time.

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. N——.

OFFICE OF *All the Year Round*:
A weekly journal, conducted by CHAS. DICKENS,
No. 26, WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W. C.
Wednesday, Twenty third September, 1863.

DEAR MADAM,

I am most sincerely sorry that I cannot make the accompanying tale suit the purpose. But I hope you believe that I would do so if I could. Some photographs are being printed which I think will be much better than any now to be got. I will send you a couple as soon as impressions reach me. When you write to those correspondents pray tell them that I deeply feel their sympathy, and hope to do all the better for it in the work that lies before me.

Dear Madam,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. N——.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday, Twenty-eighth September, 1863.

DEAR MADAM,

If you can make it convenient to call upon me at the office in London (26, Wellington Street), at 11 on Thursday morning, perhaps I may be able to answer your last letter less unsatisfactorily than in writing.

Faithfully yours,

C. D.

OFFICE OF *All the Year Round*:
A weekly journal, conducted by CHAS. DICKENS,
No. 26, WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W. C.

Monday, Nineteenth October, 1863.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I hope to get in the condensed and altered story very soon. I can only express my unfortunate objection to the enclosed by saying that there appears to me no reason for its being a story. The incidents are so worn and trite that nothing but some uncommon ingenuity in the manner of telling and putting together could possibly carry them. And the ingenuity is not there. Well, if those parts which describe the dog were related simply as dog anecdotes, the same remark would apply to them with equal force.

If a child of mine had written these verses, I should try hard to direct her fancy and attention to improving appreciation rather than rash endeavor. Of course I cannot say in this case what poetic capacity may linger in the young breast, but I see no expression of any in these lines. Words and sound I find, but not thoughts. Let me, with the miseries of a mistaken vocation often before my eyes, entreat you to consider whether you observe in these verses anything half so pretty as an ordinary child will think out for itself in a confidential talk with you, half an hour long.

My dear Madam,

Faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. N.—.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
57, GLOSTER PLACE, HYDE PARK GARDENS.
Wednesday, Twenty-third March, 1864.

DEAR MADAM,

I will not give you the trouble, in your present state of health, of coming to me, but will call on you on Sunday at 4 o'clock.

Dear Madam,

Very faithfully yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

Mrs. N.—.

OFFICE OF *All the Year Round*:

A weekly journal, conducted by CHAS. DICKENS,
No. 26, WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W. C.

Tuesday afternoon, Twenty-ninth March, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. N—,

Coming in here this afternoon, I find your note, and immediately comply with its request concerning the paper. To-morrow afternoon I will send you a pen that I will bring down purposely—with which I have been at work all day on my new book.

Ever yours,

CHARLES DICKENS.

OFFICE OF *All the Year Round*:

A weekly journal, conducted by CHAS. DICKENS,
No. 26, WELLINGTON STREET,
STRAND, LONDON, W. C.
Friday, First of April, 1864.

MY DEAR MRS. N—,

You do not understand me—I dare say it is my fault—on the subject of your "Test medium." I do not desire to see him, and indeed altogether decline to see any person making those pretensions. I left those questions with you, not because I have the least scrap of belief in their being answered according to the truth, but because I thought it well that you should find out that they can *not* be answered. It is not at all in accordance with my reverence for the Great Mystery of Death and the existence beyond the grave, to put them myself through the interposition of any human creature. I should make a horrible pretense if I did so.

I cannot tell you how glad I am to know that you sleep so well. Next Sunday I am engaged particularly; but I can call on you on Monday (if that will do) at 4 o'clock.

Faithfully yours always,

CHARLES DICKENS.

My address in town until the 1st of June is 57, Gloucester Place, Hyde Park Gardens, W. In the meantime, I am very little here.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
57, GLOSTER PLACE, HYDE PARK GARDENS.
Twenty-first April, 1864.

DEAR SIR,

My erratic requirements of air and exercise when I am (as at present) much occupied, have delayed my receipt of your note. I will come to-morrow (Friday) at 4. And I will endeavor to be rather before than after the hour, as I must attend a meeting at 5.

Dear Sir,

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Dr. N—.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
GLOSTER PLACE, *Wednesday, Fourth May, 1864.*

DEAR MRS. N—,

I have read the enclosed, just as I might have read it in print. And I like it very much, just as I should have done in that case.

I had thoroughly agreed in what you write about the position before you had expressed it; and had acted accordingly.

The spring weather will make you better yet, I hope. You have certainly been ill in the worst English weather.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Thursday Morning, Twelfth May, 1864.

DEAR MRS. N—,

I return you the papers. In reference to the "plan," I am not a good authority; because I cannot look at it from a third person's point of view, and cannot divest myself of an uneasy consciousness that I ought to be no party to it while it is in progress.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.

Saturday, Eleventh June, 1864.

DEAR MRS. N—,

I am concerned that you should think it possible that you have given me offence. Pray let me disabuse your mind of any such completely erroneous impression, however shadowy. Without the slightest reservation, I assure you that it is utterly baseless, and I entreat you to dismiss it.

Your anxiety for your daughter is, no doubt, the main cause of your relapse in health. I hope you will soon be better, now that she is better. In your weakened bodily state such solicitude must have been injurious; for it would have proved so, somehow or other, even though you had previously been as free from illness as with all my heart I wish you had been.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday, Twenty-sixth June, 1864.

DEAR MRS. N—,

Your affecting letter finds me just leaving here on a ten days' or twelve days' visit to Belgium. I heartily congratulate you on all the good intelligence it contains, and add the trifling item to it that your two missing papers have been just now found! They were found at the office; but how they got there I cannot imagine.

The paper I return, having done my best with it. Let me beg you to believe that I have no "law for myself" in that matter, but the law of kindness and sympathy. But I have an instinctive conviction that you are not strong enough for the more direct personal influence.

I send my kind remembrance to both your daughters, and to your good husband.

God bless you.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, Ninth August, 1864.

DEAR MRS. N—,

The chapter of your *Unholy Land* that I had before the receipt of your letter is in type. The chapter to which you refer in your said letter I have not, because it has (no doubt) gone to Mr. Wills to be entered in the regular book and way of the office. Assuming it to be at the office, I will return it to you at the end of the week. Even though we were not going to run, for some weeks, two serial stories together, I should still be indisposed to proceed with this series, for the reason that I believe your countrymen are not now in the mood to be told anything *from this side of the water* concerning themselves, and that they would unconsciously misrepresent the intention, and that we should do more harm than good.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Monday, Fifteenth August, 1864.

DEAR MRS. N—,

I am happy to retain *Backwoods Life in Canada* for insertion in *A. Y. R.* The enclosed, I regret to say, I cannot make available. If the case of your young charge were mine, I would try either the neighborhood of Dijon or the neighborhood of Marseilles. I think I would give the preference to the latter, because of the beautiful sea. The precaution of not living in a situation exposed to the north wind would be very necessary to observe in that country. And I would not live in Marseilles by any means, but somewhere in its vicinity.

Mr. Wills will send you a cheque for *Ben's Bearer*, *The Unholy Land* paper (which I have called *On the Mississippi*), and *Backwoods* all in one. I have begged him to do so this very morning.

Working back to your letter, I note your enquiry whether I think any-

thing could be done in the way of French life for *A. Y. R.* Without feeling able positively to answer No, I reply, I think not. I have at various odd times done a good deal of French life myself, and we have an old contributor to *Household Words* always resident in France, who lays hold of French subjects.

Pray offer my kind regards to your good husband, with all good wishes for him and for you.

Faithfully yours always,
CHARLES DICKENS.

Ben's Bearer I placed in the last No. I made up.

I am much concerned to receive your sad account of your young daughter. As you say nothing of your own health, I hope it is better. I am well and working hard.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

The enclosed very good and true. In the passage you have lined out, you anticipate what I would have erased.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM-BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Sunday, Twenty-fifth September, 1864.

DEAR MRS. N—,

This note is to let you know: That I have duly intimated your change of address to Chapman & Hall; that I will certainly read your book, please God, when I get it; that I am heartily glad of the change in your young invalid; that I found the extract from the letter very droll and true, but too much in the nature of a scrap for *A. Y. R.*; that I write you a longer letter in the spirit than in the pen, ink, and paper (getting away from my desk when I can); and that I am, with kind regards to your husband and the little recovering patient,

Faithfully yours,
C. D.

GAD'S HILL PLACE,
HIGHAM BY-ROCHESTER, KENT.
Tuesday, First November, 1864.

DEAR MRS. N—,

It appears to me that you cannot have received a letter I wrote to you from the office some weeks ago, in reference (as I suppose) to the very papers which are the subject of your complaint received yesterday. But it was certainly posted along with other letters which reached their respective destinations.

You had written me a note about the papers, in which you mentioned that Mr. Froude had considered their general subject interesting to the public at this time, and had therefore desired to have them for *Fraser*! and you added that you knew they were true, particularly referring, if I do not mistake, to a description of a negro preacher. In the letter I wrote you, I replied that I did not concur in Mr. Froude's opinion; that I thought the subject unacceptable to the public, pending the miserable struggle; that I did not believe your compatriots were at all in a humor to receive the truth about anything from this side of the water; and that I would rather leave them alone for the time altogether; under the impression that I should otherwise do more harm than good. For these reasons (I added, as I remember,) I declined the papers without reference to their merits, but they were in type, and would you like to have proofs. No answer has reached me.

With the contents of my note Mr. Wills was acquainted; but I said to him, "I have written to Mrs. N— about those papers, and it is understood between her and me that they will not go in. Since then he has been very ill. I suppose, writing now without having had an opportunity of communicating with him, that he found some memoranda on the papers that they were not for insertion, and

forgot under what circumstances those notes were made. But the judgment exercised is most distinctly mine, and not his. And as to him, I am quite sure that he is incapable of treating you with the least intentional disrespect.

Faithfully yours,
CHARLES DICKENS.

BUYING BOOKS.

"When Providence," says Dr. Holmes "throws a good book in my way, I bow to its decree and purchase it as an act of piety." It is to be feared that this kind of piety is far from common. As a rule, you will find small libraries, even in the houses of wealthy people. There can be no doubt that householders with incomes ranging from \$5,000 to \$50,000 a year expend far more upon wine or cigars than they would dream of spending upon books.

I forget whether it was five or ten per cent. of a man's income that Mark Pattison said ought to be spent in this way; but most people will regard two per cent. as a lavish expenditure. They prefer spending money on old china, and will talk of purchasing a valuable volume or set of volumes as an idle piece of extravagance.

I do not forget that there are many bibliomaniacs—or bookhunters, to use a politer term—whose passion for first editions, for tall copies, for uncut copies, for Elzevirs and Aldines, or for old Bibles, is inexhaustible. Men of this class will spend a fortune upon ballads or playbills; some purchase only illustrated books; and some lavish all their affection on bindings, and will give a goodly sum for a volume, no matter what its contents may be, that bears the mark of Grolier or De Thou. The book-collector's energy is inexhaustible. He hunts

in all weathers in all countries; and would consider it the sheerest folly to attempt to read the books which he accumulates. A wealthy brother of the revered Bishop Heber was so bitten with this mania that he is said to have possessed thousands of volumes he had never seen, and on his death-bed wrote orders to his agents to purchase more. These are the follies of men who think themselves wise. They are more harmless than some follies; but the bibliomaniac, though he buys books, is no more to be commended than the man who devotes himself to the collection of walking-sticks or of postage-stamps.

It is a very different thing to form a library for the sake of using it, and because we want to exercise our friendship for the wise and good of all ages. Books are the most permanent of companions, the most trustworthy; but unless we possess them it is impossible thoroughly to appreciate their value. A book may be borrowed from a circulating library by people who, in this busy life, have what they call an idle hour to waste. The novel of the day, the volume of travels that may merit a casual glance, the book of social or political gossip that has a temporary interest, these are works for which the reader applies at the libraries. If he is a true student and book-lover, however, he will seek in other fields for his fullest delight.

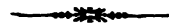
Ephemeral literature has its uses, and is not to be despised because it is ephemeral; but the man who buys books will, if he be wise, choose those in the first place that are unaffected by the lapse of time. The great works of all ages are not to be found in the circulating library: and just because they are not there, these are the books of which the library reader is profoundly ignorant. He has read, perhaps, Ouida's last novel, or Mr.

Lewis Morris's 'Songs of Britain'; but, to say nothing of earlier literature, he probably does not know the chief characters in the "Waverley" novels and has never read 'The Ancient Mariner.'

A house can be completely furnished in a few days with brand-new furniture, but in such a house there is no sense of home. We miss in it the memories associated with objects to which the eye has been accustomed from childhood. In the same way it is not easy to improvise a library. The book-buyer's pursuit is one that needs years and intellectual growth. The library should show his taste, and the direction of his pursuits. Books may be left to a man as a bequest, and it is one I should not object to; but the volumes we love best are those we have sought after with something like a lover's ardor, and gained at no small sacrifice. Walter Scott relates how when a boy, as soon as he could scrape together a few shillings he bought a copy of "those beloved volumes," Percy's 'Reliques of Ancient Poetry,'—books as dear to the ballad-loving poet in old age as they were in youth; and "Elia's" Cousin Bridget, in that delightful essay, 'Old China,' relates a bit of Charles and Mary Lamb's own experience when she describes how Elia, after eyeing the purchase for weeks, became the happy possessor of a folio 'Beaumont and Fletcher.' "Was there no pleasure," the good Bridget asks her cousin, "in being a poor man? and do the neat clothes you wear give you as much pleasure as the threadbare suit which you wore for four or five weeks longer than you should have done to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen or sixteen shillings, was it?—great affair we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio?"

Enthusiasm like that felt by Lamb for the Elizabethan dramatists is what is especially needed for the formation of a library. The buyer, if he have a strong bent in one direction, will satisfy the first. If history be his special study, the historians will figure most conspicuously; if theology, the theologians; if poetry, the poets. This is reasonable enough; but there is no branch of study that can be fitly pursued alone, and, after satisfying a special taste, the man who wishes to possess a good library should, in the first place, secure good copies of the greatest authors in all the prominent departments of literature which his country has produced. It is a disgrace to apply to a public library for books that deserve to be read and re-read. However limited the book-buyer's taste or means, it especially behoves him, if bent on culture, to possess good library copies of the great poets and historians of his country. Poetry, apart from its intrinsic value as the most elevating and delightful of intellectual gifts, opens up many a fair path of literary study; and, without a knowledge of past history, a man is helplessly adrift when he attempts to steer through the conflicting currents of contemporary politics. But what can the student know of history or of poetry unless he have the books at hand upon his shelves for reference as well as for study? It may be possible to read a borrowed book with some advantage, but it is the pursuit of knowledge under great difficulties. You are limited in time, and you are not privileged, as Coleridge was, to make your notes on the margin as you go on. Almost always I decline lending, even my best friends, volumes which they ought to have in their own libraries; and, if I yield in a too easy moment, the probability is I suffer for my folly afterwards. The most honest people in the world have

a peculiarity—they forget to return books. Let me end by repeating with more emphasis what I have already suggested, that the foundation of a library should be laid in early life. To see it grow by slow but sure degrees is a rare delight, and the boy who spends his "tips" in this way will, as he grows to be a man, spend more, until in the course of years he will gather around him a host of "never-failing friends."



THOMAS HARDY, NOVELIST.

'Silas Marner' is a great novel, but when the wealth of rural life given us by Mr. Hardy is taken into account it must be conceded that he has enriched the fiction which deals with heaths and villages much more than George Eliot. Mr. Jefferies, it is true, has done as much for the natural scenery, for the hedges and ditches, and wild and garden flowers and woods and glades and commons, but he has not done more. Mr. Hardy's passionate love of nature is sunk into him; he not only knows the land of Wessex with the life that grows out of it; he has not only seen it in every weather, but he has felt its moods; they have been communicated to him until he has shared nature's joys and struggles and become one of its poets. Only a poet could have put Egdom Heath so wonderfully into 'The Return of the Native'; only a poet could have described the thunderstorm of 'Far from the Madding Crowd.' Yet, being a true novelist, the scenery is with Mr. Hardy only a fine setting. Not the heath, but those who cross it, are his subjects. His first book, 'Desperate Remedies,' is only a study in other people's methods. With 'Under the greenwood Tree,' which made way with the public as slowly as 'Lorna Doone,' the Wessex

series, began, and perhaps since Goldsmith's death there has been no such idyl of country life. It is not Mr. Hardy's greatest book, but it is his most perfect; from the moment Dick Dewy appears singing of "daffodowndillies" till he and Fancy, newly married, listen to the nightingale, the story glides on like a Wessex stream. It is Mr. Hardy's one novel in which there is nothing to jar. A tranter and his son, a schoolmistress, a gamekeeper, and a village choir are the simple company of whom an artist's magic make us one. Here, and in 'Far from the Madding Crowd,' which first awakened the public to the new novelist, the rustics are at their best. They are never again quite so fresh and natural when they meet to drink cider. In the following books one has now and again a suspicion that they are introduced as a puppet show between the more serious acts. They took the public so well in the earlier stories that they must be offered again and again, as Mr. Sothorn had to go on playing Dundreary. Characters at first, they become rather characteristics, only those eccentricities being given prominence that are calculated to raise the readiest laugh. There are times when they are only a funny chorus, playing somewhat obviously for applause. The most unlettered villager may have natural wit or humor, but "rustics" are not usually amusing by intention, and in Mr. Hardy's earlier novels they are unconscious humorists, as where Fancy's stepmother will not have Dick Dewy eat his dinner with her second-best knives and forks, lest people should think she has nothing better. Hundreds of touches equally true to life are to be found in the rustic pictures of the early novels, and there are even many in the later ones. But there is now a tendency to spoil the rustics by put-

ting clever sayings into their mouths. "Why should death deprive life of fourpence?" asks a toper, taking possession of the four-penny pieces set apart for keeping down the eyelids of a dead woman. A drunken hag is on trial, and, on a constable's repeating certain remarks of hers, she argues, "I was not capable enough to hear what I said, and what's said out of my hearing isn't evidence." The same woman would see Henchard humiliated because "I do like to see the trimming pulled off such Christmas candles." A pretty wife is an uncommon picture for a man's best parlor, "a woman gets married "by the grace of God and a ready young man."—*The Contemporary Review*.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF TWO PUBLISHERS.

Mr. J. W. Harper, senior member of the firm of Harper & Brothers, who is staying at the United States Hotel in Saratoga, N. Y., with his family, paid Mr. George W. Carleton a visit the other day, and it was a rich treat to hear them tell stories of ye olden time, reminiscent of their "boyish days," so these gentlemen claimed to call them, although I may be divulging a secret to tell that both had left college some years previous to the time when the scenes were enacted which they described in such a jolly way. And if the truth must be told, the said incidents occurred years "before the war"—and the war, beg pardon, opened in 1861. Carleton contributed a story concerning T. B. Aldrich, the dainty poet, and Fitz James O'Brien, a brilliant essayist, and also a poet of no ordinary merit, but one who was often seen in his cups, and was always borrowing money of his cronies—an out-and-out Bohemian was this same O'Brien.

Aldrich, who is now the dignified and learned editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, commenced his literary career as a clerk in Carleton's bookstore, which was then located on the southwest corner of Broadway and Lispenard Street in New York City. It was while he was in Carleton's employ, and yet in his teens, that Aldrich penned 'Babie Bell.'

"Have you not heard the poet tell
How came the dainty Babie Bell
Into this world of ours?"

This was the poet's first stepping-stone to the enviable reputation which he has since won.

The publisher saw the two young and embryonic poets crossing Broadway, Aldrich leading his unsteady companion in the most careful manner. "Why are you so cautious of O'Brien?" asked the publisher. Aldrich, whose purse was not very heavy at the time, answered, "Because O'Brien owes me a dollar and I'm in need of it."

In connection with O'Brien and his publishers, Harper & Brothers, Carleton related an incident which was new to the present head of the house, and which he relished heartily. The erratic poet, after he had been indulging freely one day, went down to Franklin Square and begged hard for the loan of twenty-five dollars, which very justly, the firm refused. O'Brien picked up a large placard with 'Livingstone's Africa,' printed on one side. He turned it over, and on the blank side he drew in large black letters these words:

"One of Harper's Authors.
I am Starving."

He attached a string to the large piece of cardboard, hung it about his neck, and then walked down to the street and paraded up and down before the great iron building. A large crowd gathered, and Mr. Fletcher Harper was soon very glad to com-

promise. He gave O'Brien a five-dollar bill, and thus got rid of the unpleasant advertisement.—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

A NEW POEM BY TENNYSON.

The poem promised by Lord Tennyson for Mrs. Burnett's department of the McClure Syndicate appears in *The New Review* for October. It is a charming little song, called 'The Throstle.'

'Summer is coming, Summer is coming,'
I know it, I know it, I know it.
Light again, leaf again, life again, love again,
Yes, my wild little poet.
Sing the New Year in under the blue,
Last year you sang it as gladly.
'New, New, New, New!' Is it, then, so new
That you carol so madly?
'Love again, song again, nest again, young again!'
Never a prophet so crazy!
And hardly a daisy as yet, little friend,
See! there is hardly a daisy.
'Here again, here, here, happy year,'
O warble, unchidden, unbidden.
Summer is coming, is coming, my dear,
'And all the winters are hidden.'

COLLABORATION, &C.

MM. Erckmann - Chatrian have parted company. These illustrious collaborators appear to have quarrelled about money. Which was Erckmann and which was Chatrian? Who wrote the novels? who looked on? In all, or almost all, literary partnerships one of the men does the work, the looking on is done by the other. When they quarrel (as they always do, if they live long enough) each avers that *he* was the worker. There are exceptions. I have collaborated where *I* did the work, and where the other fellow did the work, and where we *both* did it. Every sort of combination is possible, even that in which *neither* does really any work, but both look on. To young men entering on

the life of letters one may say, find an ingenious, and industrious, and successful partner, stick to him, never quarrel with him, and do not survive him. As a rule collaborations are happy arrangements, because the worker likes working, and the looker-on likes the idea that he is at work. The elder Dumas defined the collaborator's duty as 'making objections' and so acting the critic while criticism was still serviceable, still not too late. One would gladly collaborate with any really successful romancer, on these terms, and at half profits. It would be so much more lucrative, and easy, than making objections after publication, in reviews. If Mr. Marion Crawford or Mr. William Black wants a collaborator, either of them may hear something to his advantage by applying at *The Sign of the Ship!* Objections offered on moderate terms.

* * *

In France, where collaboration is more common than in England, it does not seem to be worked in the same way. One man does not do all the labor, while the other kindly smokes his cigarettes. On the other hand, one man, a beginner, supplies the *idea*, while the other, the expert, knocks into shape. In this kind of partnership, one decidedly prefers supplying the idea. That is delightfully easy. I have an idea for a Great American Novel. 'What offers?' as they say in the queer papers of exchange and barter. The idea will not suit Mr. W. D. Howells (it is an historical novel) nor the author of 'Mr. Barnes of New York'—he lacks distinction, rather. It would have fitted Mr. Hawthorne: but where is the Hawthorne of to-day?

'Rest, lovely pearl in the brain,
And slowly mature in the oyster,'

as someone says in Clough. Nobody is quite the right person to work out

my idea of a Great American Novel, while I look on.

* * *

Is Culture pessimist? Have all clever persons blighted affections, broken ideals; have they all been duped by their expectations of life, and embittered by their experience of human nature? If one might judge by the novels and by the plays most twittered about in circles intellectual, human nature is very bad indeed. Almost all the favorite romances of M. Daudet, M. Paul Bourget, and the plays of Dr. Ibsen in particular, might be called by the name of a story of Mr. Besant's, 'The Seamy Side.' Mean people, luxurious people, selfish, sordid and morally squalid people, are the stock characters of these works. Someone said about a scene in Dr. Ibsen's 'Doll's House,' 'This is strong;' and someone else replied, 'You may say the same of cheese.' The strength which comes of a certain moral rancidity is prevalent and popular, and the rancidity is rarely tempered by humor.

Compare M. Daudet's Sidonie with Mr. Thackeray's Becky Sharp. Becky is not a better woman than Sidonie, but how her character is lightened and brightened by her humor, and by her rare relapses into humanity! Every now and then that armed and iron depravity of hers is surprised and softened, but Sidonie is incorruptibly base, and never for an instant deviates into being sympathetic. She has no moments like that in which Mrs. Rawdon Crawley was proud of her husband, or was moved on her return to Queen's Crawley, or was sorry to leave the stupid, kind, domestic life there. But in modern, cultivated, analytic, and scientific novels, a much higher standard of general badness and sordidness prevails. Even the characters with whom and for whom we are meant

to feel are, somehow, disagreeable people, harsh in manner, hostile, not to be liked or admired. Yet nobody can aver that human nature is really like this; we are not so consistently unpleasant as Dr. Ibsen's persons. In his very ingenious, if long and rather tedious, new story, 'Le Disciple,' M. Paul Bourget, for one, has guarded against this tendency to blacken everything. He provides foils to his psychological villain; if we may judge by his book, and M. Dostoieffsky's 'Le Crime et le Châtiment,' psychology is a bad study for the young. The soldier, the unhappy heroine, even the honest old atheistic philosopher, are all good foils to the scoundrelly 'disciple' whom M. Bourget holds up as an awful example to the young men of France.

Perhaps the modern pessimism as to goodness in 'cultured' novels is really a testimony to the truth of Theology. We are all miserable sinners, though on a superficial examination it does not appear. But the psychological novelist uses a microscope, and lo, he quite unconsciously agrees with the Prayer-book, and makes all his characters profoundly miserable. The old simple scheme in which you had a real unmitigated villain, a heroine as pure as snow or flame, and a crowd of good ordinary people, gave us more agreeable reading, at least; and reading not, I think, much more remote from truth than is found in such a play as Dr. Ibsen's 'Ghosts,' or in his 'Pillars of Society.' However art, like every other activity, must go on making its experiments.

Perhaps modern psychological novels may one day be as forgotten as Mrs. Radcliffe's, which once had a vogue like theirs. Who reads the 'Mysteries of Udolpho' now, or 'The One-Handed Monk'? We take them up, and have the best will in the world to be frightened, but they do

not frighten us. Mr. Matthew Arnold thought Shelley more likely to live in his prose than in his verse. At this distance of time, Mrs. Radcliffe's verse seems more lively than her prose. Yet Wordsworth, as may be read in Professor Knight's new biography, thought 'Guy Mannering' a novel in the style of Mrs. Radcliffe!

ANDREW LANG.

BOOK SALES OF THE LAST ENGLISH SEASON.

From October, 1888, to the month of August in this present year—when as usual the season came to an end—fifty-one high class sales have been held in London. Some few of these were of the first importance, but the greater number, as is always the case, consisted of books which make their individual appearance with a regularity which would be amusing were it not monotonous. One gets tired of chronicling editions of Dickens and Thackeray, the more so as an occasional Mackenz'e dispersion renders such a course absolutely necessary. It is a wonder that the modern collector does not weary of books whose only merit, apart from the intrinsic value of the text—with which he has little to do, seeing that a ten cent edition would answer his purpose equally well—consists in the full-page plates of 'Phiz,' Leech, and other masters of the same school. There will some of these days be a tremendous fall in works of this class, and already warning signs are not wanting. What will next engage the attention of specialists it is impossible to say—possibly Elzevirs, or the productions of the press of the editor-printer, the taciturn, workshop slave, Aldus Manutius, or those of the son after his own heart. Anything better than Buss and Phiz, Rowlandson, Cruik-

shank, Leech, Alken, *et hoc genus omne*. A barbaric allusion this, seemingly. The talent, however, pleases; it is only the continual repetition which offends.

The first lot of much importance between the periods above mentioned was an almost complete set of 'Vanity Fair' from its commencement in 1868 to 1888, with the caricature portraits, 32 volumes, of which seven were unbound. This, with the general index, which covers the whole period, was disposed of for \$51.25, by no means a high price. At the Leicester sale in November, Dugdale's 'Monasticon,' 8 vols., 1846, brought \$86.25. This edition is, however, nothing like as expensive as the previous one by the same editors (Caley, Ellis & Bandinel, 8 vols., folio, 1817-30). At the same dispersion, Gray's 'Genera of Birds,' in three folio volumes, half-morocco, 1844-9, brought \$130, a fair average auction value.

Two pieces of Charles and Mary Lamb—viz., 'Poetry for Children,' 2 vols., 8vo, 1809, and 'Mrs. Leicester's School,' 1809, 8vo—are very rarely ever seen, the former especially, of which it is said that only two copies are known, though even if this be the case, it is difficult to see why a sum of \$175 should have been expended upon it. The book is a juvenile production of no merit, in which respect it ranks fairly well with 'Mrs. Leicester's School,' which itself brought \$82.50.

In another category is the scarce 'Boke callyd the Myrroure of Oure Lady,' Richard Fawkes, 1530, folio, which as a good specimen of black-letter typography may have been worth the sum of \$250. 'The Mohawk Primer,' intended for the use of Mohawk children, 1786, 8vo, may also have been cheap at \$35, and Capgrave's 'Nova Legenda Angliæ,' imperfect, Winadi de Worde, 1516, at

\$78.75. Books of this class are curiosities and nothing more, and as such are getting scarcer every year.

The second and remaining Portion of the Turner Library was disposed of by Messrs. Sotheby on November 23 and 13 subsequent days, the previous portion having been sold, as will be remembered, in June. The chief lots noticeable were Dr. Dee's 'True Relation' of how he was swindled by Sir Edward Kelly with regard to some spirits, though he went to his grave in ignorance of the fact, 1659, 4to, \$25 (bound by Bedford); Sir Kenelm Digby's 'Two Treatises on the Nature of Bodies and of Man's Soul,' large paper, Paris, 1644, folio, \$30; Heywood's 'Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels,' 1635, folio, \$32.50 (this book measured 11½ in. by 7½ in.); Sidney's 'Countesse of Pembroke's Arcadia,' fourth edition, 1613, folio, \$60; the first edition of 'Gulliver's Travels,' 1726, 2 vols., 8vo, \$52.50; and Scot's curious 'Perfite Platform of a Hoppe Garden,' black letter, 1578, 4to, \$29.50. There are previous editions of 1574 and 1576 of this last named book, and it is worthy of note that the independent author of the 'Discoverie of Witchcraft' was the first to lay down regulations for the successful culture of the hop in England.

At a miscellaneous sale at Sotheby's in December a good copy of Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,' in 4 vols., 4to, large paper, 1773, brought no less than \$135; but the book was beautifully bound by Derome. Later on in the day Dugdale's 'Antiquities of Warwickshire,' 1656, folio, sold for \$45; and Knight's 'Account of the Worship of Priapus,' 1786, 4to, for as much as \$75; Raffaello's 'Luggie del vaticano,' with 25 of its 28 colored plates, 1771-6, folio, brought \$150; and Ruskin's 'Modern Painters,' 5 vols., 8vo, 1873, uncut, \$58.75; Sir Joshua Reynolds's works, consisting of 200 portraits en-

graved in mezzotint, in 3 vols., folio, 1865, cannot be said, *prima facie*, to have been cheap at \$125; but so much depends on the character of the plates that it is impossible to say what it was worth in the absence of an inspection. Other sales to the end of the year included the first edition of Byron's 'Hours of Idleness,' large paper, Newark, 1807, \$45; Hannay's 'The Nightingale, Sheretina, and Mariana,' Elegies on the Death of Queen Anne (wife of James I.), 1622, 8vo, \$245. Thornton's 'Antiquities of Nottinghamshire,' 1677, folio, \$55 and Grose's 'Antiquities of England and Wales, Ireland and Scotland,' 10 vols., 4to, large paper, 1783-95, \$27.50, by no means a dear purchase for the namesake of the great archæologist, who bought it.

What is noticeable chiefly in the sales recorded is the great sameness in the books disposed of. The cataloguers must almost know the titles of the majority off by heart.

The year 1889 opened badly, there being little worth mentioning if I except a bad copy of Shakspeare's second folio, \$68.75; the 'Testamenta Lambethana,' in folio, 1854, \$65; and a fine example of the Epistolæ of Hieronymus, printed on vellum by Schoiffer, at Mayence, in 1470. This rare folio brought \$267.50.

A complete set of the 'Percy Society's Publications,' 1840-52, in 30 vols., 8vo, is a desirable work to a specialist, especially when accompanied with the extra volume of 'Annual Reports,' and \$115 is a fair average sum. Bulwer's 'Anthropometamorphosis,' 1653, 4to, being a good copy, and well bound by Pratt, sold for \$31.25. This work of Bulwer's, it may be observed, is thought to own the longest title of any book in the English language. Henry Carey's burlesque, 'Chrononhotonthologos' runs it very close, so does Brown's 'Adenochoiradelogia.'

La Borde's 'Choix de Chansons,' 4 volumes, 8vo, Paris, 1773, with its 100 engravings after Moreau, La Barbier, and other artists, is a fine work, especially when sumptuously bound. \$430 is also a fine price to pay for it, as is also \$52.50 for Schoolcraft's 'Historical Information' respecting the Indians of the United States—1851-7, 4to.

At the Earl of Hopetoun's sale in February a slightly damaged copy of the Mazarin Bible was disposed of for \$10,000, which shows a falling off from previous prices, Sir John Thorold's copy having sold for \$19,500, and the Earl of Crawford's for \$13,250.

Lovers of the classics will be sorry to hear—or they may be glad, if desirous of purchasing—that Greek and Latin authors in the vernacular are still deteriorating in price. This statement, however, has no application to high class examples from the more famous early presses, as witness the 'Cose Volgari' of Petrarch, 8vo, Aldus, 1501 (on vellum), \$1,500 the 'Historia Naturalis' of Pliny, Rome. Sueynheym and Pannartz, 1470, \$87.50; and the 'Hypnerotomachia,' of Columna, Aldus, 1499, \$400. The story is that Aldus, when engaged in printing Columna's work, was so struck with the illustration of a dolphin twining about an anchor that he ever after used it as his trade mark. As is well known, it first appeared on his copy of Dante, published in 1502. Another rare book is the first Aldine edition of Virgil, 1501, and the first work ever printed in italic type. A copy on vellum, but slightly imperfect, sold for \$122.50 at the same sale (Hopetoun).

Passing over a large assortment of the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Pierce Egan, and Surtees—ordinary copies of which appear to be slightly declining in value—I come to the Mackenzie sale, where books of that

class brought the most extraordinary prices ever recorded, no doubt on account of their matchless condition. Ackermann's 'Microcosm of London,' 3 vols., 4to, 1811, brought \$66.25. A'Beckett's 'Comic Histories of England and Rome,' in 3 vols., 8vo, \$81.25. A 'Dialogue in the Shades,' between Mrs. Cibber and Peg Woffington, 1766, 4to, \$312.50; Ainsworth's 'Rookwood,' 1836, 8vo, \$42.50; 'Jack Sheppard,' 3 vols., 1839, \$48.75; 'Tower of London,' 1840, \$107.50; 'Guy Fawkes,' 3 vols., 1841, \$55; Cruikshank's 'Comic Almanac,' 19 vols., 8vo, 1835-53, \$150; Pierce Egan's 'Life in London,' 1821, and the 'Finish,' 1830, in 2 vols., \$170. A set of Dickens's Christmas books, the five small volumes, bound by Rivière, brought no less than \$102.50, the highest recorded price ever paid. This sale abounded in what may reasonably be styled absurdities, hardly relieved by one or two magnificent complete sets of more solid publications like Strutt's originals, in 14 vols., uniform, 1773-1810, 4to, \$360. Immediately after, in fact only removed by 56 lots, we come across *The Snob*, 11 numbers, and *The Gownsmen*, 17 numbers, which sold for nearly as much again—namely, \$625. As is well known, Thackeray's early productions do not disclose much of that genius for which he was afterwards distinguished, and neither *The Snob* nor *The Gownsmen* is intrinsically worth as many cents as it produced dollars.

At the Buccleuch sale in March some good Caxtons were put up. These included 'The Dictes and Sayengis of the Philosophers,' 1477, folio, 11½in. by 8in., \$3,250; 'The Chronicles of England,' 1480, folio, 9½in. by 7in., \$2,350; 'The Discripcion of Britayne,' 1480, folio, 11½in. by 8in., imperfect, \$975; and 'The Ryal Book,' (1487?) folio, 11½in. by 8½in., imperfect, \$1,825.

Curiously enough Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's library did not contain

much Shaksperian literature of exceptional value. The first 4to of 'Much Adoe About Nothing,' 1600, brought \$250. Of course it was imperfect. 'Pericles,' first 4to, 1609, also imperfect, brought \$150; and 'The Merry Wives of Windsor,' 4to, 1619, in like plight, \$77.50. It is to the Perkins sale (tenth and subsequent days in July) that we must look for a better record. This dispersion is, so far as I am aware, the most important of its kind which has taken place since the death of Mr. Daniel in 1864, when Shakspeare's early folios and quartos reached unheard of prices. The first folio, title and verses mounted realized (at the Perkins sale) \$2,075; the third folio, quite perfect, \$500; 'Love's Labour Lost,' first 4to, 1599, headlines cut, \$350; 'Romeo and Juliet,' second 4to, 1599, headlines cut, \$820; 'Much Ado About Nothing,' first 4to, 1600, headlines cut, \$370; 'The Merchant of Venice,' first (?) 4to, 1600, \$605; the second part of 'Henry IV.,' first 4to, 1600, \$1,125; and others too numerous for the space at my disposal.

J. H. SLATER.

AUTOGRAPHIANA.

From a catalogue of autographs lately issued by Pearson & Co. of London, we make a few extracts of literary interest:

ARNOLD (Matthew), March 20, 1881. " . . . I did not mean that '*The Saturday*' affected my own judgment of what I wrote—though I never feel able to judge whether what I write is good or bad until I am some dozen years removed from it—but that it was very likely to effect the sale of the letters. . . ." &c., &c.

BOSWELL (James), May 7, 1768. " . . . You are right in thinking that my heart remains warm to my friends amidst all the hurry of London, for I assure you nothing ever dims the fire of affection which warms my breast. I am not a bit afraid of the great Douglas Cause, so that there is one quarter at rest. I am doing what man can do for the brave Corsicans; but I fear it is too true that the dastardly Genoese have given up the island to the French. However, that will probably make

our Ministers look about them a little. . . . My book is rising in fame every day. It has conjured up a fiend, a foe to my *illustrious friend Mr. Johnson*, who is to publish in a few days, "A friendly and compassionate letter to James Boswell, Esq., occasioned by his having transmitted the moral writings of Dr. Samuel Johnson to Pascal Paoli. We shall see what the evil spirit inspires. . . ." &c.

BROWNING (Robert), Feb. 12, 1845. Mr. Proctor sympathises deeply with Mr. Hood (Tom Hood), and is going to try and find something that may suit for Mr. K—. I take him to be a literary Ichabod Island, where all the guano-deposit of ages has been stripped and sent to the market in a few months, leaving not a shovel-full for the next disastrous ship that touches there, be its wants never so urgent. . . . &c.

BYRON (Lord), Dec. 14, 1818, to Hodgson. " . . . I have a treasure, a whole set of original BURNS letters, never published or to be published, for they are full of fearful oaths and the most nauseous songs, all humorous, but coarse, bawdry, and in 'good set terms.' No mincing of words, but 'a spade is called a spade' throughout. However, they are curiosities, and show him quite in a new point of view—though not the most favourable—and merely a repetition of 'Alas! poor human nature.' The mixture, or, rather, contrast, of tenderness, delicacy, obscenity, and coarseness in the same mind is wonderful. . . . I send you 'The Bride' (of Abydos). . . . When you are disposed, write; and when indisposed, drink. . . . I must tell you one thing. Blackwood, writing to his brother booksellers, says, 'how lucky you are in *having* such a poet'; as if one was a horse, 'an ass, or anything that is *his*.' . . . I am glad we have no Drydens for them to starve."

The following letters from Shelley to Leigh Hunt are said to be unpublished:—

"Naples, December, 1818.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—A letter from you is always so pleasant that one never feels less inclined to complain of the long absence of such a pleasure than at the moment when it is conferred. Neither Ollier's parcel nor any of the letters it contains have arrived. I do confess we had been saying now and then, 'Well, this is just like Hunt'—as indeed it was a little; but we never attributed your silence to neglect or want of affection. You don't tell me if your book is published yet, or is about to be published soon. As to my little poem ['Epipsychidion'], I can only lament that it is not more worthy of the lady [Emilia Viviana] whose name it bears; though it may derive, it cannot confer, honor on the situation where you have placed it.

"I saw the 'Quarterly' at Venice, and was much pleased with the Review of Frankenstein, though it distorts the story. As to what relates to yourself and me, it makes me melancholy to consider the dreadful wickedness of heart which

could have prompted such expressions as those with which the anonymous writer insults (?exalts) over my domestic calamities, and the perversion of understanding with which he paints your character. There can be no doubt, with respect to me, that personal hatred is intermingled with the rage of faction. I know that Southey on one occasion said to a friend of his that he on his own knowledge knew me to be the *blackest of villains*. When we consider *who* makes this accusation, and against *whom*, I need only rebut such an accusation by silence and a smile. I thought, indeed, of writing to Southey; but that, as he is guilty, who only exposed me to misrepresentation, and I shall on my return seek an opportunity of expostulating with him in person, and enquiring by what injury I have awakened in his heart such dreadful hatred; and if, indeed, I have injured him unintentionally, to endeavour to repair it; and if not, to require that he should produce his proof of my meriting that appellation he employs. As far as the public is concerned, it is not for him whom Southey accuses, but for him whom all the wise and good among his contemporaries accuse of delinquency to all public faith and honor, to defend himself. Besides, I never will be a party in making my private affairs or those of others to be topics of general discussion. Who can know them but the actors? And if they have erred, or often when they have not erred, is there not pain enough to punish them? My public character as a writer of verses—as a speculator on politics, or morals, or religion—as the adherent of any party or cause—is public property; and my good faith or ill faith in conducting these, my talent, my penetration, or my stupidity, all are subjects of criticism. I am almost certain that Southey, not Gifford, wrote that criticism on your poems. I never saw Gifford in my life, and it is impossible that he should have taken a personal hatred to me. Gifford is a bitter partisan, and has a very muddled head. I hear from those who know him that he is rather a mild man personally and I don't know that he has ever changed side. So much for myself. As far as you are concerned, I can imagine why Southey should dislike you, as the 'Examiner' has been the crown of thorns worn by this unredeemed redeemer for many years.

"Do you ever see Peacock? He will tell you all about where we go, what we do or see, and I wrote him an account of these things. I do not like writing twice over the same things. There are *two Italies*—one composed of the green earth and transparent sea, and the mighty ruins of the ancient time, and aerial mountains, and the warm and radiant atmosphere which is interfused through all things; the other consists of the Italians of the present day, their works and ways. The one is the most sublime and lovely contemplation that can be conceived by the imagination of man; the other is the most congraded, disgusting, and odious. What do you think? Young women of rank actually eat—you will never guess what—*garlick*! Our poor friend Lord Byron is quite corrupted by living amongst these people;

and, in fact, is going on in a way not worthy of him. We talked a good deal about you, and among other things he said that he wished you would come to Italy; and he bade me tell you that he would lend you money for the journey, £400 or £500, if you were prevented by that consideration. Pray could you not make it in some way even profitable to visit this astonishing country? We return to Venice next Spring. What an inexpressible pleasure would it give us to meet you there. I fear (if you will allow me to touch on so delicate a subject) it would be hardly possible for you to bring *all* your family, but you would know best. I should not wonder if Peacock would join you, and then the ensuing Spring we would all return together. Italy has the advantage of being exceeding cheap, when you are once there, particularly if you go to market yourself, otherwise the cheating makes it approach English prices. If you are indifferent as to seeing France, you may sail from London to Livorno, and we would meet then a month earlier than at Venice. I don't think you need feel at all uncomfortable at accepting Lord Byron's offer (if *I could* make it, you know that I would not give you this advice), as 'twas very frankly made, and it would not only give him great pleasure but might do him great service to have your society. Write to me quickly what you think of this plan, on which my imagination delights itself.

"Mine and Mary's love to Marianne and Miss V. and all the little ones. Now pray write directly, addressed as usual to Livorno, because I shall be in a fever until I know whether you are coming or no. I ought to say I have neither good health nor good spirits just now, and that your visit would be a relief to both.

"Most affectionately and sincerely your friend.

"P. B. S.

"Ollier has orders to pay Marianne £5. I owe her part of it, and with the other I wish her to pay £1 10s. to the tailor who made my habit, if he calls for it. His charge will be more, but do not pay it him."

[Addressed outside.]

"LEIGH HUNT, Esq.,

"8, York Buildings,

"New Road,

"London,

"*Angleterra.*"

"*Inghelterra.*"

SHELLEY (P. B.), *a. l. s.*, 2½ pages 4to, to Leigh Hunt.

"Florence, December, 23, 1819.

"MY DEAR HUNT,—Why don't you write to us. I was preparing to send you something for your 'Indicator,' but I have been a drone instead of a bee in this business, thinking that perhaps as you did not acknowledge any of my enclosures, it would not be welcome to you, whatever I might send. We have just received all your 'Examiners' up to Oct. 27th. I admire and approve most highly of those on religion; there is one very long one that especially pleases me. Added days and years and hours add to my disapprobation of this odious superstition, and to my gratitude to any

who like yourself break for ever its ever-gathering bubble. What a state England is in. But you will never write politics; but I wish then that you would write a paper in the 'Examiner' on the actual state of the country, and what under all the circumstances of the conflicting passions and interests of men we are to expect. Not what we ought to expect, or what if so and so were to happen we might expect, but what as things are there is reason to believe will come, and send it me for my information. Every word a man has to say is valuable to the public now, and thus you will at once gratify your friend, nay instruct, and either exhilarate him or force him to be resigned, and awaken the minds of the people.

"I have no spirit to write what I do not know whether you will care much about. I know well that if I were in great misery, poverty, &c., you would think of nothing else but how to amuse and relieve me. You omit me if I am prosperous. You are like Jesus, who said he came to heal the sick, when they reproached him for feasting with publicans and sinners.

"I could laugh if I found a joke in order to put you in good humour with me after my scoldings—in good humour enough to write to us. I suppose we shall have to fight in England. Affectionate love from all to all. This ought not only to be the vail of a letter but a superscription over the gate of Life. Your sincere friend,

P. B. SHELLEY.

"I send you a sonnet. I do not expect you to publish it, but you may show it to whom you please."

[Addressed outside.]

"(Private)

"LEIGH HUNT, Esq.,

"'Examiner' Office,

"19, Catharine St.,

"*Angleterra.*"

"London."

DICKENS (Charles), *Niagara Falls*, April 28th, 1842, to Lord Mulgrave. "Our letters crossed—at least, I suppose you had one from me? I have had one from you, and thank you for it heartily. I shall enter into the theatricals with great glee. After sending to Buffalo for farces, and receiving more than fifty from the bookseller, I can find no more likely one than the enclosed, in which I should be glad to enact Mr. Snobbington. I have seen another version of the same thing done in London, and it is very funny. The 'properties'—bed, warming-pan, coal-scuttle, and so forth—are important; but as they are all articles of domestic furniture, I presume we shall have no difficulty in getting them into the theatre.

"Now about the time. I will arrange to leave Kingston positively on the *tenth*, and will come straight to Montreal, where I shall stay a fortnight, making, in the course of that time, a hasty journey to Quebec and back. Therefore, let the play be arranged for any night you please between the twelfth and the twenty-fifth or sixth.

"I should be glad to hear from you at the post-office, Kingston, with further and all particulars.

"I suppose a 'Comfortable Night's Rest' will be the second piece? If there be any part you can't

very well supply, and it be anything rapid and off-hand, I shall be quite ready to do it, but only on the supposition that the manager is hard up for actors.

"Mrs. Dickens sends her best regards to you. She joins me in thanking Sir Richard for his kindness, and in begging you to say that we shall be most happy to accept this hospitable invitation."

ELIOT (George) a. l., signed *M. E. Lewes*. On the other two pages of the same sheet is a. l. s. by G. H. Lewes, dated 16, Blandford Square, 9 Dec., 1861, written to Mr. and Mrs. . . . at Florence. *Mr. Lewes says* " . . . Then a word as to the new novel. I lend about *La Beata* in all good quarters, and always hear golden opinions from all sorts of people. Of course you hear from Anthony, &c. . . . Polly (George Eliot) has not been strong, yet not materially amiss, &c. . . ." *George Eliot says*, "Writing letters, or asking for them, is not always the way to make one's memory agreeable; but you are not among those people who shudder at letters. . . . I have no good news to tell you about myself, but to have my husband well again and enjoying his work is quite enough happiness to fall to one woman's share in this world, where the stock of happiness is so moderate and claimants so many. . . . Let us hope there is an Olympus for forgotten authors. . . . We make rather a feeble attempt at musical Saturday evenings. . . . Having no sunshine, one needs music all the more. It would be difficult for you to imagine what sort of atmosphere we have been living in here 'n London for the last month—warm, heavy, dingy grey. I have seen some sunshine once—in a dream! . . . We are going now to the British Museum to read. A painful way of getting knowledge. If I had Aladdin's lamp I should certainly use it to get books served up to me at a moment's notice. It may be better to search for truth than to have it at hand without seeking, &c. . . ."

"THE REVERIE.

"Lady dost thou bend thine eye.
Press'd fondly 'gainst thy gentle heart,
Upon dim futurity,
Or is its love-like sadness cast
Upon the shadows of the past?
Say, dost that piece of mimic art
Press'd fondly 'gainst thy gentle heart,
Awaken thoughts of joy or pain?
Will the beloved one come again?
Or is that golden circlet all
That's left, the lost-one to recall
When fancy fails, with straining eye
To trace his form on vacancy?
Twin treasure of the picture seem
Those folding lines.—In hopeful dream
Of future blisses do they tell?
Or breathe they of the sad farewell?
Yet wherefore ask? On that sweet face
Their meaning, sympathy, may trace;
For o'er the brow of pensive shade
The mystic sign of hope delay'd
Hath blended with its beauty?—Why

Unnoticed thus, so listlessly
Are held those lines?—'Tis that no more
Thou need'st to scan their music o'er;
For, oft and oft repeated, they
Have proved the charm of many a day.—
Repeated oft, repeated still,
Through many a lonely hour, until
They're turned by Love's fond Alchemy
To Gold, within thy memory.

"SAMUEL LOVER."

COQUELIN ON SHAKSPERE.

Constant Coquelin of the *Comédie Française* writes on Molière and Shakspeare in the *October Century*, and from his article, which has two full-page pictures, we quote the following: "Molière and Shakspeare had an entirely different conception of life. Shakspeare saw it moving, troubled, changing, uncircumscribed in its development by human will, subject to 'the winds and the rain and all the breezes that blow.' He says in one of those passages of the 'Two Noble Kinsmen' which were evidently written by him:

This world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place where each one meets.

"It is in these straying streets that Shakspeare moves, the obscure labyrinth where man goes blindly, meeting here an ambush, there a precipice, and where he changes fortune from a chance-meeting. There is nothing certain, not one of his characters who could swear to what he will do an hour later. They do not belong to themselves. They are so much the plaything of a higher force that they do not even feel sure of their conscience. 'I believe myself passably virtuous,' says *Hamlet*.

"But who shall explain *Hamlet*? *Hamlet* is an enigma. How far was he mad? When is he completely mad? But no one in these plays is quite sane. *Lear* is out of his senses long before he is demented; *Macbeth*

has hallucinations; *Othello* sees blood at the first word; *Brutus* talks to a ghost; that terrible sceptic *Richard III.* sees visions. Events themselves sometimes seem half crazy. What I have said of 'Macbeth' might be said of 'Romeo and Juliet,' where in five days *Juliet* sees, loves, marries, dies, and resuscitates, and dies once more. All is falsehood, deceit, bewilderment. This cavalier, it is *Rosalind*; this page, *Imogen*; this judge, *Portia*; this statue, *Hermione*. One scene in 'King Lear' makes *Lear* (who goes mad from sorrow) and an exile (who pretends to madness) and a fool (who is mad by profession) all talk together amid the thunder and lightning. We ask ourselves, where are we? Who are we? *Prospero* tells us:

We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

"Shakspeare saw life as in a dream, and thus he has shown it. Molière saw things in their reality. He went down to the immutable. As for life, in his plays he sees it simple. Only those events happen which happen to us all. We love, we marry, we have children, we consult the doctor, we die. The other incidents that may occur spring from the shock of character; they can be deducted logically one from the other, and would remain in the control of man if he would but listen to reason.

"And this is the great moral that can be drawn from Molière: keep your head, and all will go well. His work is as clear as day; hatred of vice shows itself, and the love of truth—no platonic love, but an active love, armed and fighting to the last hour. For Molière is in the thick of the crowd; Shakspeare dwells in the Temple of Serenity; he observes, sombre at first, peacefully later on; and he gives to our meditation and reflection the immense and painful

spectacle of the world, but draws from it no rule, for what rule can be found used in a dream? Perhaps, to finish, it might be said that Shakspeare teaches us to think, but that Molière teaches us to live."

CURRENT LITERATURE.

There is almost a glut in the literary market of that pemmican literature which seems so well adapted to a hurried and hurrying age. Everything nowadays eatable is tinned or potted, concentrated or condensed; everything that no gentleman's library should be without—history, science, biography—is pounded into a series, and minced by competent cooks for the popular digestion. These minces, indeed, assume some acquaintance with the meat from which they are taken, and are apt to send the hungry student empty away. But at least they serve to cultivate the desire for larger knowledge; they appease the first cravings of the self-taught; they refresh and stimulate the jaded palate. Those "Series" are of very unequal merit, according to the hands to which they are entrusted. But in most cases they are excellent specimens of workmanship, executed by skilled and special craftsmen. Here, for instance, is a *Life of the Marquis Wellesley* by Colonel Malleon, in the *Statesmen Series*, in which the comparison of the great ruler of India with his more famous brother is well exhibited; Lord Wellesley, the many-sided statesman and diplomatist, the graceful scholar, the attitudinising rhetorician, the adroit and versatile diplomatist, presenting a curious contrast to the stern soldier, resolute, tenacious, concentrated, who was nothing if not a man of one idea—the idea of duty. From the same publishers come the latest of the *Eminent Women Series* far more strikingly contrasted than

Wellington and Wellesley. Imagine the gentle genius of Jane Austen, the immortal cabinet painter of placid provincial life in the England of her time, side by side with Emily Brontë, the author of the lonely tragic agonized soul of 'Wuthering Heights.' Each of these brief yet full biographies is a creditable if not very notable performance. But far superior to either is the *Life of William Dampier*, in the "Series of English Men of Action," by Mr. Clark Russell, who, as a practical seaman and a master of the art of descriptive writing and of the romance of the sea, brings all his trained experience and all his imaginative faculty to bear upon this picture of the hardy buccaneer, who circumnavigated the globe in a ship of about half the size and tonnage of a fishing hooker. The men who commanded these vessels and held their crews in hand were not very nice or squeamish, but they were the true forefathers of the seamen who, in a later age under Nelson and Collingwood, blockaded the enemy's coasts for months and months, pursued him without pause from sea to sea, and crowned their country's flag with victory.

'An Account of Missionary Success in the Island of Formosa.' Published in London in 1650, and now reprinted with copious appendices. By Rev. William Campbell, F.R.G.S., English Presbyterian Mission, Tarcanfoo. Two vols. (Trübner & Co.)—The endeavors of the Dutch in the early years of the seventeenth century to obtain a secure footing for their commerce on the coasts of China and the adjacent islands were at first attended with considerable success. The Hollanders were then a maritime and a colonizing Power of the first order, and wherever their flag was seen commercial enterprise carried with it the seeds of a Christian civilization. Shrewd and hardy traders, they were also devoted

and energetic apostles of a pure faith. In the Pescadores Islands, on the south-east coast of China, their stay was short; the native authorities became jealous of their influence, and especially of their practical methods of asserting it. The removal to the fertile island of Formosa, however, was by no means a defeat or a flight, and it was only after 37 years of peaceful and productive occupation that they were finally dislodged by an overpowering Chinese force. During that period the Dutch Protestant missionaries had worked with marvellous efficacy, converting nearly 10,000 of the natives to the Christian religion. It must be owned that no Protestant mission to China has attained to such a success in later years. After a lapse of two centuries the good work was resumed by the Presbyterian missionaries from England, and seven years later from Canada. These revivals have made their mark among the Chinese populations, as many as 70 small congregations having been brought together, and among these some of the descendants of the earlier converts. These new converts, moreover, are attempting to establish missions in the original Dutch settlement of the Pescadores, and have been welcomed with cordial sympathy and respect. All these promising undertakings lend a particular interest to the narrative of the mission of 1624-62, of which (originally in the shape of a Latin letter) a translation in English was published in 1650, and is reprinted in the present volumes.

'The Story of Thomas Carlyle.' By A. S. Arnold. (Ward & Downey, London). Two favorable things can be said of this book and of its author. He takes the right view of Carlyle; and he supplies his readers with everything that is historically true about his hero, and with a good deal also that, being based on 'Sartor Resartus' and other

literature of a quasi-autobiographical character, is, to some extent, mythical, or mere hearsay. But Mr. Arnold's style is fearfully and wonderfully irritating. One comes every second page or so on an overshotted phrase like "grim tremendous earnestness," and "mighty soul." Anyone who is acquainted with the truth both as to Carlyle's temperament and as to his life cannot but be amused to read this account of one of his Edinburgh experiences. "His soul was attacked with demons of doubt. Darkness, and scorn unutterable. Manfully, like old Bunyan of old, he determined to take the devil by the horns, to conquer or die. Then arose, gaunt and awful, Giant Fear, the worst of all enemies. Before his fury Carlyle bowed, then bent down almost to the earth, exhausted with mental and physical sufferings." This 'Story of Thomas Carlyle' needs, when taken to be well shaken.

Mr. Thomas J. Wise has issued the first part of his 'Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of John Ruskin, LL.D.' That it is on Dutch hand-made paper and printed, with wide margins, in Clay's best style follows as a matter of course, as old sharers of Mr. Wise's former extravagances know. But they seem to like it; for the 250 subscribers, to whom the issue was limited, were found privately in eight days. The editor says he hopes to finish his task in eight parts; but this is plainly impossible, as the 'Seven Lamps' and the 'Poems' alone take twenty-nine and a half pages. On this scale—and it is the right one—the work must run to sixteen or twenty parts. It certainly ought so to do; and so well is it started, with such admirable completeness and care, that we are sure no Ruskin lover will grudge the increased price for such a record of his master's work. The only additional bit of information

we can give on this part I. is, that the "little girl" for whom 'The King of the Golden River' was originally written was Effie Gray, one of the daughters of a Perth lawyer, who is now Lady Millais, wife of Sir John Millais R. A. the celebrated painter.

Prof. F. J. Child, of Harvard, has just issued part vi. of his magnificent edition of 'The English and Scottish Popular Ballads.' It contains thirty-three old favorites like 'Durham Field,' 'The Battle of Otterbourne,' 'The Hunting of the Cheviot,' 'The Rose of England,' 'Sir Andrew Barton,' 'Flodden Field,' 'Johnie Armstrong,' 'The Rising in the North,' 'Captain Car,' 'The Laird of Logie,' 'Kinmont Willie,' 'Jock o' the Side,' and so on. It is edited with that loving care, that wide research, and that wealth of illustration from other country's ballads, which have distinguished all the foregoing parts, and which puts to shame everything of the best that has been done in this country or elsewhere before. It is a real treat to a ballad-lover to turn over Prof. Child's pages, and see all the different versions of every ballad, and of every line and phrase given, and to know what analogies it has in any and every language of the continent, into how many of these it has been translated, what are its sources, and all about it.

'Lord Lawrence,' by Sir Richard Temple (Macmillan & Co.), is a study of a noble life, character, and career, by one peculiarly well qualified to undertake it, with ample knowledge, and entire sympathy. Sir Richard Temple writes of his illustrious friend and master out of the abundance of his own memory and experience, as an Anglo-Indian administrator in days of difficulty and danger. John Lawrence was the representative of a school of statesmen sprung from the exigencies of the English Empire in

the East, who have created, consolidated, and saved that Empire by their own inborn strength and fortitude of purpose, unflinching steadfastness of principle, strict fidelity to duty, and high Imperial conception of loyal and justice-loving subject populations. With a conscience ever sensitive and on the alert, and a never-failing magnanimity, he united an uncommon simplicity of heart and a piety at once unaffected and profound. In the supreme emergency of the insurrection of '57, his decisive energy and tenacity shone like beacons in the darkness. If as Viceroy he had no occasion to exalt, he did not decrease his reputation, and after his return home, in the unobtrusive acceptance of civic honors he showed himself the same God-fearing and loyal servant of the State, the same high minded and humane English gentleman, as in the seat of Government at Calcutta, or in the stress of the Mutiny, when he held the North West Provinces in hand.

'From my Verandah in New Guinea. Sketches and Traditions.' By Hugh Hastings Romilly, C.M.G., &c. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang, M.A. With Map (David Nutt, London). Mr. Romilly's official experiences as Deputy Commissioner for the Western Pacific, and, subsequently, as Special Commissioner for New Guinea, gave him rare opportunities for studying the characteristics of the Papuan and Polynesian races, and he has turned these opportunities to the best account by the aid of an enquiring habit of mind, and an instructed sympathy. The contests of rival European Powers for predominance in these latitudes, and the natural jealousy of the Australian colonists and fellow subjects of alien and aggressive neighbors in these waters, have excited much curiosity. Mr. Romilly has the vision and the faculty of the keen and rapid observer, and of the open-

minded investigator, and he uses the faculty to the great advantage of his readers, who find nothing to skip in his lively pages. The sincerity and suggestiveness of his notes on the religious instincts and the myths and legends of the natives, and their apparent interpretations of the great mysteries to which savage and civilized alike submit, are vouched for by Mr. Lang in an introductory chapter acknowledging the value of Mr. Romilly's evidence, and admitting his conclusions with a wise reserve. Since the immortal 'Eöthen' of Mr. Kinglake, we have met with very few books of travel so fresh, original, and brilliant as this.

Mr. Paul Leicester Ford has earned the gratitude of all Franklinists by his 'Franklin Bibliography' (Brooklyn). In a large, handsome volume, uniform in size and binding with the Bigelow edition of Franklin's works, Mr. Ford has collected the fullest list of books written by or relating to Benjamin Franklin that has yet been made. The work, moreover, has been done with admirable method and completeness. There are five divisions under the general title 'Franklin's Own Writings,' viz.: Books and Pamphlets, Periodicals and Serials, State Papers and Treatises, Pseudonyms, and Erroneous or Doubtful. Then follows Frankliniana, and there are three indexes, namely, a Reference List and Classical Index, a Check List and Chronological Index, and a General Index. Mr. Ford, says *The Tribune*, writes an introduction concerning the various collections and editions of Franklin's writings, which is well worth reading, and in it he makes a plea for a literary exhaustive edition of Franklin which will undoubtedly be echoed by many students, though for obvious reasons such an edition, if or when it is undertaken, would have to be printed for subscribers

only. It is highly probable that the demand even now would justify such a literary enterprise, for the carrying out of which Mr. Ford's intimate knowledge of the subject seems to point him out as peculiarly qualified. In the meantime the small edition of the Bibliography now issued is sure to be rapidly taken up, for to the lover and student of Franklin it is indispensable.

The great scheme of Synthetic Philosophy which Mr. Herbert Spencer has given to the world in successive publications, from his famous 'First Principles' to the 'Data of Ethics,' now forms in itself a little library containing an aggregate of upwards of five thousand pages of what are known as the library edition size. Comparatively few, even among those who are curious to learn something of Mr. Spencer's researches and speculations, can afford time to study so vast a mass of literature upon the subject. For persons such as these, Mr. F. Howard Collins has done an extremely useful service in his 'Epitome of the Synthetic Philosophy' (Williams and Norgate). This must not be confounded with a mere piece of hack-work put together to meet a popular demand. Mr. Collins is an enthusiast who has spent several years in the self-imposed task of making indexes to the works which are here presented in an abridged form. While preserving as far as possible the author's own words, he has managed to expound the entire synthetic philosophy in just about one-tenth of the space which the author has given to it. That he has fairly stated the author's case in all respects may be gathered from the eulogistic preface contributed to this book by Mr. Spencer himself, who has given his full sanction to its appearance.

ADMIRAL PORTER has written another novel, to be called 'Arthur Merton.' It is on the Appleton press.

FACSIMILES OF BOOK-BINDINGS.

Mr. Bernard Quaritch has now completed the eleven parts composing his 'Facsimiles of Choice Examples of Historical and Artistic Book-binding.' Of this *The Bookbinder* says:—"Of its kind it is a grand work, and, we may fairly add without compare. The facsimiles are as perfect as high-class lithographic art can produce, and the hundred and three plates illustrate completely the history of the bookbinders' art." In the introduction Mr. Quaritch himself justly says "The volume now offered to the public claims rank as a *book*, not merely as a collection of plates. This assertion is based, not upon any vain belief in the value of the text, but upon the nature of the illustrations. They have been selected with a clear purpose from examples of the art of ornamental bookbinding, which range consecutively over three centuries of European practice, and exhibit the successive styles that have prevailed in the ornamentation of books, from the Revival of Letters to the middle of the eighteenth century." The remainder of the introductory article is devoted to a well-written account of book ornamentation, which will prove a valuable addition to the literature of the craft.

The plates are divided into twenty-two classes, as follows: I. Gothic bindings stamped in blind-tooling (seven plates); II. Modern European bindings: early examples derived from Saracenic models (four plates); III. Cameo-bindings of the sixteenth century (four plates); IV. Bindings of the sixteenth century in transitional style (five plates); V. Bindings executed for Jean Grolier (three plates); VI. Bindings done by Henri Deux and Diane de Poitiers (six plates); VII. Grolieresque bindings: Italian

(nine plates); VIII. Grolieresque bindings: French (five plates); IX. Grolleresque bindings: English (six plates); X. Grolieresque bindings: Flemish and German (three plates); XI. Veneto-Lyonese, stamped in the centres or corners with Grolieresque patterns (three plates); XII. French bindings by the Eve family (eight plates); XIII. Foreign imitations of Eve bindings (three plates); XIV. Bindings by Le Gascon (four plates); XV. Foreign imitations of Le Gascon (three plates); XVI. French binding in the seven-

teenth century: Bourbon and Le Gasconesque (three plates); XVII. English binding in the seventeenth century (seven plates); XVIII. French binding, late seventeenth and early eighteenth century: Boyer and Du Seuil (four plates); XIX. French binding, eighteenth century: Padeloup, Derome (two plates); XX. English and Scottish bindings in the eighteenth century (eight plates); XXI. Modern French imitative bindings (two plates); XXII. Book covers of peculiar fabric (four plates)."

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement, of Albany, N. Y., has sold its present library site to the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company for \$70,000. The library will be removed before November 1 to the new public hall being built by the Association, and will occupy spacious quarters in that structure, which was completed in October, until a new library structure can be erected. A site was designated and reserved, in front of the public hall, when that edifice was begun, with the alternate purpose of building, thereon a handsome library building as soon as the Association should become possessed of sufficient funds. Fortunately the opportunity has now arrived though unexpectedly. The library building will be a three-story structure of modern design, and will be completed some time next year. A branch library will be located, on the removal of the main department, somewhere near the site of the present quarters.

THE public library at Berlin has recently acquired two MSS., one of Remigius *Super Matheum*, of the tenth to the eleventh century, and the other containing the Commentaries of Eustathios and others on the Nikom-

achean Ethics of Aristotle. The first MS. is of special importance, since only one copy of the work, written in the sixteenth century, has hitherto been known, and even this is now lost. The second MS., which is of the fifteenth century, will be of service for the edition of the Commentators on Aristotle which is being prepared by the Berlin Academy. The two MSS. come from the collection of Carlo Morbio, which was lately offered for sale at Leipzig. The University of Halle secured 400 parchment MSS. for its library from this sale, some of them belonging to the tenth century, and containing much material for the history of Germany and Austria. A number of Italian MSS. in the collection, which possess a special interest for the historians of German law have been purchased for the Jurists' Library at Leipzig.

ELECTRIC light wires have been introduced into the library of the Young Men's Christian Association Building N. Y. during the summer, and readers are now enjoying the benefits of electric light instead of gas. The improvement is a decided one, as the light is stronger and the air of the room cooler and purer. This library

has been open all summer without a day's intermission, notwithstanding the fact that almost the entire building was burned not long ago. The library had a narrow escape from the flames, but it was untouched by either fire or water. It contains about 37,000 volumes and young men who are employed during the day can go there in the evening to read or study, as the library is opened until 10 o'clock.

THE cost of the new Catalogue of the Astor Library, which has been in preparation for six or seven years, has amounted to about \$50,000. The *Tribune* thus describes the work:

It is in four volumes of 4,000 pages each, and is in all respects one of the finest catalogues ever made, embodying, as it does, all the newest and best ideas of the foremost librarians. Copies of it have been sent gratuitously to all the large libraries in this country and Europe, and are also offered for sale at the Library at \$30 the set. The Librarian says that the affairs of the library are in every respect in a most satisfactory condition. The completion of the catalogue will increase the amount of money to be spent on books and enable the librarian to purchase virtually all the new publications on science, art, history and literature that he considers valuable. The shelves already contain 250,000 volumes, covering every department of learning, and the amount of original research done there each year is constantly increasing.

THE following figures, from the report of the Chicago Public Library, are noteworthy:—Added 10,254; condemned 2,090; total 149,166; issued

1,114,964 ("Chicago now stands at the head of the list, Boston coming next with a circulation of 1,013,847"); visitors to the ref. dept. 117,810; periodicals issued 323,365; fines \$4,192.72; persons employed 71; pay-roll, \$41,353. The circulation was distributed as follows: Circulating dept. 597,439; delivery stations and schools 153,749; Reference dept. 328,765; Patent dept. 21,058; Medical dept. 13,953; total 1,114,964.

MR. JOSEPH WHARTON has given \$25,000 more to the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania, the interest of it to be used for the purchase of books. "Being convinced," he says, "that sound National policy requires that domestic industries and productions should be adequately protected from the destructive or suppressive efforts of foreign rivals, I desire that the best publications tending to support these views shall be carefully collected and held for the convenient use of students in the Wharton School; but it is also my desire that the library shall, within reasonable limits, include works that are supposed to maintain the opposite opinions, in order that both sides may be heard, that any thing valuable in the latter class may be appreciated, and what is fallacious therein comprehended."

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

THE highest price which Wilkie Collins ever received for a novel was \$25,000 which was paid to him for 'Armada' by George Smith before a line of the story, which originally appeared in *The Cornhill Magazine*, had been written. 'Armada' has never been a favorite with the public, but it is a very powerful book, and a story of the most absorbing interest, and Dickens expressed a high opinion of it. Just after the bargain had been

concluded between the author and the publisher, there was a discussion at the Athenæum one afternoon about book prices, during which Hayward very acrimoniously maintained that George Smith could not possibly have paid any such sum to Wilkie Collins, and after he had ranted on the subject for some time, Dickens turned to a friend and whispered: "Can you wonder now that that man is so generally execrated?" Thacke-

ray, only a short time before his death congratulated Collins on the transaction, and told him that he had never himself made as much as \$25,000 by any of his books. The purchase of 'Armada' was not a profitable transaction for Mr. Smith, but 'Romola' proved a still worse bargain, as \$35,000 was paid for it, and of the first expensive edition only some 1,500 copies were sold. The statement that Collins has left copious reminiscences and numerous MS. stories is incorrect. During the last few years he received several orders to publish his reminiscences but declined to entertain them.

THE *Saturday Review*, which does not love Mr. Gerald Massey, plays with him thus in an article on his latest edition:

There are echoes of more sweet and powerful verses here and there, as in this:

Ay, 'tis a tale of olden
Time, long, long ago;
When the world was in its golden
Prime, and love was lord below.

("Banners, yellow, glorious, golden
On its roof did float and flow;
This, all this was in the olden
Time, long ago.")

Mr. Massey is beholden—
Much—to Edgar Allen Poe!

Of the late Count de l'Isle-Adam's writings, *The Athenæum* says:

If the enthusiastic opinions of his surviving contemporaries may be only partially accepted, his place in the literature of this century will be a lofty one. Much of his best work is apparently lost, having been left not merely unprinted, but, even unwritten, lingering only in the memories of those friends to whom he recited it. He lived in a world of mystery and fiction—so much so that many doubted the reality of the misery and ills he did endure, yet accepted his legends for truth. Quite a mythology gathered about De l'Isle-Adam even during his life, being largely fostered, if not entirely engendered, by the fictitious autobiography he spun for himself. That he was a Breton count, and descended from a noble French family, seems generally accepted as fact, and his descent from the last Grand Master of the Knights of Malta does not seem to have been disputed. In right of this last hereditary rank he assumed to have some title to the throne of Greece, even, it is said, bringing his claims to the notice of Na-

poleon III. The late Emperor is reported to have replied that unfortunately the count was too late, as the throne had already been disposed of.

'SHAKSPERIANA' reminds a public which forgets its scholars too easily that when Mr. Collier produced his 'Perkins Folio' and its "new readings" which agitated all Letters, it was an American warrior who stepped into the field and took that whole field for his province:

Out of that war of pamphlets and pamphleteers, it was to Richard Grant White, the American, that the honor belonged of demonstrating, finally that William Shakspeare and the Perkins "readings" were not contemporary. Armed cap-a-pie, with a perfect equipment at every point, nerved to a great effort, with a presumption against him as a combatant at all, from an unexpected quarter of the universe, Mr. White knew whereof he wrote. First of all, a grammarian and a comparative philologist, an attempt to deceive him by a piece of Victorian, palmed off as a piece of Elizabethan English appeared to be about as hopeless an effort as would be an effort to satisfy a comparative anatomist like Huxley with a Barnum mermaid or a New Haven sea-serpent of lath and canvas. The records easily extant, bear witness to the reception accorded to 'Shakspeare's Scholar' (under which title Mr. White collected his magazine contributions upon 'Perkins Folio' matters), and how speedily the name of the book transferred itself to its author. Its great merit, its absolute exhaustiveness, its minute accuracy, and its shrewd postulates of fact and of logic were immediately conceded. As a rule, mere windfall approbation of a book is of as little value as an estimate drawn from its preface, or its binding, or from personal acquaintance with its author, in divers and sundry suburban newspapers. But in this case, the first approval of 'Shakspeare's Scholar' became its deliberate valuation. And even when, finally, Sir Francis Madden, an expert in chirography, and Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton, a chemist, went to work with the Perkins Folio itself before them—the one with his microscope and the other with his acids—they found the marginalia of that notorious copy of the second Folio as of the exact dates to which Mr. White, without an inspection but from philological testimony alone, had referred them.

THE use of "forrels" (extra covers) might well be revived nowadays, as they would prove very serviceable for the protection of albums, costly books of engravings, or handsomely bound volumes of poems, which are apt to become damaged by lying on the table; and as the covers might be made highly ornamental, and at the

same time be planned to harmonize with the decorations of the room in which the books are chiefly used, there need be no objection to them on the score of the mufflers, which might otherwise suggest itself in connection with such protective covers. Liberty's plush or velvet, lined with

soft silk, would be very suitable for the purpose. The portion of the cover upon which the binding rests might have a thin layer of wadding placed under the lining, and the monogram of the owner or the title of the book might appropriately be worked on the upper side.

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AMERICAN NOTES.

DR. DANIEL G. BRINTON has reprinted from *Werner's Voice Magazine* 'Aims and Traits of a World-Language,' an address delivered before the Nineteenth Century Club of N.Y.

THE prizes offered a year ago by *The Detroit Free Press* for the three best serial stories presented before a certain date have just been awarded. Major Kirkland, the author of 'Zury' and of 'The McVeys,' has taken the first prize of \$1,600 with a story entitled 'The Captain of Company K.' Mrs. E. W. Peattie, of Omaha, wins the second prize of \$900 with her story 'The Judge,' and Mr. Elbridge S. Brooks's 'Son of Issachar' takes the third prize of \$500.

LEONARD KIP, the Albany novelist, in a recent speech before the Albany Institute, protested against the republication of the over-youthful or other writings of an author which the author himself had decided to discard.

THE sons of Yale will be glad to learn that one of the best beloved of their number, Chauncey M. Depew, is to write about the institution in an early number of *Harper's Magazine*. The paper is to be illustrated.

DR. J. C. STOCKBRIDGE of Providence R. I., has reduced by forty per cent. the price of his 'Annotated Catalogue of the Harris Collection of American Poetry,' originally published at \$5 to \$15.

D. LATHROP Co. announce 'Our Asiatic Cousins,' by Mrs. Leonowens, and 'Stories of New France,' by Mrs. A. M. Machan; G. P. Putnam's Sons 'The Life and Work of Charles Darwin,' by Prof. Charles F. Holder, and 'American War Ballads'; and Lee & Shepard 'The Tartuffian Age,' by Paul Mantegazza, and 'The Future of Morals and Religion,' by Lawrence Gronlund.

MRS. "STONEWALL" JACKSON is engaged upon a biography of her husband, which will contain many facts not printed in previous memoirs.

S. H. ZAHM & Co. of Lancaster, Pa., announce 'Chronicon Ephratense; A history of the community of Seventh Day Baptists at Ephrata, Lancaster Co., Penn'a,' by "Lamech and Agrippa." Translated from the original German by J. Max Hark, D.D. This work is one of the rarest of Ephrata imprints, originally published in the German, and now almost unattainable at any price.

SCRIBNER & WELFORD are issuing, in a very 'swell' form, at a high price, and by subscription only, a three-volume dictionary of 'Slang and its Analogues.' It embodies the unacademic phrases heard in Mayfair and Piccadilly, as well as the cant terms of the shops and the thieves' Latin of the lowest classes. The work is compiled and edited by John S. Farmer, author of 'Americanisms, Old and New.'

WITH the issue of Oct. 18, *Le Chat Noir* translates its name and becomes *The Black Cat*; changes its form from 8 to 16 pages, and offers some new attractions. Nym Crinkle will give a weekly contribution from his facile pen, and with other features added to *Le Chat Noir's* already well known brilliancy, *The Black Cat* will become not only the brightest but the strongest dramatic and musical paper in the country.

THE Longmans will publish shortly two volumes of American Short Stories; 'Gerald French's Friends,' tales of California Irishmen by George H. Jessop, and 'A Family Tree' and Other Stories, by Brander Matthews.

THE publishers of Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward' must find it difficult to keep their announcements of the editions up with the sales. It leaped from the seventy-fifth to the hundredth, then almost immediately to the hundred and twelfth; and now the hundred and twenty-second edition is on the market.

'THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE' from the rise to the fall of the second Empire will be published shortly by Houghton Mifflin & Co. It is written by Harold Murdock, of Boston, is well equipped with maps showing the successive changes in territorial assignment, and has an Introduction by John Fiske.

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FOREIGN NOTES.

MESSRS. FIELD & TUEK's announcements include: a reproduction of the first edition of Charles Lamb's 'Prince Dorus' (1811), including all the colored plates—limited to five hundred copies; 'Sketches and Letters on Sport and Life in Morocco,' by Richard Wake; 'Police,' by Charles Edward Clarkson and J. Hall Richardson, with whole-page illustrations; 'The Age of Marie Antoinette,' by Charles Newton Scott; 'The Story of "Bradshaw's Guide,"' by Percy Fitzgerald; 'Aesop Redivivus,' by Mary Boyle, with numerous cuts; and 'The Bairns' Annual for 1889-90,' edited by Alice Corkran, with a colored frontispiece.

THE next volume in Trübner's "Lotos Series"—issued both in a small paper and a large paper edition—will be Sir Edwin Arnold's 'The Light of Asia.' It will have a portrait of the author and other illustrations.

'HOW TO CATALOGUE A LIBRARY,' by Henry B. Wheatley, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as the forthcoming volume of "The Book Lovers' Library."

To commemorate the first production of an Ibsen drama in English, Mr. Unwin, the London publisher, is about to issue an edition, limited to 115 copies printed on Van Gelder paper, of Mr. Wm. Archer's translation of 'A Doll's House,' illustrated with platinotype photographs of Ibsen himself and six of the performers in the costumes of the play.

THE regular monthly issue of the Great Writer Series, which for some time has been suspended, will shortly be resumed. A 'Life of Thackeray,' by Mr. Herman Merivale, will be followed by 'Lessing,' by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, and 'Milton,' by Dr. Garneff. Mr. Moncure Conway is to write the volume on Hawthorne.

MESSRS. ISBISTER will publish immediately 'Mary Howitt': an Autobiography, edited by her daughter, with portraits and numerous illustrations, in two vols.; and 'The Life of Sir Richard Steele,' by George A. Aitken, with portraits, also in two vols. Both books will be issued at the same time by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS have in the press the early diary of Frances Burney (M^{de}. d'Arblay), in two volumes, edited from the original MSS. by Annie Raine Ellis.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER will publish shortly a work on India by Mr. James Samuelson, of the same character as his former books on the states of South-Eastern Europe. It will consist of two parts, the first being an historical review, and the second treating of social and political questions. A bibliography of modern books relating to India has been contributed by Sir W. W. Hunter. The illustrations will comprise a series of collotype reproductions of views, portraits, and archaeological subjects, from photographs.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce for the autumn season a new volume of poems by Lord Tennyson. Mr. Browning's new volume will also, we believe, be published this month. From Mr. Swinburne we had a series of poems and ballads only last spring; but we understand that his next book will be a collection of critical essays upon Ben Jonson, part at least of which has already appeared in the *Fortnightly*.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK is engaged in making a facsimile of the first edition of John Bunyan's 'Country Rhymes,' which has recently been discovered and acquired by the British Museum. The Rev. John Brown, of Bedford, will furnish an introduction, giving the history of the little volume.

A COMPLETE edition, edited and arranged by Mr. W. H. Wright, of 'Gay's Fables,' may be looked for shortly in the Chandos Classics. The book will contain a biography and notes, and will also be illustrated with many engravings. It is proposed to publish a large paper edition, limited to 250 copies.

MR. JOHN T. NETTLESHIP is engaged upon a new edition of his 'Essays on Robert Browning's Poetry,' first published in 1868, and long since out of print and scarce. The new and enlarged edition, which will be published towards the end of the year, is to be entitled 'Robert Browning: Essays and Thoughts.'

ROUQUETTE & SON are about to publish an édition de luxe of Vivant-Donon's torrid story 'Point de Lendemain.' It will consist of forty pages royal 8vo, with a portrait and thirteen designs by 'Paul Avril.' Five hundred fifty copies will be printed and the prices thereof range from 200 francs to 30 francs.

MESSRS. ADAM & CHARLES BLACK, of Edinburgh, announce a new and enlarged edition of the collected works of Thomas De Quincey, edited by Prof. David Masson, De Quincey's biographer in the 'English Men of Letters' series. Several papers not before reprinted will be given in this edition, and the whole will be carefully classified. It will consist of fourteen volumes, to appear at intervals of one month, and it will be illustrated with portraits and views.

MR. W. M. CONWAY is about to publish, through the Cambridge University Press, 'The Literary Remains of Albrecht Dürer.' The book will contain transcripts from the British Museum MSS., and illustrative notes.

MRS. HARRISON, the daughter of Charles Kingsley, seems to have inherited a good deal of her father's literary ability, and with it not a little of his gift in the direction of plain and fearless speaking on the burning social questions of the hour. We therefore look forward with interest to the new novel by 'Lucas Malet' which Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein are about to publish in three volumes under the title of 'The Wages of Sin.'

GENERAL NOTES.

MISS ELLEN M. COE, Librarian of the New York Free Circulating Library, reports that 'Ben Hur' has passed 'Unce Tom's Cabin,' which in 1888 headed the list of fiction in greatest demand at that institution. At the Maimonides Library in that city it is the volume of fiction most sought after.

SOME notion of the extent of Prince Lucien Bonaparte's linguistic library may be gained from the fact that he has just ordered his paper-covered books to be bound, though in working bindings only, and the estimate for this is \$5,000. For a young man of seventy-seven this is an enterprising order.

THE Indian Government has ordered that all the vernacular translations of Shakspeare shall be presented to the Memorial Library at Stratford-on-Avon. No complete translation of the whole of Shakspeare has yet been made; but many plays have been translated into more than one language, by far the most popular being 'Hamlet,' and the 'The Merchant of Venice.'

THE following somewhat mysterious paragraph is from *The Academy*:—"We hear tidings from time to time of choice prints on hand-made paper, of unpublished letters and poems of poets and writers from Shelley to the present day, made by unknown printers in divers States of America, which wicked rumor says are situated in the city of London. Collectors of book rarities may, however, some day find that they have not yet heard of all the privately printed productions of even the present year of grace."

MR. APPLETON MORGAN has our deepest sympathy, for he has suffered at the hands of the ruthless binder. Most of us have "been there." There

is a lack of intelligence about book-binders in general that is phenomenal. Mr. Morgan writes:—

"Some weeks ago Lionel Booth, Esq., of London presented me with a pamphlet copy of his reprint of the Third Folio Pericles, which he had purchased at auction and which, thirty years ago, he had presented to John Payne Collier, and upon which Mr. Collier had written his name below the presentation inscription. I determined to bind the pamphlet and letter together with the outside cover of the pamphlet, so as to preserve these interesting (and now valuable) autographs, and gave my binder careful personal instructions as to the same. A few days ago, the book came back, elegantly bound, the letter from Mr. Booth to myself nicely inserted, and the outside cover—which was rather shabby in appearance—retained all right. The autographs of Mr. Collier and Mr. Booth, however, had been nicely shaved off!!! I am writing to my binder, out of curiosity, to ask what he supposed I wanted that cover preserved for. But, meanwhile it occurs to me that some reader may wish to employ a binder, and might wish the address of mine."

A WELL known journalist, Mr. James Runciman, writes to the *Newcastle Leader*:—

"Mr. Lang thinks Mr. Haggard has a right to steal other men's work, since he does so adorn the things he cribs, and I am content to let Mr. Lang have his own way. But, alas! when contributions are levied on one's own work, how one's notions are modified! I read about a certain 'magnificent description' which Mr. Haggard achieved in 'Mr. Melson's Will,' and this 'magnificent,' 'superb,' 'appalling,' 'thrilling' description was mentioned in so many different places that I was tempted to get the book. Then I found that I had written the 'magnificent' description myself in the *Pall Mall*, and our gay and festive novelist had carted it bodily into his book three years after this humble pen first set it down. The festive one probably received some £50 for the fragment which endowed me with 90s. A few of us got the old *Pall Mall* (and the more by token we had to pay stiffly for the copy); we surveyed the deliciously cool annexation; we studied the adjectives of the 'Mutuals;' and then I broke into a yell of laughter. If any of your readers want to know how the trick is done let them look up the long article, 'How the Ocean Liner was Lost,' in the *Pall Mall* for the early part of March, 1886."

WRITING in a recent issue on 'The Remuneration of Russian Authors,' the *Djen* states that shortly before his death Turgenieff sold the copyright of all his works in perpetuity to M. Glassunoff for 90,000

roubles. Saltykoff (Tchedryn), in like manner, a short time before his demise, wished to dispose of the copyright in his collected literary productions, for which M. Dumnoff, of the Moscow publishing firm of Messrs. Salajevy, offered 60,000 roubles; but this bid was refused, and the negotiations fell through. The different sums for which the productions of the best-known Russian authors have been sold are given as follows:—Those of Gogol were disposed of for 60,000 roubles; Puschkin, 35,000 roubles; Tchukofski, 5,000 roubles; Kryloff (Fables) 14,000 roubles; Nekrassoff, 15,000 roubles; Gontcharoff, 35,000 roubles; Ostraffski, 1,000 roubles; Grigorovitch (for one edition), 5,000 roubles; Aksakoff, 3,000 roubles; and Mey (for one edition), 10,000 roubles.

Among recent transactions of this kind was the sale of Gleb Uspenski's collected works to Messrs. Pavlenkoff and Sibiriakoff for 25,000 roubles; the first cheap edition of 10,000 copies being exhausted within twelve months of the purchase of the copyright. M. Glasscnoff appears to be the principal buyer of Russian literary copyrights, and he has acquired those of the works of Schukofski, Nekrassoff, Turgenieff, Gontcharoff, and Lermontoff. It is perhaps not very generally known that the last mentioned and popular Russian author came of a Scotch family named Learmonth. Educational works are by no means unremunerative in Russia. Among works of this kind Yeftuschefski's arithmetic was bought by the publisher, Poluboyarinoff, for 50,000 roubles.

—:—

BOOK AUCTIONS.

BOOKSELLERS and collectors are awaiting with interest the publishing of the sale catalogue of the late Mr. Barlow's library. For years he was a steady and indefatigable collector, and, his purse being long, managed to bring together an extraordinary collection of rare books. His hobby was for books relating to or printed in this country. Among the principal gems are two copies of Columbus's letter announcing the discovery of the New World. It was originally written in Spanish, and until a few years back not a single copy of the first edition was known to exist. The editions which Mr. Barlow possessed were both printed at Rome in 1493. They are in Latin. The first consists of four leaves, of 34 lines to a page. The second is also printed on 4 leaves of a small quarto size, but has 33 lines to a full page. In this respect the latter is unique, and seems to be an hitherto undescribed edition, as all other copies known, in the same type,

have only 30 lines to a page. The value of both copies is great. Next only to them in value and interest, comes a choice copy of Amerigo Vespucci's 'Mundus Novus,' published between 1502 and 1508. Mr. Barlow possessed two editions, the latter an early one of this precious book. He was also rich in having the first known map of America. It was drawn about 1506 or 1507 by John Ruysch, for the 1509 edition of Ptolemy, printed at Rome. Another of the rich possessions, of which but two other collections can boast, is a copy, on large paper, of Captain John Smith's History of Virginia. It is reported to be the tallest in existence, being larger than but not so broad as the pedication copy. One changed hands some years back for about \$1,500. The present copy will probably fetch nearer double that sum. Two interesting tracts should be mentioned, which, by the late Henry Stevens, were once quaintly characterized as "the verie

two eyes of New-England history." They are John Brereton's 'Briefe and True Relation of the Discoverie of the North Part of Virginia,' 1602; also Mourt's 'Relation or Journall of the Beginning of the English Plantation at Plimoth (sic), New-England,' printed in 1622. Both of these are fine copies. Another interesting item is a prayer-book said, on the authority of Winthrop Sargeant, to have been bound for and used by General Washington. Among other rare books by the hundred, which we have not space to mention, we note a choice copy of the first edition of Hakluyt's Voyages, with the rare map showing America; a magnificent collection of De Bry's famous 'Voyages'; a moderate collection of the even rarer Hulsius tracts, besides the works of Las Casas, Purchas, Eliot and other famous writers, early voyagers, etc. The catalogue is being compiled by J. O. Wright, and will be issued in a few weeks.

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Tue. 5	ALASKA.....	Queenstown.	12.30 P. M.
Wed. 6	ADRIATIC.....	Queenstown.	11.30 A. M.
	ALLER.....	Bremen.....	11.30 A. M.
	WESTERLAND.....	Antwerp.....	2.40 P. M.
Thu. 7	OBDA.....	Rotterdam...	3.00 A. M.
Sat. 9	LA CHAMPAGNE.....	Havre.....	2.30 A. M.
	ETRURIA.....	Queenstown.	3.00 A. M.
	WEBER.....	Bremen.....	4.00 A. M.
	HEKIA.....	Christiania..	2.01 P. M.
Wed. 13	CITY OF N. YORK.....	Queenstown.	5.30 A. M.
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Thu. 14	AMSTERDAM.....	Amsterdam..	7.00 A. M.
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Tue. 19	ARIZONA.....	Queenstown.	11.00 A. M.
Wed. 20	GERMANIC.....	Queenstown.	11.30 A. M.
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Thu. 21	VEENDAM.....	Rotterdam....	1.00 P. M.
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THE BOOKMART.

VOL VII.

DECEMBER, 1889.

Whole No. 79.

THE ATTIC BOOKWORM.

Here in this scanty plot of space,
Which hardly I may call my own,
My books and I have found a place,
Nor envy purple kings their throne.
The whole wide world of thought is ours,
All that hath been, will be, and is;
We measure centuries by hours,
And sound the depths of woe and bliss.
Here mighty emperors hold their court,
And thinkers count up rights and wrongs;
Here brilliant jesters make us sport,
And poets sing their sweetest songs.
Poor as I am in worldly gear,
They wait upon my beck and call;
All speak to me, when I would hear—
Sole master of the festival.
For me the bounds of space and time
Are not; for wealth I do not call:
All that is best in prose and rhyme
Is mine—within this attic wall!

THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

Fifty thousand a day! That is the rate the bricks are being put in the new Congressional library building. Think of it! Enough bricks to build an ordinary house being laid each day on one building. The big board fence keeps the general public from seeing it; but there is a scene of great activity just east of the capitol, where over three hundred workmen are engaged in laying brick, setting stones, erecting derricks, &c., all in a brave effort to give the Congress-

al library a home where it can stretch its cramped limbs and to relieve authors from the harrowing fear that their copyright volumes will not be sufficiently protected from dampness.

It will be remembered that Congress agreed to the plans for this building originally presented to it, when it was demonstrated by General Casey that the building could be constructed practically on those plans at a cost of \$6,003,140. The general ground plan of the building comprises a large central rotunda, built entirely of white marble and containing a grand staircase, reading rooms, alcoves, &c. Running off from this are four open courts, the whole being surrounded by a series of rooms and offices. The extreme outside dimensions, not including the projection of centre building on the west front, will be 463 feet 11½ inches by 332 feet 9 inches.

The books will at first occupy only the alcoves in the reading room, with the magazines immediately adjoining. This space will accommodate a million and a half volumes and will not be used up, at the present growth, for about thirty-four years. By using the first and second stories and open courts the capacity can be increased to four and a half million volumes, and ample space will be thus obtained for 134 years. In the meantime the

available floor space at the service of the government for other than library purposes will be about 43,000 square feet.

Work under the new appropriation was actually begun in April of this year, but did not really get under way until June. It has been actively progressing during the summer under the able management of the supervising engineer, Bernard H. Green. The engineer department has a comfortable brick office at the northeast corner of the grounds, where three clerks and nine draughtsmen are kept busily at work. There is no guesswork and no waste of material allowed in the construction of a building the size of this. Plans must be drawn up and approved for every inch of the work. Cross and vertical sections of every stone must be drawn, so that when the blocks arrive, numbered, from the quarries they slip into their places as easily as the missing links of a puzzle.

Mr. Green expresses himself as well satisfied with the progress of the work so far this summer. In general the contracts have been fulfilled promptly, although a slight delay has been caused lately by a want of stone for the completion of the cellar work. This granite is sent from Woodstock, Md. The late rainy weather has also acted as a drag, but the engineers do not propose to allow bad weather or bad contracts to stand in the way of the completion of the building in the specified eight years. Contractors are warned to stand from under and a gentle hint is dropped to the signal office that it would be advisable for them to keep one eye fastened upon themselves.

There are about eight and a half acres inclosed in the board fence for the park and the grounds. The first work accomplished was to dig out of this park a small-sized farm. A big

hole equal to four acres was thus excavated for the foundation and cellars. Around the bank of this excavation a solid concrete wall, 13 feet deep and several feet broad, will run. This is the outer area wall and from it gratings will run to the main brick wall. This outer protection has been almost completed and about four hundred feet of the main wall has been constructed. Divisions are springing up all over the huge area and already many of the door arches are in place. Every brick wall or pillar rests on a solid granite base, thus preventing any dampness from ascending to the upper floors. At one end of the building the huge iron girders for the ground floor are in place.

Piles of brick are everywhere. Six millions of the commoner sort have already been contracted for from the Washington brick company. The walls of the four open courts are being constructed of white enameled bricks, which will add greatly to the interior beauty. Five hundred thousand of these bricks will be required. They are imported, being made at Leeds, England.

Work will be continued as late into the winter as possible, and it is expected that before it is necessary to quit the cellar walls will all be up, the basement floor down and, in short, everything completed to the ground level. Mr. Green expects to be able to continue work until about the 15th of December, after which it is unsafe in this climate to lay bricks. During the following three months derricks will be erected, stones cut and other preparations for the summer campaign made. Ten huge stone derricks, standing 100 feet above the level will be put in place. The contracts for granite are immense in size. Concord, N. H., has one worth \$1,250,000. The granite used in the cellar is being furnished from Wood-

stock, Md., while the future stone trimming work will be advertised for shortly. It will be seen by this that the men at work on the library proper represent only a small proportion of the men actually engaged in the construction. For one man at the building there are ten at the quarries and brick yards.

The money already appropriated amounts to \$1,000,000, and this Congress will be asked to give \$855,000. It would seem to be a better plan to appropriate the whole \$6,000,000 at once and allow the engineer to draw on it as needed, but Congress believes in doling it out in annual appropriations.

No arrangements will be made for the storage of books in the upper stories or open courts. As Mr. Green express it, "The Building will provide in a general way for the requirements of the future; but we propose to allow the men of seventy-five years hence to settle the details to suit themselves."

While all the activity is going on at the new building Librarian Spofford is being wedged in closer and closer at his quarters in the capitol. The pressure has been slightly relieved by the construction of eight dark rooms in the crypt below. These rooms are used for the storage of books, and here are kept the magnificent files of newspapers which are one of the treasures of the library. Mr. Spofford expects to get some good out of the new library a good while before it is entirely finished. As soon as it can be done with safety to the books he expects to colonize the new building when, with a light cart running between the two libraries, books can be taken from one to the other in a very short time. Even at the expiration of the eight years, however, when Mr. Green will have completed every thing, even to sodding the turf and

planting the trees, the old library will not be deserted. Seventy-five thousand books will still be kept there as a permanent institution. This collection will consist of books of reference on almost every matter under the sun, and also specimen volumes of a great number of the prominent writers of the different ages.

POPE AND HIS COLLABORATORS.

Alexander Pope has enjoyed a century and a half of posthumous fame. His literary immortality is assured. While the poetic taste of the present age is not generally in favor of the polished versification of Pope, he still has his admirers, and his works are to be found on the shelves of every properly appointed library. Though there are many rival translations of Homer, and perhaps some of them truer to the original than Pope's, yet Pope's Homer is the accepted standard,—indeed, we may say it is the only translation that is generally read. The probability is that, as it has maintained its supremacy so far, it will continue to do so to the end.

Pope's translation of the *Iliad*, in six volumes, was published at intervals between the years 1715 and 1720. The reception of his *Iliad* was such that he determined to issue a version of the *Odyssey* while the public temper was favorable to him; but, as Dr. Johnson surmises, having grown weary of the work of translating, he associated with himself in this labor Elijah Fenton and William Broome. To these gentlemen he assigned twelve of the books of the *Odyssey*—so that but one half of the translation of that poem is the work of Pope.

Elijah Fenton was a Staffordshire man, and was born in May, 1683. He took his bachelor's degree at Jesus

College, Cambridge, in 1704. Being unwilling to take certain necessary oaths, he was obliged to leave the university without any farther degree. and for some years he supported himself as best he could by various uncertain means, among which was teaching. But he never bent to unworthy or dishonorable practices. "Whoever mentioned Fenton," says Johnson, "mentioned him with honor." He soon made himself known by his scholarship and taste, and was recognized and encouraged by the first men of his age. To him Pope allotted the I., IV., XIX., and XX. Books of the *Odyssey* as his part in the new translation. He continued to indulge in literature to the close of his days. In 1723 his tragedy of 'Mariamne' was brought out, and received universal applause. Fenton's profits amounted to nearly £1,000. It is pleasant to know that the latter part of his life was passed in ease and honor. He died in 1730, at the residence of Lady Trumbull, at Easthamstead, and Pope honored him with an epitaph. "Let us love his memory," wrote Pope to Broome, "and profit by his example."

William Broome, the other collaborator of Pope on the *Odyssey*. was born in Cheshire, but in what year is not known. He was educated at Eton, and at St. John's, Cambridge. He first became known from his connection with Ozell and Oldisworth in a translation of the "Iliads," which, though in the opinion of some superior to that of Pope, yet, as Johnson says, "has long since vanished, and is now in no danger from the critics." Broome first met Pope at the house of Sir John Cotton, and so far won the good opinion of the great poet, that he was engaged to assist him in preparing the notes for Pope's translation of the *Iliad*. Afterwards, in the distribution of the work upon the

Odyssey, to Broome was allotted the translation of eight Books—the II., VI., VIII., XI., XII., XVI., XVIII., XXIII.—or one third part of the entire work, besides all the notes. How well Fenton and Broome did their work is seen in the fact that no reader has ever been able to distinguish their portion of the translation from that part performed by Pope himself. Broome became a clergyman. In 1728 he was presented by the crown to the rectory of Pulham in Suffolk, and in the same year was made a Doctor of Laws by the university of Cambridge. He had also the good fortune to marry a wealthy lady, and no doubt passed the latter years of his life in comfort and dignity. He died at Bath in November, 1745.

Pope paid Fenton £300 for translating four Books, while he paid Broome £600 for eight books and all the notes. Broome seems to have felt that he had been treated unfairly, and a coldness or something worse is said to have grown up between him and Pope. In after years they became reconciled, though Johnson remarks, "I am afraid their peace was without friendship."

It is somewhat remarkable that Broome, in a note at the end of the *Odyssey*, speaks of but five Books as having been translated by himself and Fenton,—the IV. and XX. by Fenton, and the VI., XI., and XVIII. by himself. It is a well known fact of literary history that the case was otherwise. Pope in an advertisement prefixed to an edition of his works, assumed to himself but twelve out of the twenty-four Books of the *Odyssey*. What could have been Broome's motive in understating the amount of assistance he and Fenton had given to Pope? Could it be that he felt that they had been insufficiently paid, particularly himself, and that he desired to put the amount of work done

in some proper ratio to the pay received? Perhaps he cared little for the poetry, but much for a proper valuation of his services.

Dr. Johnson says that Pope carried his hostility to Broome so far as to put him in the *Dunciad*. This is true, in part at least. The name "Broome" occurs twice in editions of the *Dunciad*. It occurs the first time in Book I. The line at one time read—"and worthy Withers, Quarles, and Blome." Blome's books, a note informs us, were remarkable for their cuts. This line in later editions was changed to read—"and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome." A note (edition of 1776) says that "Broome was a serving man of Ben Jonson, who once picked up a Comedy from his Betters, or from some cast scenes of his Master, not entirely contemptible." If this note means as it reads, there is no reference whatever here to the Rev. William Broome. Again, in Book III, in some early editions were found the lines—

"O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, translating ten whole years with
Broome."

On this passage was a note from which we quote the following:

"He concludes his irony with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a sarcasm on the other ingenious person, is surely mistaken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficiently shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the *Odyssey*. The author only seems to lament, that he was employed in Translation at all."

But in later editions the passage was entirely changed, omitting the name of Mr. Broome altogether, and made to read thus:

—"O Swift! thy fate:
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate."

Dr. Johnson observes further that Pope quoted Broome in the 'Bathos,' as a proficient in the 'Art of Sinking.' We have looked through this work with some attention, and we do

not find the name of Broome. Twice the initials "W. B." are used, along with other initials representing names, and they may have been used to indicate William Broome. But as it is far from clear that Pope introduced Broome's name injuriously in the *Dunciad*, the "W. B." of the Bathos may have been some one else. What we are trying to do is to clear Pope from the charge of malevolence or hostility towards Broome—a man to whose scholarship, taste and labors his own great reputation is partly due. His indebtedness to Broome was recognized in his own day, and he was not allowed to forget it. Hanley, a wit of that time, expressed the views of those who were not friendly to Pope, in the following couplet:

Pope came off clean with Homer, but they say
Broome went before, and kindly swept the way."

T. J. CHAPMAN.

Pittsburg, Pa.

FROM A SECOND-HAND BOOKSTALL.

Man, certainly, in his healthy and natural condition, is a hunting and acquisitive animal. What keener pleasure knows he, than that of scenting out, and running to earth, his prey: save the pleasure of carrying it home and gloating over its possession? In advanced and highly intricate conditions of society one form, in which we see an illustration of this profound remark, is in the ardour of the bibliophile, or as the scornful call him, the bibliomaniac. I will confess to some considerable sympathy with this madness, and even to a slight touch of it: kept under fortunately, yet not by any philosophy or force of will, but by a kindly providential impecuniosity. It is in my blood, this taint. When Mr.

Ibsen preaches on heredity, I am stricken with the consciousness of how my ancestors would have ruined me long ago at old-book stalls, had not the grace of heaven intervened, and wedded me to poverty.

Save to very rich madmen after this kind, the golden days of book-hunting are lamentably passed. Everybody knows now, where every treasure is. Yet, as I write these words, with a heavy heart and eyes suffused with tears, there occurs to me a pretty story, told me by a man of veracity not so long ago, which seems to give them the lie, and once again to inspire hope in the breast. A friend of his, also a veracious person, coming across a basketful of odd books, all of them ticketed at fourpence a piece outside a second-hand shop, turned up one small, but precious, volume, buried in the *débris*. With assumed carelessness he paid down his four coppers: and straightway writing off to a famous institution, which he knew to be in need of his treasure, generously made offer of it for thirty pounds (\$150). The authorities would give him twenty (\$100), not one stiver more. By-and-bye he had the thing put up for sale in a public auction-room: where after a spirited competition, the aforesaid institution became possessor of it, at the cost of one hundred and seventy pounds (\$850). This is truth. Yet truth cometh sometimes in so strange and ingenuous a form, that, to practical and vulgar souls, I can understand how this narration may appear naught, may pass with them but as an idle tale.

There are some, however, who may be counted as the victims of bibliomania, but of a more delicate and elegant species of the disease. I mean such as desiderate old volumes, not because of their rarity, and with a sleek complacency in the thought of few, or

none, others possessing them: but pure beauty's sake; with a discerning sense for the choiceness of the thing in itself, unaffected by its rarity or uniqueness. The flavor of a mellow Burgundy, the scent of a tea-rose, the colors on a butterfly's wing are not less precious, because my neighbor, too, can taste them, smell them, see them. Nay, let these ravishments take the whole world, and I am no loser.

Now, to proceed in an orderly manner, let us observe that the beauty of a book is fourfold. I do not here discourse of it in its quality as a piece of literary art: but only in regard of the outward form, by which it is the messenger, or enshrinement, of this art. Of such outward form, then, there is a fourfold beauty: of which, first, as being the most exterior, we will mention the binding: then secondly, the paper: next, the character of the printing: and, lastly, that of the capital letters, and various, designed adornments. Well, he, who cares for these things much, may still, in these later days, with a light heart, and even, oh! the wonder of it! with a light purse, propose to himself many hunting expeditions, to be accomplished with satisfaction. I am not unaware, that to persons of the philosophic, and purely literary, temper I must, by these confessions, be revealing myself as one, that is quite trivial, and beneath contempt. To such poor creatures as I, it is true, that Wordsworth, cutting his pages at the breakfast table with a buttery knife; and Darwin, tearing them out of their bindings to fill his common-place book; do seem horrid spectacles. Into their world of detachment from the mere forms of things, their world of pure thought or sentiment, absorbing and sufficient, we are at too low a stage of development even to conceive an entrance. It is with George Her-

bert's principle, that we have a keener sympathy:

"Let thy minde's sweetness have its operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation."

And herein, though I speak not by commandment, we do, to adopt a famous apostolic sentence, we do think, that we have the mind of the Editor of the Hobby Horse.

Between the dignity and preciousness of the divine grace conveyed, and the circumstances, which surround the means thereof, a sound catholic sense has from the first insisted, that there should be congruity. I trust, that this will not scandalize any reader, as seeming too serious an illustration of the principle, upon which to fall back, in so slight a matter as the present. Nothing is farther from my taste, than to trifle, or be profane. But a book, too, partakes of the nature of that universal sacramentalism, in which we live and move, and have our being. A mean, or vulgar, or unpleasing, presentation, therefore, of an author's spirit, causes in me a revolt, as at something puritanically unreasonable and unmannerly: while, at any ill-treatment of any such appropriate presentation, I am hardly less scandalized, than if one were to sit covered, or were to spit, at the celebration of the Sacred Mysteries.

I speak to those only, who are still thus tied and bound in the swaddling clothes of that, which more emancipated spirits will reckon, but a vain ceremonialism. My sentimental and unemancipated brothers! you who like me, have such a lust after the things which we can see with our eyes, and with our hands handle: let us be content with the limitations of our present incarnation, and even rejoice ourselves amidst them. I speak to you who know: is not that an exquisite and subtle sensation we experience, when good fortune puts into our

hands a volume from the Aldine, the Basle, on the Plantin Press! How our fingers tenderly take between them, and turn over, the thin, untearable leaves! How admirably disposed upon the ivory colored page lies, before our satisfied vision, the mass of choice-ly designed lettering! what a sense of proportion and propriety in the simple title-page; the headings with their ordered capitals; the initial letters and head-pieces, with their elegant grotesques; the printer's device, with which the whole charming volume is brought to a conclusion, and sealed! How softly gradated has grown, in the course of many decades, the leather of this binding; a richly mottled umber, worn and polished by the hands of dead scholars; gleaming here and there, with streaks of ruined gold! And are Cæsar's lucidity then, the nervous criticisms of Tacitus, Catullus with his passionate waywardness, less sensible to us; because, even in that embodiment, which brings them to us to-day out of the past, there lingers so resistless an enchantment? Should we touch these dear spirits closer, if we communed with them through the stereotypes *ex aedibus B. G. Teubneri, Lipsiae*, or from the *Clarendon Press*?

As I write, there lies open before me a little volume of that sacred brotherhood of lovers, 'Catullus,' 'Tibullus,' and 'Propertius.' At the close of it, occupying just fourteen pages, follows *Cn. Cornelii Galli, poetæ clarissimi, et iis quæ colligi potuere fragmentis, liber*: to which; how one thanks the editor's unscholarliness! is added, finally, that exquisite love-song, with this naive heading, *Attribuitur et hoc lyricum a plerisque Cn. Gallo*:

Lidïa bella puella candida
Quæ bene superas lac et liliū,
Albamque simul rosam rubidam,
Aut expolitum ebur indicium!

At the bottom of the title-page I read

Basileæ excudebat Henricus Petrus, mense Martio, anno M. D. XXX. And Henricus Petrus has stamped on the last leaf, in an admirable wood-cut, his mark: a hand striking sparks from a flint, blown upon by a head amid the clouds.

I suppose the couple of shillings, which I gave for this little volume the other day, was all that, in the market, it is worth. Our University scholars will turn up their noses at it; so will Mr. Quaritch. With a humble reverence I take off my hat to these gentlemen, as they pass along their higher way. Their loves and aims I can unaffectedly admire: only they are not mine. To follow in the footsteps of the one, I have not the learning: to follow in the footsteps of the other, I have not the purse. No, little Book: yet heaven forbend that I should ever, therefore, grow ill-contented with thee! Could any unique edition, any niceties of the latest and most erudite verbal criticism, bring me, and with a more charming manner, nearer, than thou dost, to the beating hearts; to the passions, the fears, the ecstasies; of these dead, these living, children of Love?

SELWYN IMAGE.

C. G. Hobby Horse.

PRINCESS AND POET.

Above him in his sleep she leaned, a star
Of lovely light and lustre many-rayed,
And on the lips of golden song she laid
The golden meed of grace peculiar;
Then past upon her way like dreams that are
Too dear and fair to be one moment stayed;
But sweetness which that kiss of hers had
made
No dream could e'er create, no waking mar.
And which of them had won the greater bliss?
And which the gladder and prouder went that
day?
By all the bounty and honor of that kiss
Which more enriched and worshipped? Poets,
say,
And royal ladies, make reply to this—
Was't Margaret or Alain Chartier?

EMILY H. HICKEY.

THE WAY TO HANDLE BOOKS.

In holding a small volume for reading or study, support the back with the three middle fingers, keeping the pages open with the thumb and little finger. If the book is supported by one finger only, and kept open by pressing the thumb opposite, between the leaves, there is danger of breaking the back and tearing out the leaves. And this danger is still greater when the covers are pressed together, back to back, and held by one hand. The latter method is often used by members of choirs, and even by the minister in the pulpit, but it stamps a person as lacking in a proper sense of the fitness of things. To the true lover of learning everything connected with a good book is sacred. He will not use it as a window support, as waiter on which to place a goblet of water or other liquid, or in any way that will mar it.

If the volume is too large to be held by one hand, it should be placed on its base, on a flat surface, and both covers pressed back to the same plane, opening the volume in the middle. Turning the leaves, then, to the right or left, as may be desired, there will be no risk of tearing out leaves or straining the back. In the same way smaller volumes that are new and stiff, and that refuse at first to remain open, can be made pliable. Such a book as a large dictionary should never be supported by one hand, or on the knee, while the leaves are being turned. And how shall the leaves be turned? The ordinary way is to wet the fingers and make a dab at the the leaves, to the detriment of the white paper. Leaves can be turned with least damage by picking up one at a time, at the edge, with the fingers, or by taking a number between the thumb and finger and allowing them to pass rapidly from under the thumb.

SPECIALISTS AND BOOKS.

Specialists are unpopular, and apparently peculiar people. Every one, it might be thought, hates having books presented to him by the author, or the publisher. Few men read books they have not paid for, no man likes being expected to pay for a book by a review. To all the task of writing letters of thanks for gifts they do not desire is distressing, and every reader needs all the space at his disposal for books which he really values. Why should men be driven out of house and home or into the horrors of double rows of books by the gifts of the incompetent? It is not as if Lord Tennyson or Mr. Froude were to send their books about to strangers. The authors who do this are the authors whom nobody reads. This is an old complaint: but—will be credited?—"specialists" vary so much from the kindly race of men that they actually ask for "free copies." Every thing is becoming so uncommonly free that perhaps a cry for "free publishing" may be raised. In the meantime specialists have "inaugurated the movement." An English publisher, poor fellow, complains that, whereas he brings out books for specialists, specialists insist that he shall give them these treasures for nothing. "Numbers are apparently of the opinion that to be interested in a subject entitles them to receive, and, if not forwarded offhand, to claim gratis copies of anything bearing upon that subject." Is this not monstrous? The only people who would dream of buying a book, say on the 'Aztec Element in Maya Civilization,' demand the book, carriage paid, for the sum familiarly entitled "nuptence." If the specialist must have it as a gift, who is left to purchase it? Moreover, eccentric as the specialist may be, we cannot possibly believe that even he really reads a book which he

receives as a gift. Depend upon it, he takes his pen and sits down quickly, and "anticipates great pleasure from the perusal." Wordsworth did that to Mrs. Browning, while she was Miss Barrett. The book (or one such book) sold a short time ago for \$50. Were the pages cut? Everybody answers thus when he gets a book as a present. The result, therefore, merely comes to this; that books written for specialists will not be paid for by anybody, and that nobody will read them. The specialist either does not get them at all or after clamouring for them, neglects them. And the public does not want them.

THE MODERN PRÉCIEUSE.

Names alter, it is a profound reflection, and types of character remain. How many names we and the French have had for the swell, the buck, the dandy, the *gommeux*, the *incroyable*, the masher! With the new mask it is always the ancient face, and the modern *Précieuse*, under some fresh designation, is exactly what she was in Molière's period. Apparently she is now called a *Psychologue*, in the language of Molière, a female psychologist. An amusing French lady, who chooses to style herself "Gyp," has lately published a little volume of dialogues between modern psychological ladies and gentlemen, whose tastes and education have not quite reached the level of psychology. If we may believe Gyp, her learned countrywomen are very like our own countrywomen of the same species. They know many things, and do not know them quite rightly. They fight the battle of culture in the free field of novels and of diaries. The young maidens peruse psychological works, which

ing to Madame Jassy, and, so far as I could judge in so brief a time, I made a certain impression on her. I was looking my best this morning. I had not tubbed, and I observe that I am much fresher when I do not tub." So funny is fashion that a French psychological self-analyser is obliged to write bits of his nonsense in English. "A psychologist who cannot suffer and analyse in English would be a twopenny psychologist!" ("un psychologue de quatre sous"). It seems that if France has been bitten by the psychological mania, she has still wits to laugh at the absurdity.

RELICS OF SHERIDAN AND BURNS.

Mr. Bouton is getting out his new catalogue of bibliographical treasures, many of which he has gathered during his recent European trip. Among the most rare and curious items in this latest collection are some relics of Robert Burns and Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The latter, though the author of 'The School for Scandal,' and the most successful playwright of his day, was in a condition of absolute want at the time of his death. He had been on very friendly terms with the Prince Regent, but the latter forgot him in the poverty of his declining days. An original poem of Tom Moore's attached to this volume of relics forcibly recalls the circumstance, and places the admirer of Sheridan in possession of several interesting points touching the dramatist and his contemporaries. The verses have not hitherto been published, and are as follows:

And thou, too, whose life, a sick epicure's dream,
Incoherent and gross, even grosser had pass'd,
Were it not for that cordial and soul-giving beam
Which his friendship and wit o'er thy nothing-
ness cast;

No—not for the wealth of the land that supplies
thee
With millions to heap upon Foppery's shrine;
No—not for the riches of all who despise thee,
Though this would make Europe's whole opu-
lence mine;

Would I suffer what ev'n the heart that thou
hast—
All mean as it is—must have consciously burn'd,
When the pittance that shame had wrung from
thee at last,
And which found all his wants at an end, was
return'd.

The Prince's tardy aid was received at Sheridan's death-bed and returned to the giver, Samuel Rogers having provided for the dramatist's last earthly needs.

The volume containing these relics of Sheridan is a large folio in green morocco with gilt edges and tooled sides, by Zaehnsdorf. The relics are seventy-two in number, comprising portraits, letters, drawing, etc., mounted on tinted cardboard with linen guards. Each article is, of course, unique and has been carefully put in the volume by loving hands. Nearly every item has a short description in the handwriting of the beautiful Miss Tickell, the niece and a faithful friend of the dramatist, who sustained the most intimate relations to the royal family. There is also a portrait of Miss Tickell by Sir T. Lawrence, and one of Sheridan's first wife (Miss Linley) by R. Westall, R. A. She was a lovely and accomplished woman, and this miniature is of peculiar interest. Other items are an original pencil sketch by W. Hogarth, 'The Revoke at Whist'; twelve water-color drawings by Captain Richard Brinsley Tickell, of the royal Navy, a nephew of Sheridan, who was killed at Trafalgar. These drawings are valuable as pictures from life, representing historic naval scenes and some of the battle-ships of Nelson's squadron. One shows the Victory under full sail, another the blockade of Cadiz, a third the battle of Cape St. Vincent, etc. They were sent as a loving tribute to the brilliant author, politician

and wit, whose star was setting at home, by the brave nephew.

There are several valuable and curious autographs, including those of Sheridan, Canning, Earl St. Vincent, Lord Normanby, Princess Charlotte, William IV, Queen Adelaide, Lady Caroline Lamb, George Colman, the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Russell; autograph letters of Lord Nelson, Samuel Rogers, Lord Erskine, the Duchess of Gloucester, Princesses Elizabeth and Sophia, Warren Hastings, and others no less notable. The one of Nelson is dated at sea on board the Victory, March 10, 1805, only a few months before his death at Trafalgar.

There are also a sea song in the handwriting of Charles Dibdin and an original poem of fifty-six lines by Thomas Moore, in the poet's autograph.

The memento of Robert Burns is of quite a different character, and a perfect mine of information of the most intimate description regarding the poet. It comprises the original letters, poems and critical observations on Scottish songs, collected and published by R. H. Cromek in 1817, which were in octavo, inlaid to two volumes in quarto, with many precious additions. The latter embrace over seventy portraits and plates, nearly 100 autograph letters concerning the works of Burns, and sketches by Thomas Stothard of Burns's tomb, his fiddle and triangle, his writing desk, and the plough with which he turned up the "mouse and daisy." A third and supplementary volume contains a collection of the letters of J. Currie, Burns's editor and biographer, all of which relate exclusively to the works of the poet or to himself. The three volumes are bound in dark blue morocco with gilt edges, by Riviera. This collection of Burns relics is peculiarly rich in letters

which bear upon all his transactions with his editors, printers and publishers, and contains the letters written by the poet's brother, Gilbert Burns, in which discredit is thrown upon the account given by Dr. Currie of Burns's moral habits, and those of Roscoe defending the biographer and giving at length his grounds for thinking Dr. Currie's strictures fully justified. There are also several manuscript items of great interest, one of them being the list of subscribers to the illustrated edition of Burns's works.
—*N. Y. Tribune.*

THE ISLE OF PINES.

In 1668 appeared a quarto with the title 'The Isle of Pines, or a late Discovery of a Fourth Island near Terra Australis Incognita,' by H. Cornelius Van Sloetten.

The reputed author of this extraordinary work, Henry Neville, must have been a man of considerable ingenuity and imagination. Reading the pretentious title, one at first sight imagines it to be the narration of an actual geographical discovery, particularly as the tract is accompanied by a map, seldom, however, met with in any copies. A careful perusal of the book will, to put it mildly, raise grave doubts in the reader's mind as to the genuine character of the presumed discovery, despite the circumstantial way in which the thrilling story is told, dates, latitudes and longitudes, and other particulars being quoted with great care.

Briefly stated, it purports to be the narrative of one Henry Van Sloetten, who, sailing in April, 1667, from Amsterdam for the East Indies, was by a storm driven on the coast of a large island, inhabited by a white race speaking English, and numbering

some two thousand souls. The Dutchman and his comrades were well received by the ruler of this newly discovered people. He also presented the astonished European with a written account, in English, of the foundation of this colony by his grandfather, which history forms the chief part of the book, and may vie in interest with any tale of shipwreck and desert islands written before or since. From this it appears that in 1509, George Pine was cast ashore in the company of four females, three whites and a negress. He graphically describes the manner in which, having secured those necessities from the wreck, which somehow in such cases always *do* come safely to hand, they proceeded to erect dwellings and settle down to the enjoyment of the fair and fertile country in which they found themselves apparently imprisoned for life. The social arrangements adopted by our castaway and his four companions are related with a candor which evidently recognized the impossibility of accounting for the rapid increase in the population without a full confession. Suffice it to say, that, when the settlement had reached considerable numerical strength, this, in every sense, father of his country, exercised great care in framing degrees of relationship on a basis calculated to jar civilized susceptibilities very little, if at all. After a few weeks' sojourn the Dutch adventurer set sail from the Isle of Pines, and in due course reached his native Amsterdam once more, from whence he is supposed to have dispatched this account.

Whatever small groundwork of truth may underlie the narrative, one very curious fact deserves attention, and that is the very marked resemblance many passages bear to Defoe's immortal work, and in a

couple of pages are found numerous paragraphs, which, with very little alteration, would almost pass muster for the diary of 'Robinson Crusoe, of York, *Mariner*,' himself. The question naturally arises, might not Defoe have been familiar with this little work? Books of sea voyage were not very plentiful in his time, and the great similitude in idea and treatment renders it by no means improbable that in the 'Isle of Pines' we have the germ of the most popular book in the English language.



THE MASTER OF BALLANTRAE.

By a great many people a new story of Mr. Louis Stevenson's is expected with more interest than any other novelty in literature. It has hitherto been the author's rare fortune to conciliate adverse parties of readers, those who like adventure and incident merely, and those who care for style and for study of character. Mr. Stevenson is not among the authors who write too much and with too feverish speed; he scarcely takes Scott's advice to go on striking while the iron is hot. Readers have a personal concern moreover in his development, and in his wanderings of which he keeps them advised. Not often does a romance wing its way to us from Wakiki, from "the loud shores of a subtropical island." In the development of Mr. Stevenson's genius there have been so many phases that people naturally ask themselves "What next?" He became known first as a writer of essays, unusually finished, and unusually eclectic in style; reminiscences of many an author, of Sir Thomas Browne, of Addison's circle, of Thackeray, floated up here and there among moralisings which were au-

dacious with youth, and with the high intellectual spirits that no sickness could tame. Then Mr. Stevenson gave the world the maddest of modern romances, where the characters of the pavement seemed to sail down Tigris rather than Thames, and to be denizens of Bagdad, not of London. Next he produced a story, the most elaborate of his works, in which recollections of George Sand and of Mr. George Meredith had a hand; he puzzled as much as he pleased us with the vagaries of Prince Otto. Presently he turned to a new audience, that of boys, and his 'Treasure Island' showed us a man of the first literary talent, dealing delightfully with the old materials of 'Kingston and Balantine the Brave.' *Ut placeas pueris* appeared to be his ambition, and yet he pleased statesmen and poets—Mr. Matthew Arnold and Lord Iddesleigh, 'Kidnapped' was another venture in the same seas, the fairy seas that break round Mull and Coll. The book was, in a sense, unfinished; the adventures were less coherent than in 'Treasure Island,' less agreeable to boys, but the pictures of Highland and Lowland character, the sketch of the rival pipers, and of Cluny with his cards in his mountain den, were not less true and vivid than pages in 'Waverley' and 'Rob Roy.' The simplicity, the enjoyment of Scott, were not there; the Highlanders were observed with equal accuracy, but in a very different temper. Now Mr. Stevenson has returned to Scotland, just after the Forty-five, but his tail wanders from land to land like its author.

It would be audacious to prophesy for 'The Master of Ballantrae' (Cassells) the success of 'Treasure Island.' Not here is the buoyant and boyish spirit of adventure, the hero is a worn, and wily, and wicked man of the world. The temper is more akin to the temper of M. Zola than of Scott;

it is a study in the darkest hues, a study of courage and wit, and grace, all wasted and bemired; of honor and justice wrecked and ruined; of loyalty compelled to be true to an object which is overthrown, and gradually sunk in madness, and debauchery, and despair. A tale of fraternal hatred, of insult and outrage from brother to brother, of what a woman's and a man's heart might be forced to endure, is told by an old, pedantic, faithful family servant, who confesses himself a physical coward, and in heart a murderer. Other incidents are narrated by an Irish adventurer, a Barry Lyndon without his force, but with a kind of hare-brained goodness of heart, and capricious unconscious humor. It is not possible that such a story should delight the young as the artless and impossible adventures of the boy Jem Hawker delighted them. Here is a hidden treasure that comes to naught; here is a shivering magical Hindoo servant, trying the art of suspending animation in the frozen forests of Canada. "Good way in India; here in this damp cold place who can tell?" One is involuntarily reminded by Secundra Dass of Jos Sedley's shuddering Hindoo attendant in 'Vanity Fair,' and of the picture where he looks chill and lost in the wilds of Brompton. Certainly the adventures in the 'Master of Ballantrae' are not on a level with Mr. Stevenson's other doings in romance. There is one exception. The scene between the two brothers, where long hatred breaks out in a blow; the duel by candle light in the dark garden, the disappearance of the Master after "the sword hilt dirled on his breast-bane"—all that is admirably conceived and convincingly narrated.

But here comes in one of Mr. Stevenson's difficulties. He sets himself to tell this piece of passion and romance in the words of his old pedan-

tic, faithful family servant. How to shape Mackellar's homespun for superior flights, as he phrases it, that is the problem. Naturally he knows better than we that such a narrator would not record his impressions thus; that he would not give as pictures: "a windless stricture of frost had bound the air; and as we went forth in the shine of the candles, the blackness was like a roof over our heads." In that duel the story culminates. Briefly, it tells of the hatred between two sons of a Scottish house, one a perfectly accomplished fiend, the other a dour, honest, narrow, and honorable gentleman. The lookers on are the aged father, a wonderfully delicate study; the wife of the younger brother; the Irish adventurer; and Mackellar, the steward, with so much moral courage on occasion, and so tremorous a nerve in physical danger. He "hath a great scene," as Shakspeare says, when he awakens the wife who has married one brother and probable loved the other, with the news of the fraternal duel. All these gloomy characters are drawn with a curious care and minuteness; little incidents, as the throwing of the coin through the window, are living before the eyes. The style is so artful that it even absorbs our attention too much in itself. The air is always heavy and charged with storm, except here and there—when the Irish chevalier speaks—there is no relief. We watch by the broken brain of the younger Durisdeer, by the spirit that long suffering has turned to an insanity of hatred and terror, with a cruel impatience and regret. Such is this remarkable, elaborate, melancholy, and almost hopeless book. What remains of all the gallantry, the beauty the devotion? The brave, the accomplished, the much-enduring Master lies forgotten in the northern wilder-

ness; his fraternal enemy beside him. These are the fortunes of a little Scottish Theban line: Eteocles and Poly- nices are here, but where is Antigone, and where the hope that goes with the passing of Œdipous? It is a very modern gloom that broods over the roof-tree of Durisdeer. Mr. Steven- son, like the character in Mr. Mor- ris's old prose tale, has "painted the judgments of God in purple and yel- low."

NAMES OF NOVELS,

The late Mr. Wilkie Collins, like less notable novelists, was often sad- ly to seek, after he had written a ro- mance for a name to his book. As- suredly one of his ideas—'Mrs Zant and the Ghost, and other Stories'— was not a fortunate inspiration. Mrs. Zant and the Ghost were all very well, but the Ghost was sadly watered down by "and other stories." One is reminded of the American book of verse entitled 'And other Poems.' Mr. Wilkie Collins not only learned that good names are hard to find; it was also his experience that they had usu- ally been adopted already by other novelists. The penny novel exists in legions, unknown and unheard of by the world of letters. Names are, it seems, by no means infinite, and a successful author will often hit on a name which an unquoted author has made his or her own. Then the suc- cessful author's work appears, and there is trouble. Miss Braddon had once, we believe, to alter a name thrice. The trouble and expense in- curred, and even the bad temper aroused all about a name are only known to the race not proverbial for its gentleness—the race of authors. It is even believed that persons lie in wait for the advertisements of books by popular writers, and then hurry

out some hasty rubbish under the same title. They next hold the author to ransom, and make him pay for the title which is the child of his fancy. To evade and make of none effect these devices, an ingenious publisher first brings out a mere semblance of a book under the chosen title—a book which has only a nominal existence. In two or three of these the author has given free play to his fancy, and as they are excessively rare, and rather amusing, they may become the blue roses of insatiate collectors. For example, the dummy book of the late Mr. Hugh Conway's 'Slings and Arrows' was written, not by Mr. Conway, but by a humorist, and was a slim treatise of considerable entertainment.

Such are a few of the troubles connected with titles. The naming of a novel may be more difficult than the writing of it. There is not only the difficulty of avoiding old names. If the names chosen be only old enough no harm is done. People who read Miss Broughton's 'Belinda,' probably never heard of Miss Edgeworth's 'Belinda,' which is yet well worthy of their notice. There are fashions in titles; once they were always double-barrelled, such as 'Fashion, or the Countess's Cousins,' 'Decorum, or the Double Duel,' and so forth. A more rapid age has discarded the alternative title, by which the reader was left to take his own choice. Yet rather inconsistently, long titles came in, scraps of verse, tags of proverb, 'Cometh up as a Flower,' 'The World went very well then,' 'Gin a body meet a body,' 'Lives there a Man,' 'Weel may the Boatie row,' whatever you please. This is a fashion not likely to endure. Sir Walter Scott, who knew the practical side of his business, was of opinion that a title should never give a hint as to the topic of a novel. He would not

call a romance 'Mary Stuart,' but 'The Monastery.' Every reader would ask 'what monastery,' and if romantic, would dream of mysteries and one handed monks. Not 'Amy Robsart,' but 'Kenilworth,' was his name for the tale of Leicester's love, and he flattered himself that 'Ivanhoe,' as a title, told the reader nothing. He had a very poor opinion of such a title as 'Cleopatra,' because readers, having their own ideal Cleopatra, would think that enough, and not care to disturb it. In this matter Scott was certainly wise in his generation. 'Quentin Durward' was a better name than 'Louis XI' would have been, though the King is the real hero of the history.

It is an axiom that a good horse was never of a bad color, and surely we may add that a good novel never had a bad name. Make the story good, and the title will take care of itself. True, a few books, by some trick of title, have found readers they never expected. Such are Mr. Ruskin's Eirenicon on 'The Construction of Sheep Folds,' a second is Mr. Swinburne's 'Under the Microscope.' Sheep farmers and German men of science, who cared little enough about ecclesiastical or literary disputes, are said to have been misled into studying these works, which in no way concerned their pursuits. Possibly, just possibly, 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab' owes its inscrutable vogue to a title which aroused curiosity. But if we look at the great novels of the world they would have read as well by any other name. 'Vanity Fair,' to be sure, is a glorious title, and Mr. Thackeray is said to have rejoiced greatly when he found it. But 'Adam Bede,' 'Esmond,' 'Emma,' 'Northanger Abbey,' 'Robert Elsmere,' they are as commonplace in themselves, as easily found, as names can be. Yet they

serve, like 'Tom Jones,' and 'Tom Brown,' while titles that caused the authors great searching of hearts, and of old book lists, are utterly forgotten. Perhaps the truth is that a good novel will name itself. The character or situation, or incident of interest will name it; if it has no such character, incident, or situation, the name will not matter a straw. 'Vanity Fair' would have been as fortunate had the name been simply 'Becky.' 'The Newcomes' would not have failed as 'The Colonel.' A novel has thriven under the simple name of 'Mr. Smith.' Authors, if they are wise, will let their stories name themselves, as it were, and thus they will probably be saved much trouble and even, perhaps, some expense. Yet the trouble of naming a novel is often a pleasing toil in the happy hours of anticipation, when a writer may yet hope that his bantling will prosper, and bring him wealth and reputation. Those are the better moments of every craft, including this crowded mystery of authorship.

ble; prices are even now creeping onward, and it is predicted that before long one of these books will be worth eight or ten times as much as it is at present. Reference is especially made to the first editions of Lord Byron's and Sir Walter Scott's works. Byron's 'Age of Bronze,' the first edition of 1823, uncut and in good condition, has sold several times recently for less than \$5, and the first edition of 'Don Juan' for that amount. Many of his other works sell for much less; while, as for Scott, no fewer than nine volumes, all first editions, and uncut, were a few weeks ago knocked down for the miserable sum of \$4.25. We have said enough to point out the way the popular fancy with regard to books is likely to run; and in taking leave of a very difficult subject, it is well to remark that these observations apply to first editions, and to first editions only; and, further, that the leaves must not be cut. This does not mean "cut open," but merely not cut down by the binder; in other words, the edges must be rough.

ORIGINAL EDITIONS.

It will be noticed by any one who has studied the subject, that original editions of some modern authors are much sought after. This is because of the plates with which they are embellished, though the collector gives a very different version of the matter. He would have us believe that the text is purer, and so forth; but that is all nonsense. He buys the books because he admires the plates. The alleged reason, however, remains, and will some day be acted upon; and hence a demand will spring up for first editions which are not illustrated, as well as for those which are. The signs of the times are unmistakable.

MÉRIMÉE'S INCONNUE.

A recent publication entitled 'La Passion d'un Auteur,' purporting to be the answers of Mérimée's 'Inconnue' to his well-known Letters, has attracted some attention, although the present Letters seem to have been touched up and remodelled for the occasion. The publication of the 'Lettres à une Inconnue,' caused great indignation at the time, as a most unjustifiable breach of confidence, for mere love of lucre.

The 'Inconnue' was an English governess, residing with the family of her employer, at Boulogne-sur-mer. She conceived the rather imprudent idea of writing to Mérimée,

and entrusted the letter which began the famous correspondence to a schoolboy returning to Paris after his holidays. The experiment would always be a dangerous one for romantic young ladies, with most French novelists; the cynical reputation of Mérimée was not likely to improve matters. He was interested and flattered; he answered the letter, and a correspondence followed. Miss — went with her employers to Paris; and there an interview was managed. She was pretty, with the "splendid black eyes" to which Mérimée alludes in his letters; he was fascinated, and great intimacy followed; at first with some difficulty, but an improvement in the position of Miss —, which made her independent, rendered intercourse more easy. Why he did not marry her remains to be explained; for the letters indicate great affection, and very considerable intimacy—more than might be considered justifiable between a pretty young woman and a bachelor without "intentions."

But this is ancient history, and concerns only the 'Inconnue.'

What is more to the point at present is the breach of confidence, for which Miss — cannot be excused. Mérimée wrote to her unreservedly, trusting her fully; and after his death, she flung him to the world, revealing all that he would so earnestly have wished to conceal, with the sole aim of making money by his name and by his love.

French writers have laid the lesson to their hearts, and modern 'Inconnues' would not find the same facilities for such a speculation. There is a general resolution, never to write a line which may not be shown to the whole world; and it must be owned that such a determination is a wise one, in times where no privacy is considered sacred.

DE QUINCEY ON NOVELS.

AN UNPUBLISHED ESSAY.

A false ridicule has settled upon novels and upon young ladies as the readers of novels. Love, we are told authoritatively, has not that importance in the actual practice of life—nor that extensive influence upon human affairs—which novel-writers postulate, and which the interest of novels presumes. Something to this effect has been said by an eminent writer; and the law is generally laid down upon these principles by cynical old men, and envious blue stockings who have outlived their personal attractions. The sentiment however is false even for the present condition of society; and it will become continually *more* false as society improves. For what is the great commanding event, the one sole revolution, in a woman's life? Marriage. Viewing her course from the cradle to the grave in the light of a drama, I am entitled to say that her wedding-day is its catastrophe—or, in technical language, its *peripeteia*: whatever else is important to her in succeeding years has its origin in that event. So much for *that* sex. For the other, it is admitted that love is not, in the same exclusive sense, the governing principle under which their lives move; but what then are the concurrent forces, which sometimes happen to co-operate with that agency—but more frequently disturb it? They are two—ambition and avarice. Now, for the vast majority of men, ambition, or the passion for personal distinction, has too narrow a stage of action, its grounds of hope are too fugitive and unsteady to furnish any durable or domineering influence upon the course of life. Avarice, again, is so repulsive to the native nobility of the human heart, that it rarely obtains the dignity of a passion:

great energy of character is requisite to form a consistent and accomplished miser: and of the mass of men it may be said—that, if the beneficence of Nature has in some measure raised them *above* avarice by the necessity of those social instincts which she has impressed upon their hearts, in some measure also they sink *below* it by their deficiencies in that austerity of self-denial and that savage strength of will which are indispensable qualifications for the rôle of heroic miser. A perfect miser, in fact, is a great man, and therefore a very rare one. Take away, then, the two forces of ambition and avarice, what remains even to the male sex as a capital and overruling influence in life except the much nobler force of love? History confirms this view: the self-devotions and the voluntary martyrdoms of all other passions collectively have been few by comparison with those which have been offered at the altar of love. If society should ever make any great advance, and man, as a species grow conspicuously nobler, love also will grow nobler: and a passion, which at present is possible in any elevated form for one perhaps in a hundred, will then be co-extensive with the human heart.

On this view of the grandeur which belongs to the passion of sexual love in the economy of life as it is and as it may be, novels have an all-sufficient justification: and novel-readers are obeying a higher and more philosophic impulse than they are aware of. They seek an imaginary world where the harsh hindrances, which in the real one often fret and disturb the “course of true love,” may be forced to bend to the claims of justice and the pleading of the heart. In company with the agitations and the dread suspense—the anguish and the tears, which so often wait upon the uncertainties of earthly love, they

demand at the hands of the novelist a final event corresponding to the natural award of celestial wisdom and benignity. What they are striving after, in short, is—to realize an ideal, and to reproduce the actual world under more harmonious arrangements. This is the secret craving of the reader; and novels are shaped to meet it. With what success is a separate and independent question: the execution cannot prejudice the estimate of their aim and essential purpose.

Fair and unknown owner of this album, whom perhaps I have never seen, whom perhaps I never *shall* see, pardon me for wasting two pages of your elegant manual upon this semi-metaphysical disquisition. Let the subject plead my excuse, and believe that I am, Fair Incognita, your faithful servant,

THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

CURRENT LITERATURE

November begins the twentieth year of the *Century Magazine*. The opening pages are devoted to a generous installment of the long-expected autobiography of Joseph Jefferson. Jefferson begins the account of his life by a description of his “playhouse”; namely, “behind the scenes” of a theatre. “And what a playhouse it was,” says the author, “full of all sorts of material for the exercise of my youthful imagination!” He presents the most frank and humorous recollections of his childhood; he describes Chicago and the West in 1838 and 1839; a significant adventure at the home of Lincoln, Springfield, Ill.; and the voyage of his family in a flat boat. He also gives his recollections of James Wallack, Sr., the elder Booth, and Macready. The illustrations are numerous and include portraits of Jefferson himself, his parents and grandfather Tyrone Power, James

Wallack, Macready, and Junius Brutus Booth.

The first of the 'Present-day Papers' is entitled 'The Problems of Modern Society,' and it has a preface signed by the group who are putting forth these timely essays. Dr. Langdon writes this paper. The other members of this group are Professor Shields, Bishop Potter, Drs. Munger and Dike, Seth Low, and Professor Ely.

Mark Twain's contribution to this number, 'A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court,' is one of the most daring of the inventions of this most famous of American humorists. It is illustrated in a lively manner by Dan Beard. The wandering Yankee is the hero of Mark Twain's forthcoming book, which will have the same title borne by the magazine article.

The history, purposes, and methods of the new 'Grolier Club,' of New York, are fully described by Brander Matthews and illustrated with drawings of rare Grolier book-covers, etc. Mrs. Foote in her 'Pictures of the Far West' portrays 'The Winter Camp.' The authors of the Lincoln Life treat of 'The Second Inaugural,' 'Five Forks,' and 'Appomattox.'

Mr. Cole's unique engravings of the 'Old Masters' are to continue with few intermissions during the coming year. This month he gives two examples of Benozzo Gozzoli.

Among the poems is one by John H. Boner on 'Poe's Cottage at Fordham,' which is accompanied by a picture of the Cottage. There are two poems on the butterfly, one by Mrs. Sill and the other by Col. Higginson. Other poems are by Walt Whitman, John Vance Cheney, Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian; Aubrey de Vere, the Irish poet; Margaret Deland, and Charles Henry Webb.

There are brief papers on 'The Southern Cadets in Action,' 'Who ever saw a Dead Cavalryman?' 'Shooting into Libby Prison,' 'Prohibition,' 'American Game Laws,' 'Copyright Reform,' 'Free Kindergartens,' 'Governor Seymour,' 'The Methodist Church South,' etc.

Messrs. Putnams have issued a charmingly printed, delicately illustrated pamphlet describing the work of the Knickerbocker Press. It was in Putnam's office at 155 Broadway that Poe completed his essay 'Eureka' which he confidently expected was to "make millions" for himself and his publisher, and which did actually in two years arrive at a sale of 750 copies.

The same year (1848) gave to the world, from the Putnam press, Lowell's 'Fable for Critics,' Bayard Taylor's 'Views Afoot,' and the first of the firm's many editions of Irving's Works. The 'Fable' described itself as being

Set forth in October the 21st day,
Of the year '48, G. P. Putnam, Broa (way).

The names of Irving and Taylor are commemorated in those of two of Mr. Putnam's sons.

For the certain reading of its articles *Harper's Magazine* does not depend upon the artificial interest which the mere fact of their appearance within its pages is sure to excite. It does not need to. Popular interest in the Magazine exists before the Magazine appears; for every number takes up subjects which are before the world's mind as important topics for the present and for the future. For example, the November Number contains two articles of pan-American value: one by Thomas A. Janvier describing 'The Mexican Army' (which Frederic Remington illustrates with fifteen drawings from life), and pointing out what the excellent organization of its military forces

signifies for the future of Mexico; the other, by the former Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the Republic of Columbia to the United States—Hon. Ricardo Becerra—on 'The Republic of Colombia,' giving a trustworthy account of the resources and the present social, economic, and political state of Colombia. Lafcadio Hearn, who by his West Indian articles in this Magazine has earned the title of interpreter of the tropics, tells what he saw and heard and felt and dreamed and mused upon 'At Grand Anse,' the "somnolent little black village of that bare east coast, where there are no woods, no ships, no sunsets. . . . only the ocean roaring forever over its beach of black sand." Grande Anse is the home of some of the Martinique *porteuses* whom Mr. Hearn sketched in the July Number. Many rare portraits of actors give added value to a paper by Laurence Hutton on 'A Century of Hamlet,' reviewing the history of the tragedy in America, beginning with the first presentation in New York, November 26, 1761. Prof. Charles Eliot Norton tells the wonderful story of 'The Building of the Cathedral at Chartres,' an illustration and a revelation of "the great mediæval period of creative energy." W. Hamilton Gibson identifies for his readers the notes in "the chorale of the birds" that one hears on a perfect day in early June. He furnishes striking portraits of the singers and calls his article 'Bird Notes.' Joseph Pennell justifies with many illustrations the words of Richard Wheatley, describing the old minster city of 'York.' Thomas W. Knox, Lucy C. Lillie, and John Elliot Curran contribute short stories, and Charles Dudley Warner concludes his bright novel of contemporary American life, 'A Little Journey in the World.' Wordsworth's sonnet, 'The River Duddon—The Stepping

Stones,' is illustrated by Alfred Parsons: and of living poets, Zadel Barnes Gustafson and B. R. Bulkeley contribute respectively a poem, 'Song of Indian Summer,' and a sonnet, 'Love the Crown of Creation.' In the editorial departments. Charles Dudley Warner arraigns last summer; George William Curtis speaks of what New England has done, describes 'The Game of Newport,' and explains the working of a 'municipal miracle'. William Dean Howells comments on an outspoken essay concerning fiction by Senor Valdés, and takes up a strong position in regard to the nature and function of the novel in modern life.

In the September number of the *Studio* will be found the first of a series of what promise to be interesting article of Charlotte Adams on 'Russian Decorative Art Forms' with illustrations from MSS. of the 10th, 11th and 12th centuries. Three full-page supplements are given with this number, one of which is the Angelus from Waltner's superb etching of that much advertised masterpiece.

Of books about New Zealand there literally is no end. Davis's New Zealand bibliography already extends to about 80 closely printed pages, yet books on the "aristocratic colony" succeed one another with the monotonous regularity of tax requisitions. Perhaps because, as Mr. Edward Wakefield, the author of the book under review, ('New Zealand after Fifty Years.' New York, Cassell & Co.) observes "a sketch of a country progressing as fast as New Zealand is, resembles a photograph of a horse at full gallop." The book that to-day is an accurate account is to-morrow as stale as last years' almanac, as big a chestnut as a minstrel joke. By such leaps and bounds advance these Australasian colonies;—markets so fa-

tuously neglected by our short sighted politicians and peddling boards of Commerce.

That New Zealand is an inviting theme must be admitted. Here is a colony that is at once a Paradise, a Wonder-land and an El Dorado combined. She possesses a climate which rivals that of Italy; mountains that can hold their own against the Alps; Fiords more remarkable than those of Norway; geysers, fumaroles, hot springs and lakes that repeat the marvels of the Yellowstone, and in some points surpass them; an active volcano as awe-inspiring as Vesuvius; lakes that excel in beauty those of Switzerland; the soil is magnificent, coal is good, and abundant, the country is watered by innumerable streams and rivers, the forests are unequalled, the whole country from the Bay of Islands to Invercargill teems with mineral wealth, and last but not least, she bears with ease the burdens of the largest national debt per head of population of any country in the world. With pardonable pride the colonists call this gem of the sea the Britain of the South. Such, no doubt, it is destined to be. Long before the traveller from New Zealand, sitting on a broken arch of London Bridge surveys the ruins of St. Pauls, that colony which at present numbers but 600,000 inhabitants, will be supporting a population of thirty or forty millions, with a market at hand, in Australia, containing a population at least equal to that of Europe, and holding in the southern the maritime and commercial supremacy that Great Britain possesses in the Northern Hemisphere.

It is peculiarly appropriate that a book commemorating the semi centennial of the foundation of this marvellous colony should be written by a Wakefield; Edward Gibbon Wakefield the author's near relative was

practically the founder of the colony; and Edward Jerningham Wakefield another relative wrote what still remains one of the most attractive books ever written concerning the colony. From a literary stand-point the book under notice has small claims to regard but as a trustworthy narrative of the progress of the colony from its foundation to the present time it leaves little to be desired. The illustrations, from photographs, are numerous.

'Miss Middleton's Lover' by Laura Jean Libbey is the kind of novel one would expect from a juvenile school ma'am who had never travelled fifty miles from her birth-place. As a work of extravagant fiction it is entitled to a high place. The entire story hinges upon a marriage that according to English law could never have been solemnized. The whole book bristles with ignorance, colossal fatuous ignorance. We have a London safe and lock manufacturer making \$250,000 a year who is in some mysterious way a nobleman, who pores over his account books till the small hours, who sallies forth in the dead of the night from his office to pick the lock of a safe at the request of a young girl; asks no questions, opens the safe without witnesses and leaves the house without asking a question. We are introduced to a bad bold man who disappears around a corner and returns in a few minutes having "taken out a special license and engaged the services of the rector" and who incontinently is married to his inamorata by a confiding clergyman who thinks "it is is all right I suppose." We learn that in London there are "blocks" and that railway stations are "depots," while two horse hansom cabs ply for hire in remote country lanes and we expect to find that in this realm of pure delight, omelettes

grow on trees and roasted piggies run about crying eat me if you please. In this Yankeeified England of Miss Libby's, bank notes are called "bills" while "leisure, quiet and tranquility" are "pursuits." One of the author's pet characters heroically admits of a certain "detestible" (*sic*) French Count "If he wasn't such an expert shot by the Lord Harry I'd challenge him to a duel on the spot." But as the young man has a habit of crushing imprecations through his white set teeth we are not astonished at his conduct. Then we have London houses which have "coppices" in their "pleasure grounds," a ladies' maid who awakes her mistress with the pleasing intelligence that "the sun broke over the eastern hills with a faint rosy glow brightening the eastern sky, and all the outside world from the giants oak to the tiny grass-blade, began to stir and rustle with the life of the new-born day." Miss Libby has the vaguest notions of the use of the possessive case. She cannot distinguish between shall and will or would and should, her comic opera duke angry with his "guardsmen" threatens to "learn them what it meant to be *direlect* in their duty"—but our readers must have had more than enough of this preposterous young woman and her impossible story.

An altogether faultless book, from the mechanical point of view, is perhaps not to be looked for in these days. We all know, or think we know, too much about types and paper, cut and uncut edges, margins and head-lines and the rest of the shibboleth, and it is an Arctic day of the most frigid character when we cannot find something to grumble at in the most ambitious efforts of the most enterprising publishers. One thing however is certain, that is that the books of to-day—more especially those issued by

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. in this country and by Macmillan & Co. in England—show conclusively that those who have charge of the manufacture of books have exquisite taste and an educated skill. Compare the delightful books which the Houghtons send forth to-day with the publications of 20 years since. Hyperion to a Satyr. The general reader—that mythical person, the ordinary buyer of books let us call him, little reckes of the painstaking care, of the forethought, of the cultured taste, of the delicate sensibility that go to the making of such a book for instance as Messrs. Houghton's Birthday edition of 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table' recently put forth by Messrs. Houghton & Mifflin. These two exquisite 16mos are as satisfactory specimens of what American skill and taste can produce as have ever proceeded from the American press. Paper, type, binding adjustment of letter-press to size of page, back lettering everything is in the most perfect taste. The most brilliant of gems in an exquisite setting.

Those who expect to find in 'Florida Days' by Margaret Deland (Little, Brown & Co., Boston) another guide book to the land of Flowers will be disappointed. Delightfully disappointed if they can appreciate the delicate charm of the author's style. Artist and Author expressly disclaim any such threadbare motive as information to excuse or to commend their book. Instead there has been but the desire to bring the remembrance of emotions which were the Reader's own; to spread the yellow sunshine before his dreaming eyes; to steep his overwise insistent consciousness in a joy of content; to gather a misty memory of beautiful days,—to strike the key-note of a harmony which sound may fulfil. A dreamy picturesque impression of book breathing

the very atmosphere of the dolce far niente country it describes. The volume is lavishly illustrated from drawings by Louis K. Harlow. There are four colored plates, two etchings and sixty text illustrations.

Speaking of the "giant Wordsworth" as he dubbed him Coleridge added "since Milton no one has manifested himself equal to him." Comparatively neglected for many years the great Lake poet has now become a cult, and numbers his admirers by the hundred thousand. His disciples will no doubt accord a hearty welcome to a handsome quarto volume of excerpts 'Melodies from Nature,' harmonized by Wm. Wordsworth and arranged by Emily Lucas Blackall, published by the Lothrop Co., of Boston. The book is superbly illustrated. Two portraits of Wordsworth are given; there are four page subject illustrations; sixty text illustrations—half titles, headings and vignettes from drawings by Hiram P. Barnes, and no less than seventeen photogravures of scenery in that lovely lake district from which Wordsworth drew so much of his inspiration. These illustrations cover a large part of the English fairy land from Cockermouth to Ambleside. A more delightful gift-book the heart of man could not desire. Paper, illustrations and printing are all of the highest character and the binding—an arrangement in green and silver with silver edges is a "thing of beauty." We must congratulate all concerned in the manufacture of this book upon the exquisite beauty of every detail, and the harmonious consistency with which the book has been conceived and completed.

Mr. Andrew Lang's versatility is exceeded only by his industry. Whether he is writing upon Myth or Ritual, Homer or the game of Golf he is equally informed. If learned

editorials were required at short notice on the mysterious game of Knurr and spell Mr. Andrew Lang—and who but he?—would be found equal to the task. His latest effort is in an incursion into the domain of Fairy Land, ('The Blue Fairy Book.' Edited by Andrew Lang. Longmans, N. Y.) and as might be expected the incursion bears the happiest results. The child to whom Santa Clause this Christmas sends this gift will possess a joy for ever. Why *Blue Fairy Book*—except that the cover is blue we cannot guess. A better cure for the blues the literary pharmacopoeia does not contain. Here we have in a beautifully printed, delightfully illustrated and tastefully bound volume of 390 pages fairy tales from Pernault, from that storehouse (in 41 volumes) of fairy lore the Cabinet des Fees, from the evergreen *Madame D'Auluo*y from Grimm and from many another source. Even the undying Gulliver is included, condensed for the editor by that sweetest of singers Miss May Kendall. An altogether delightful volume. The illustrations by H. J. Ford and Jacomb Hood.

SCRAPS FROM AN AUTOGRAPH COLLECTION.

CELEBRITIES AND THEIR PRICE IN THE MARKET.

Habent sua fata libelli. Books have their fates; and so have letters. To the bookseller's catalogue comes every book at last, and to the autograph salesman's catalogue comes nearly every letter. One of these catalogues (*issued by Messrs. Pearson and Co., of London*) is now before us and is full of curious interest on every page. Love letters, business letters, invitations to dinner, signatures to bills—all are equal here, and so also are the writers. Kings and scribblers

alike come in the end for sale. With many of the letters one wonders how in the world they got there. Here, for instance, is a curious item:—

LORNE (Marquis of), *a. l. s.*, 3 pages 8vo, Feb. 13, 1871, to Dr. Hornby, Eton asking for a general holiday in celebration of his approaching marriage to Princess Louise, \$5.25.

From the Headmaster's study to the sale-room, what strange adventures, we wonder, has that letter seen?

LORD BEACONSFIELD, RARE, MR. GLADSTONE, CHEAP.

Amongst the politicians, we notice that a letter from Lord Beaconsfield "thanking a correspondent for an addition to his library," is priced at \$15.75 and is mentioned as something rare and choice, because it is signed in full, whereas his letters are usually signed with initials only. The prices of Gladstone letters, as might be expected, rule lower; but, considering how voluminous a correspondent Mr. Gladstone is, we are surprised that as much as \$7.50, should be asked for a letter on Popular Education, and even \$2.50, for a post-card on the Irish question, mentioning 'Burke, Grattan, Castlereagh,' &c., &c.

A CHANCE FOR BURNS COLLECTORS.

But so far as the autograph test goes the glory of statesmen and of Kings is as nothing compared with that of authors. Some of the most costly and interesting items in the catalogue refer to Burns, and will doubtless be noticed by Lord Rosebery and other Burns collectors. There are two 'Clarinda' letters, containing a few passages never before published, which are priced at \$175 each, and the original autograph copy of the lines beginning:—

Their groves o' sweet myrtles let Foreign Lands reckon,
Their bright beaming summers exalt the perfume,
which costs \$210.

BYRON'S CRITICISM OF BURNS.

Curiously enough one of the very next items in the catalogue is the following very interesting letter of Byron's, referring to a collection of Burns's autographs:—

BYRON (Lord), *a. l. signed B, with the address signed "Byron."* 6 pages 8vo, Dec. 14, 1813, to Hodgson. ". . . I have a treasure, a whole set of original Burns letters, never published or to be published, for they are full of fearful oaths and the most nauseous songs, all humorous, but coarse bawdry, and in 'good set terms.' No mincing of words, but a 'spade is called a spade' throughout. However, they are curiosities, and show him quite in a new point of view—though not the most favorable—and merely a repetition of 'Alas! poor human nature.' The mixture, or, rather contrast, of tenderness, delicacy, obscenity, and coarseness in the same mind is wonderful." . . . *A fine and unusually interesting unpublished letter*, \$94.50.

CARLYLE, DARWIN, DICKENS.

Letters like this have, of course, a double value: as autographs and on their own merits, as unpublished literary material. These two elements—the rarity of an autograph as such, and the interest of a letter as a letter—enter into all the dealer's quotations. Thus we note that the price of several Carlyle letters varies according to their importance; but for ordinary specimens it is interesting to see that Mrs. Carlyle is priced higher than her husband. A series of eight letters by Darwin, "by far the most important that have occurred for sale," is valued at \$112.50. An ordinary letter by Dickens can be bought for \$10.50, but five times that sum is asked for an unpublished letter written while Dickens was on his first American tour.

THE "FIGURES" OF SOME LADY AUTHORESSES.

Letters of George Eliot are "of the utmost rarity," and for one written in conjunction with G. H. Lewes \$63 is asked. Gray, who so seldom "spoke out," is another rarity to the autograph collector, and a single letter of his, of 1½ pages, is priced \$94.50. Sometimes the autograph sale room is a great leveller of literary reputations, for Heine's writing fetches hardly more than that of Mrs. Hemans! In other cases, however, there is discrimination—whether wise or unwise our readers must decide: as when Mrs. Oliphant is only worth \$1.75 as against Ouida at \$5.25.

WHAT IS A FINE LETTER?

A "gem" of the collection is one of Keats's letters to Fanny Brawne—a letter described as magnificent, and priced at \$210. The epithets in an autograph dealer's catalogue are, however, somewhat ambiguous. One does not know whether they refer to the literary or calligraphic merit. For instance, we read of a "very fine friendly letter" from Lindley Murray, the grammarian, price \$10.50. Here the "fineness" seems to consist in the sentiments. But in the following entry—

SHELLEY (P. B.), *a. l. s.*, 4 closely-written pages 4to, to Leigh Hunt. This letter is unpublished, and one of the finest known. \$262.50, the fineness refers, we imagine, to the condition of the letter as a specimen, for though interesting it is certainly not among the finest of Shelley's letters.

THE IRONY OF AUTOGRAPHS.

We have no space to dwell on the many other items of literary interest to be found in this collection. We must end as we began, with the curious and ironical fate which has brought so many of these letters to

market. For instance, a letter from Walter Savage Landor to Lady Lytton is unkindly endorsed by her—"Old Landor's Twaddle." What a warning against passing uncharitable judgements, even in private notes! And as for hoping to escape the wiles of the autograph hunter and dealer, how useless it is! Even Lord Tennyson seems to have recognized the fact, as the following item will show:—

TENNYSON (Lord), *a. l. s.*, 1 page 8vo. "I have many thousands of these applications, and rather make a point of neglecting them; for why should I flatter the madness of the people? Nevertheless, as the request comes from an old friend, behold an autograph!" £2 10s.

And as for Mr. Browning, several of whose letters are here offered for sale at prices varying from \$4.00 to \$7.50, one of the letters is specially described as "forbidding his letters to be published," and "stigmatizing it in the public papers!"

THE MARKET VALUE OF CELEBRITIES.

Finally, the following list of prices may be of interest, as showing the comparative value of famous literary men from the autograph dealer's point of view:—

Addison	\$78.75
Ainsworth	3.75
Beaumont, Lord	15.75
Bentham, Jeremy	1.75
Beranger	2.25
Browne, Sir T.	78.75
Bossuet	26.25
Browning, Robert	5.25
Campbell, Thos.	3.75
Carlyle	5.25
Chestersfield, Lord	10.50
Cowper	7.50
De Quincey	26.25
De Stael, Madame	15.75
Dickens	10.50
Dumas, fils	2.50
Dumas, pere	1.75
Emerson	5.25
Franklin, Benj.	21.00
Gibbon	10.50
Goethe	5.25

Gray	94.50
Heine	4.50
Hemans	3.75
Holmes, O. W.	7.50
Hood	7.50
Hugo, V.	3.75
Huxley	1.75
Irwing, Wash.	15.75
Johnson, Samuel	94.50
Kingsley, Chas.	3.75
Landor, W. S.	2.50
Lewes, G. H.	6.25
Livingstone	15.75
Locke	42.00
Malthus	10.50
Martineau, Harriet	1.75
Meredith, George	2.50
Mill, J. S.	1.75
Miralean	26.25
Olliphant, Mrs.	1.75
Ouida	5.25
Paine, Tom	52.50
Paley	10.50
Renan	7.50
Pepys	52.50
Poe	7.50
Richardson	63.00
Rossetti, D. G.	7.00
Rousseau	15.75
Ruskin	1.75
Sand, George	10.50
Schiller	36.75
Scott, Sir W.	21.00
Shelley	36.75
Shenstone	21.00
Smith, Adam	26.25
Smith, Sidney	2.50
Southey	6.25
Sterne	15.75
Temple, Sir W.	42.00
Thackeray	12.50
Voltaire	26.25
Walpole, Horace	31.50
Watts, Isaac	31.50
Whitman, Walt	7.50

papers, it afforded a few connoisseurs an opportunity of picking up bargains such as comes but seldom in a lifetime. The library sold was that of Harrison Gray Otis, whose father, who died a few years ago, obtained it from the Château de Spietz, Switzerland, which was noted for the number of books published in the first half-century of printing. There were richly illuminated books, black-letter folios, Aldine, Elzevir, Koburger and Plantin editions, and early geographical and historical works. The feature of the collection was its illustration of the early history of wood-engraving, and such a library has never been seen at auction outside of some great historic sale. From my familiarity with the covetous disposition of collectors of rare books, I can imagine the disappointment of such as learn too late of the treasures which they have missed, and although resignation is a virtue which their experience ought to develop, it is to be feared that envy will get the better of it.

One reason why many valuable books went far below their value is that they were imperfectly catalogued. In fact, the neglect shown in this matter is amazing, considering the need of care in regard to it. Thus, two copies of a certain book dated 1493 were described as being the first edition with many hundred curious woodcuts resembling those of the Nuremberg Chronicle, when as a matter of fact the book is that famous Chronicle. In like manner the Koburger Bible, the most famous edition in four volumes (Nuremberg, 1487), was catalogued under the head of Lyra, N. de. This is one of the great monuments of early printing, and being a perfect copy was worth at least \$100; it sold for \$2.50.

Among the sacrifices of the sale was Mercator's Atlas, a fine old folio

AN INSTRUCTIVE LESSON.

We reprint from *The Critic* of November 16th the following astonishing statement forwarded by its Boston correspondent. The name of the firm of auctioneers who thus slaughtered a valuable property ought certainly to have been given.—We should be glad to give them a free advertisement:—

“A remarkable auction sale of rare and valuable books took place in Boston a few weeks ago, and though it was hardly noticed in the news-

(Amsterdam, 1616) a perfect copy bound in old Russia, elaborately tooled on the back and sides, with gauffered edges. This binding alone was worth \$25, yet the book sold for \$5. It contains the best account of the knowledge of geography of America and the world at that time. I happen to know that the buyer would not take \$50 for his bargain. Another sacrifice was Valckenaer's great work (Amsterdam, 1677-83), the first volume of which is devoted to America and contains views of New York in the early Dutch times. These three volumes, in old vellum binding, with 125 plates, including fine portraits of Columbus and Magellan, brought only \$1.75 a volume.

The original edition of Martin Luther's work on the Ten Commandments, catalogued 'Luther Martin, Der X Gebot, etc., Basel, 1520,' which contains also his controversial tracts—one of the important works of the beginning of the Reformation,—in antique type and binding, was knocked down for \$3.25. The first work of Aldus printed with Italic types, to make, as he says in his preface, a book small enough for scholars to carry round with them, sold for \$1.25. The copy, though slightly imperfect, is rare and valuable. Holbein's Dance of Death (1547), with 53 plates complete, full morocco, gilt edges, brought only \$16; there was an order for it at \$50.

These are only a few illustrations of the low prices obtained for a class of books for which dealers are searching the German markets. On the other hand, the books that sold relatively high were imperfect copies, and as their imperfections were not noted in the catalogue, they were bought on orders from a distance. I hear that one of the largest libraries in the West was supplied in this way. The fact that the auctioneers had no

special experience in book-selling added to the trials of the situation, and circumstances prevented the attendance of some dealers who are generally on the lookout for treasures of this sort."



THACKERAYANA.

"Mr. S. Langley," says *The Pall Mall Gazette*, "was Thackeray's private secretary for a year or two, and he kept a diary in 1860. This is to be sold. The record of daily events is a full one. Notes of the great author's conversations and remarks have been jotted down day by day, and his opinions on all sorts and conditions of men and events are in the chronicle and his personal peculiarities have also been noted. Besides the diary, there is also a large quantity of MSS. in Mr. Langley's hand, including his data and remembrances of his master that at one time he intended to publish as 'Recollections of Mr. William Makepeace Thackeray.'

"There are some other mementoes that will be equally eagerly caught up, such as a few of his rare letters. One states that his umbrella was left in the Custom House department of S. E. R. about Christmas time, 1859, with a sketch of the article. Another is a letter to a boy about Pendennis. It was sent from Onslow Square on July 10, 1858.

"Dear Sir (writes Thackeray): I think you have caught Mr. Pendennis in a scrape from which there is no escaping—unless indeed we suppose that a large passing cloud obscured the moon at the very moment when that little transaction between Pen and Fanny may have occurred. But did it? I assure you I am on that subject quite in the dark, and your very faithful servant, W. M. Thackeray.'

"There is also that private birthday circular of his magazine, now most rare, that was sent out on November 1, 1859, over his signature:

"Dear ———: Our storehouse being in Corn-

hill, we date and name our magazine from its place of publication. We might have assumed a title much more startling—for example, 'The Thames on Fire.'

"Another item in the collection consists of the proof-sheets of 'Roundabout Papers' with corrections; also those of 'The Fox and the Cat, an Irish Fable,' literally covered with corrections and alterations in Thackeray's own hand, the end being entirely rewritten. There are some other manuscripts."

In Mr. Davey's last catalogue 13 unpublished autograph letters of Thackeray are offered for sale for \$750. These were written during the year 1852 to a lady. Some extracts are appended.

"I write all day at my book. I go into the world then which is a part of my vocation, and takes up a woeful quantity of my time. Many a day I find my only resource is to stay up in my bedroom, in bed, and go on working there with an amanuensis. . . . I desire to do anything in my humble power to give you a helping hand, not as a patron, *Don Dieu!* I hate the idea of patronage; the very notion makes me more reserved, and put on that air of restraint which you and others take for haughtiness. I don't even like to talk about it, so much does the subject annoy me. . . . For Heaven's sake take me off the Pedestal and consider me only as a middle aged gentleman, whose taste is writing, who is full of business, who is lazy. . . . who is ready to do all in his power to do you a good turn." etc. etc.

The next letter is very closely written in minute writing, so that a strong glass is necessary to decipher some parts of this interesting epistle. The Sketches in this letter are also of the same minute character. One of these represents the Novelist seated in his easy chair in his dressing gown and nightcap taking a basin of gruel from his mother. This clever little sketch, although full of detail, does not occupy more than a square inch of the letter.

" You see by Jane Eyre's letter, don't you, why we can't be very great friends? We had a correspondence—a very little one and met very eagerly on her part—But there is a fire and fury raging in that little woman. . . . Dr. N.'s letters read very honest, better than poor Bulwer's with his bosh.

It is very difficult for literary men to keep their honesty. We are actors, more or less, all of us. . . . I wish you would set those verses in Pendenliss to a pretty good tune with a ding dong as of bells, or do you think them rubbish? I don't care. Currer Bell is right about that. I don't care a straw for a 'triumph.' Pooh! nor for my part. It seems to me indecent and despicable to be doing the Novelist business of 'On a lovely evening in January, 2 Cavaliers' etc., and then the description of the Cavaliers, their coats, horses, the land-capes, etc.—Shall one take pride out of this folly? etc."

This remarkable letter concludes with an unpublished and amusing ballad which Thackeray suggests would be a good song for a lady.

Next comes a letter written on the eve of his trip to America. In reference to his speech at the Manchester Free Library, the writer says:—

"I was so frightened that I don't know two words of what I said, and daren't look, so assured I was of its folly. And now—and now, the speech is forgotten, and nobody cares 2d whether it was a success or a failure. Nobody will care about Esmond in a fortnight hence. The publisher has done very well with it, but I don't and can't expect it to be popular"—

The following are brief and miscellaneous extracts from the various other parts of this remarkable correspondence.

" I think Miss Bronte is unhappy and that makes her unjust. Novel writers should not be in a passion with their characters as I imagine, but describe them good or bad with a like calm."

In regard to his correspondent's taking a situation as a teacher of music, Thackeray says:—"You are going among the greatest persecutors, women remember. People will wound you, meaning it and not meaning it, or they'll be indifferent and not care for you in the least. John won't be respectful, and say it's only the music mistress, you'll have to walk through all sorts of mud physical and moral. You must shut up your dear convictions of faith [the writer's friend was a Roman Catholic] in your own heart. If you proselytize, it's all over with you. With my young ones for instance—No guardian angels, no Cecillas—we are of the Clapham Theology, we rather consider little Henry and his bearer the right kind of thing. You needn't throw a grain of incense on our altars, but you must you know be tolerant of our idols. As I think about your course and all its plans and perils, I'm rather frightened—But, BUT—To be sure I don't know anything about it and have no more right to judge of your playing than to judge of Algebra. . . . Well, you can but try, you will have

had a peep into the great world of London and seen a character or two, pleasant and not, and some kind people who like doing a little service when it does not put them out of the way. . . .

. . . . I live in the world and can't help myself, and have an awful but deserved reputation for worldliness. If I can do a useful thing now and then, I'm not proud of it—only thankful. Last week I got, I think, work for 2 struggling young men and comfort for their family, praised be God. As for taking pride out of it, Pshaw! What a mercy to be able to do it sometimes. . . . There is a very comfortable Hotel in this Street kept by a respectable family man. The charges are, Beds gratis, Breakfast, thank you, Dinner and tea, Ditto. Servants included in these charges. Get a cab from the station and come straightway to No. 13. . . . Thursday will be the best day to come, that's the soonest. I dine out with the Dean of St. Paul's. (You have heard of a large meeting house we have between Ludgate Hill and Cheapside, with a round roof?) . . . etc., etc.

This is an extract from another unpublished letter of Thackeray dated from great Coram St., July 5, 1838.

"My dear Johann, I want to write a very brilliant paper on Marlborough, his woman and his times: Apropos of a book by Mrs. Thompson in the *Life of the Duchess*—I want to write a slasher on religious fictitious literature and I want to know if you can give me room for either of them in the October B. and F. (*British and Foreign Quarterly Review*). My wife called on Mrs. J. or rather at Mrs. John's house to thank her for the lodgings. . . . Do not turn away better pens than mine; but my dear fellow try and give me all the work you can, for not to mention the marvellous goodness of the pay, and my own want of it, the work is so pleasant and so gentleman-like that I long for as much as ever I can get If you have any job in your i (*sic*) about any subject within the compass of my reason I'm your man," &c.

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE *Publisher's Circular* (London,) writes:—In spite of all that has been said on the subject, it seems that books accumulate after all only slowly on the other side of the Atlantic. It is somewhat startling to learn on good authority that forty-seven of the chief libraries of the United States aggregate only five million volumes, whilst the three great libraries of London, Paris, and St. Petersburg alone reach a total of upwards of four million volumes.

THE librarian at Millom, England, recently applied for an increase of salary. The Local Board with reckless generosity acceded to the request and that happy librarian now paints the town a lurid carmine on the munificent sum of \$2.50 per week.

THE following dry but amusing paragraph appears in the Report of the Library Committee of Aberdeen:—"The fact that a small devotional work, entitled 'The Best Match,' was called for (and quickly returned) sixty four times by readers, chiefly of the female sex, is hardly to be taken as a proof of the popularity of that partic-

ular book, or of the exceptionally devotional character of the library readers. Rather is it to be taken as one of the many cases where the substance of the book not realising the hopes raised by the title, it is, with all possible speed, returned to the library."

MR. GLADSTONE has presented to Hawarden a free library building which he proposes to stock with books.

By the will of John Crerar, which was admitted to probate in Chicago, Nov. 14, that city is made the legatee of \$2,500,000, which is to be used in the erection and maintenance of a public library. This is a splendid bequest, which cannot fail to prove of untold advantage to Chicago. It is to be hoped that the use of the money for the purpose intended by Mr. Crerar will not be delayed by a prolonged contest over his will, or defeated through any defect in the instrument, as may be the case with Mr. Tilden's intentions for the benefit of New York. It is significant that Mr. Crerar insists that in the selection of

books for the library a "healthy moral and Christian sentiment" is to be kept in view, and all "nastiness and immorality" are to be excluded.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

CHARLES LAMB escaped from his uncongenial work at the India House as far back as 1825, though his fellow-clerk, John Stuart Mill, continued his official duties there until 1858. Strange to say, within the last few weeks, another clerk, who had Lamb for his senior and Mill for his junior at the desk of the East India Company in long-vanished years, has died at Ventnor, Eng. This worthy man—who made no claims to either wit or philosophy—retired on a pension, 'in consequence of broken health,' in 1835. Creaking doors proverbially hang long on their hinges, and the former companion of Coleridge's 'Gentle hearted Charles' has lived to enjoy that pension for the respectable space of fifty-four years.

THE whole of the copies of the limited edition of Professor Palgrave's 'Treasury of Sacred Song,' which was published by the Oxford University Press on October 10, were sold in four days. An edition on smaller paper will shortly appear.

CHRISTOPHER PLANTIN has been much talked about of late; and with some reason, seeing that he was one of the greatest printers of the sixteenth century. By birth a Frenchman, he settled in Antwerp about the year 1550, and, having obtained, as is thought, some of the types of the Bombergs—notable printers before him—he set himself to produce books of the first class. He worked for art's sake—and this makes him the more interesting—for the love of the beautiful rather than for money; many of his greatest works, such as the Antwerp 'Polyglot Bible,' which he published for the King of Spain,

being brought out at a great loss. Owing to this leading feature in his character he was all his life through in pecuniary straits. Nor were these his only troubles. Once at least he was fined and mulcted in all his plans for the publication of an heretical book; and it is certain that some very strange productions issued from his press along with the missals and liturgies it was his business to print. He belonged, it is now supposed, to a "strange mystical sect of heretics," then numerous in the Low Countries. Yet, notwithstanding these suspicions and troubles, he gained and kept the favor of Philip II. of Spain, who appointed him his *Architypographus Regius*, or "Censor of Printers to his Majesty," and granted him the sole right of printing liturgical works. When Antwerp was sacked by the Spanish in 1576, Plantin had to redeem his property by a great ransom, and for a time carried on his chief business at Leyden. But he presently returned and died in the city of his choice in 1589. His descendants carried on his business for two centuries after his death and entered into the fruit of his labor, making a large fortune out of the monopoly which he had won from the Spanish King. In 1876 their old-fashioned printing house, with its unique types and library, was bought by the municipality of Antwerp at the price of nearly \$250,000 and is preserved as a museum, now considered one of the most interesting objects in the city.

In olden times it was customary to gild over other than red colored edges, and very pretty effects were obtained. A bright green under the gold, for in-

stance, was thought to be very beautiful; the gold, whilst it toned the color, did not hide it altogether, but its own richness and brilliancy became more dazzling and charming through the verdant tints which faintly flashed or glimmered through it. Another form of ornamenting edges was by working flowers or designs by means of two different shades of leaf, a deep one and a light one. The light gold being placed on the edges in manner described, a coat of size was rapidly and gently passed over it. This second coat of size when dry was rubbed over with palm oil, and the deep-colored leaf used for the flower or design was laid on with chosen pallets or ornamented tools, which were first warmed at the finishing stove. This was called "gilding à la antique." Sometimes volumes were gilded after their edges had been previously marbled. In such cases the edges were not overcharged with color. After pressing and burnishing, the size was laid on evenly and lightly, so as not to disturb the colors or design of the marble pattern, and then the gold was instantly put down and finished off in the usual manner. The marble showed through the gold, and looked superbly beautiful. Dr. Dibdin in his 'Decameron' says that this style is "the very luxury, the *ne plus ultra* of the bibliopegistic art."

MR. J. J. BRITTON writes:—It is not, I think, generally known that there exist some unpublished ballads by Lord Macaulay. An old friend of mine was allowed to see the MSS., which were in possession of Lord Macaulay's executors. They were not allowed to copy the ballads, as it was Lord Macaulay's wish that they should not be published. I have, however, heard portions of them recited by my friend; and as they are very fine and stirring poems, it

seems a pity that the public should be deprived of the pleasure of reading them. The one on the battle of Bosworth field especially took my fancy; but of this I can only, alas, quote the lines in which Richmond, rebuking his followers for indignities offered to the brave king and soldier lying dead, says:

"—And, for that back at which ye flout,
It is a back I ween,
That Lancaster on foughten field,
Till now had never seen."

And the concluding line of his spoken epitaph on his dead rival:

"For, though he ruled as tyrants rule,
He died as soldiers die."

Is there no means of inducing Lord Macaulay's representatives to allow the stirring ballad which contains these lines, and the other unpublished poems, to see the light of day?

PHILADELPHIA is said to be the greatest novel reading city in the country. The favorites are Dickens, George Eliot, E. P. Roe, Black, and Ouida in the order named. There is little call for either Thackeray or Howells. Outside of novels Philadelphians do not read much except the Bible and the life of William Penn.

THE research of the late Halliwell-Phillipps, who carefully explored the corporate records of many towns in England, established the fact that the dramatic company with which Shakspeare was connected visited the following places: Barnstaple in 1605, Bath in 1596 and 1603, Bristol in 1597, Coventry in 1603, 1608, 1613 and 1614; Dover in 1597, 1606 and 1610; Faversham in 1597, Folkestone in 1612, Hythe in 1609, Leicester in 1606, Maidstone in 1605, Marlborough in 1597, New Romney in 1609, Oxford in 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1610 and 1613; Rye in Sussex, in 1597; Saffron Wald-

en in 1605 and 1606: Shrewsbury in 1603, 1609, 1610 and 1612. The little book in which this indefatigable antiquary recorded the results of his

researches in this direction was privately printed in 1887, and like most of the writings of Halliwell-Phillips, is now inaccessible.

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AMERICAN NOTES.

DR. DANIEL G. BRINTON, 2041 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, has in press another contribution to aboriginal American literature, entitled 'Rig Veda Americana—sacred songs of the ancient Mexicans.' This volume contains a number of very ancient religious chants preserved in two Nahuatl MSS., one at Madrid, the other at Florence, both of which Dr. Brinton has personally collated. The songs, or chants, are valuable not merely as curious antiquities, but as throwing light on the religious thought and mythology of the native Mexicans, and as illustrating the archaic forms and sacred locutions of their tongue. The author has added to the volume a gloss in Nahuatl, a sixteenth century commentary on the obscurities of the text found in the Madrid MS., a paraphrase, notes, and a very full vocabulary. The volume forms the eighth of Dr. Brinton's valuable 'Library of Aboriginal American Literature.'

MISS LUCY LARCOM has written for the Riverside Library for Young People, 'A New England Girlhood, outlined from Memory,' which will shortly be given to the public. It is the story of an interesting portion of her own life.

A NEW and very desirable inexpensive edition of Emerson's remarkable Essays has just come from the Riverside Press, including both the first and the Second Series, in a comely cloth volume for a dollar, and in the Riverside Paper Series at fifty cents.

THE very welcome announcement is made that Dr. Holmes will write a series of papers of reminiscence and characteristic reflection for *The Atlantic Monthly* next year. To indicate at once a certain likeness and unlikeness to the famous 'Breakfast-Table' papers, he will call these 'Over the Tea-cups.'

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY is reported to be engaged upon a biography of Nathaniel Hawthorne. Alas!

THE J. B. Lippincott Co. will soon publish 'As You Like It,' forming the eighth volume of the new variorum Shakspeare edition, edited by Dr. Horace Howard Furness. This edition has been held in such high esteem by Shaksperian students, that the present announcement will be more than welcome to those who have studied the previous volumes.

THE Life of Anne Bradstreet, by Helen Campbell, which D. Lothrop Co. will shortly publish, will give to the public interesting information about a literary woman of the olden time whose works in these latter days have been more talked about than read. As, however, she was the daughter of one colonial Governor of Massachusetts and the wife of another, her life furnishes more picturesque features for the biographer than that of the average poet.

MR. BYNNER, author of the strong serial story, 'The Begum's Daughter,' now running in *The Atlantic Monthly*, will have in the December number a paper on The Old Bunch of Grapes Tavern.

D. LOTHROP COMPANY will shortly issue a beautiful reproduction in dainty sixteenmo of one of the most famous of English classics, Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey.' It is illustrated with twelve full-page etchings and many text illustrations by the celebrated French artist, Maurice Leloir, the reproduction being supervised by Mr. J. B. Millet, of the Boston Photogravure Co.

THIS year the example of work from the old Chiswick Press in Chancery Lane, which has been the feature of White & Allen's list each fall since the organization of the new firm, will be the Aldine Edition of 'The Arabian Nights,' in four volumes, illustrated with 100 full-page tinted photogravures after designs by Stanley L. Wood of the *Illustrated London News*. Sheridan's 'Rivals,' illustrated by Frank M. Gregory, will be brought out at once by White & Allen. Five of the fifty illustrations are water-colors reproduced in facsimile by the photo-aquarelle process used in the edition of 'Faust' published last year.

THE 'Life of Harriet Beecher Stowe,' by her son Rev. Charles E. Stowe, will be published immediately, by subscription, by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is not only authentic and authorized by Mrs. Stowe, but has been prepared with her aid and counsel, so that it is substantially her autobiography. It is not a patchwork from her 'Sunny Memories' and biographies of other members of the famous Beecher family, but is an original work, fresh and full of varied interest.

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON publish 'Burns Holograph Manuscripts in the Kilmaronock Monument Museum, with Notes,' compiled and edited by David Snedden. All lovers of Burns will feel an interest in these repro-

ductions, which, as the editor remarks, "are not submitted to the public as the best renderings of the text in existence, but simply as authoritative versions under the poet's own sign-manual, and, for that reason, of the greatest value for the purposes of study and comparison."

LITTLE, BROWN & Co. have now issued Margaret Deland's new book, 'Florida Days.' The book is full of the sentiment and color of the sunny land which it describes, and will make a charming gift book for many seasons to come. Louis K. Harlow has contributed to the volume a number of characteristic sketches of the scenes described, four of which are colored. They have also now ready Dumas' 'Valois Romances' and 'The Count of Monte Cristo,' the former with historical portraits, the latter with a number of photogravure plates made from original designs by Edmund H. Garrett; and an exquisite edition of 'Walton & Cotton's Complete Angler,' with an introduction by James Russell Lowell. The illustrations include 74 beautiful wood engravings in the text (illustrations of fish, and of persons and places mentioned in the text), and 17 plates, including six original etchings.

EVERY year we expect a new issue of 'The Complete Angler,' distinguished by some special feature. This time it comes to us in the form of an illustrated edition (in two volumes, pagged as one), very handsomely printed at the Cambridge (U. S.) Press. To some, the principal attraction will be the introduction by Mr. James Russell Lowell. But, though this is gracefully written, it will hardly satisfy either enthusiastic anglers or enthusiastic bibliographers. Both of these classes (which are by no means exclusive one of the other) will still venture to think that the true faith in Isaak Walton is confined to this Island.

And they will be confirmed in their opinion by the notes, as also by what is called "the Linnaean arrangement of the fish." What censure can be too severe for a note which gravely informs us that Sir Henry Wootton was "educated at Winchester School in New Oxford" (p. 430)? or of another (p. 427) that omits to say that some part at least of Tradescant's collection of curiosities is still to be seen in the Ashmolean Museum. It is more pleasing to turn to the illustrations, which consist of etchings

and engravings that are really illustrative of the text. Many of them are exceedingly good representations of the fishes described; others are portraits of personages mentioned but the majority are original landscapes and sketches by artists who, with American faithfulness, have tracked the haunts of Isaak Walton on the Lea and the Dove. The typography shows what excellent work American printers can produce when they abjure stereotyped plates. The edition is limited to 500 copies.

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FOREIGN NOTES.

MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. will publish very shortly a new book by Mr. Baring Gould, entitled 'Old Country Life,' treating of the country customs of the last century, old houses, old roads, old country parsons, and old musicians. The book will be fully illustrated. Mr. Baring Gould has also been for some time past collecting the old ballads with their traditional music, which were once so popular in the West, but which are now dying out. Messrs. Methuen will publish them in four parts.

A NEW society, under the name of the 'British Record Society,' is proposed for the purpose of continuing the work of Mr. Phillimore's 'Index Library,' which, since it started in January, 1888, has supplied about 220,000 record references.

THE first illustrated Christmas book issued by the Religious Tract Society in 1825 will shortly be republished at the Leadenhall Press.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN has published an account by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell of their trip to the Hebrides, over the ground visited by Dr. Johnson and his biographer, with upwards of forty illustrative drawings by Mr. Pennell.

PROF. ANGELO OLIVIERI, of Palermo has been engaged for a considerable time on a translation of Shakspeare's Sonnets into Italian verse, the first complete translation attempted in Italy. His work is now almost ready for the printers.

M. EMILE RONDEAU, successor to Auguste Fontaine, will publish by subscription, towards the end of the year: 'The Book-Lover's New Armorial: Guide to the Lover of Books,' with crests, in 2 vols. 8vo, of above 1,200 pages containing 2,500 reproductions of coats of arms.

MR. HERMAN MERIVALE is writing a monograph on Thackeray.

MESSRS. W. & R. CHAMBERS will shortly publish the first three volumes of a new series of their 'Shilling Library for Young People.' The names of them are 'Their Happiest Christmas' by Edna Lyall; 'Fireside Amusements: A Book of Indoor Games;' and 'The Steadfast Gabriel: a Tale of Wichnor Wood,' by the late Mary Howitt.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE has now finished his little volume on 'Balzac,' and it appears as the January issue of the "Great Writers" Series.

OF the sixpenny edition of 'Westward Ho' nearly 300,000 copies have been sold. The demand for the sixpenny edition of 'Hypatia' has been so great that Messrs. Macmillan & Co., to meet their advance orders, have been compelled to postpone the date of publication. The first issue will consist of one hundred and fifty thousand copies.

M. CALMAN LEVY has just published a volume of literary criticism by M. Paul Deschanel, 'Literary Figures' including MM. Ernest Renan & Paul Bourget.

M. RENAN'S third volume of the history of Israel is in the printer's hand.

BALZAC'S 'Chouans' has been turned for the first time into English by George Saintsbury, and has been published by Nimmo as the first volume of a beautifully illustrated historical series, specially intended for connoisseurs. The second volume—illustrated, like the first, by a French artist—contains Prosper Merimee's 'Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX.'

A TRANSLATION into German of a large part of Walt Whitman's works has been made by Mr. T. W. Rolleston, an Irishman, and the publication has been favorably received in Germany.

THAT accomplished writer the genial Joseph Hatton will shortly publish 'Old Lamps and New,' personal notes and reminiscences of celebrities of the past and the present. Mr. Hatton has been closely identified with the literary history of the great metropolis for more years than he will probably care to be reminded of and has known more or less intimately every man of letters of his time. This book should be profoundly interesting. It will be embellished with a portrait of the author.

MR. ALFRED WALLIS has in the press a folio volume containing 'Examples of the Bookbinders' Art of the XVI. and XVII. Centuries.' The work will contain forty large plates of historical, remarkable and beautiful bindings selected chiefly from the Royal Continental libraries. Mr. Gibbons, of Bury Street, W. C., will publish the book.

MR. THOMAS GREENWOOD is preparing a third edition of his book on 'Free Public Libraries.' The main parts of it will be rewritten, and several new chapters added.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK have issued the first volume of their new and enlarged edition of the Collected Writings of Thomas De Quincey, edited by Prof. Masson. The editor, we are glad to find, has interpreted his functions liberally, having aimed at forming a collection as complete and as well arranged as the author, under other circumstances, might himself have done. The present issue, therefore will be welcome even to those who possess on their shelves the long series of familiar blue volumes, in which selections 'Grave and Gay,' have hitherto appeared. Moreover, while it will contain more matter, as well as illustrations, the total number of volumes will be fourteen instead of sixteen, while the price is reduced. The present volume begins in chronological order with the Autobiographic Sketches, the very earliest of which is now for the first time disinterred from the pages of *Tait's Magazine* for February, 1834. The frontispiece is a charming reproduction of a chalk drawing by James Archer, R.S.A., representing De Quincey with two daughters and a grandchild, in 1855. The head of De Quincey alone from this drawing, on a larger scale, has already been published in Mr. J. R. Findlay's 'Personal Recollections' (1886); so also

has the medallion portrait by Shakspeare Wood, to which we greatly prefer Sir John Steell's bust. The other illustrations show Greenhay, near Manchester—De Quincey's early home, though *not* (as the editor points

out) his birthplace; the cottage at Lasswade, most of all associated with his memory; and the ugly house in Edinburgh where he lodged during his latter years, and where he died.

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GENERAL NOTES.

MR. HAMILTON COLE, who died Oct. 27 in his forty-fifth year, was known outside of his profession as an enthusiastic collector of rare and handsome books. The most famous of his acquisitions was a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, for which he paid \$8,000 at the Brinley sale in 1881, and which he afterwards sold for \$15,000 to Mr. Brayton Ives. When Mr. Quaritch, not knowing of this purchase, cabled from London to offer Mr. Ives a copy of the same book for about \$19,000, the latter replied that the only man in America who owned a perfect copy did not want another. Mr. Cole was a Yale man—a brilliant member of the class of '66. For some years he had been a member of the Grolier Club. He was successful as a lawyer and popular as a man, and will be missed in New York in more circles than one. His death occurred only one day after that of Judge Van Vorst, in whose office he obtained his first experience of the law.

WE have received No. 1 of *The Canadian Bibliographer and Library Record*, a new monthly magazine published at Hamilton, Ont. It contains among other interesting matter a long article 'In the Name of America' by Gerald E. Hart, a portrait of that gentleman and a cut of the new Public Library at Hamilton. In addition there are articles on 'Copyright,' 'Canadian Writers,' and 'French Canadian Books.' The subscription is one dollar per annum.

THE second volume in the Series of American Religious Leaders is devoted to Wilber Fisk, the eminent Methodist clergyman, and is written by Professor George Prentice of Wesleyan University.

THE original manuscript of Lord Beaconsfield's early romance, 'The Voyage of Captain Popanilla,' figures in the list of rare books just issued by Messrs. Robson & Kerslake of London, Eng. It consists of nineteen chapters, entirely in the autograph of 'D'Israeli the Younger,' and was written in 1828. The manuscript was recently discovered amongst the papers of Mrs. Benjamin Austin, an old friend of the Disraeli family, who died in June of last year. Mrs. Austin used to reside in the neighborhood of Bloomsbury Square, and she exercised considerable influence in his earlier and more impressionable years over Lord Beaconsfield. She was a woman of sound literary judgment and acknowledged critical capacity, and the future Premier of England was accustomed to submit his first efforts in literature to her correction.

The Arena will occupy a field peculiarly its own, being a great, progressive exponent of modern thought, giving special prominence to the leading moral, ethical, social, and political problems that are to-day so profoundly agitating society. In size and general make-up *The Arena* will resemble the *North American Review* and *Forum*, although each issue will

contain one or more finely executed portraits of leading thinkers. The price, per annum, \$5; single copy, 50 cents. Mr. B. O. Flower is the editor. *The Arena* Publishing Co. is situated at the Pierce Building, Copley Sq., Boston.

MR. NICHOLAS PAINE GILMAN's work, 'Profit Sharing between Employer and Employee,' now selling in its third thousand, has received the unusual distinction of a gold medal from the Paris Exposition, in recognition of its merits as a contribution to the settlement of the 'labor problem.'

Six years ago it was possible to acquire a copy of the first edition of the 'Vicar of Wakefield' for about sixty-five dollars. To-day \$375 is the price asked for a copy of the Salisbury edition of 1766. Ten years hence that price will be doubled.

ON the first of December will be published the initial number of *The Arena*, a monthly magazine, devoted to the discussion of living issues by the ablest thinkers of the day. As the title indicates, *The Arena* will be a field of combat where the great intellectual giants of to-day will defend those principles which appear to be founded on truth, justice, and wisdom. There has never been a time when so many vital questions have pressed upon society as at the present hour—great issues that seriously involve the very life of our free institutions, as well as the moral and social well-being of society. We are passing through a crucial period; the past, with its prejudices and the future with its aspirations, are in deadly conflict. From open and free discussion alone can we hope for the ultimate triumph of right. Truth has nothing to fear but everything to gain by free discussion—reason is the handmaid of truth, the protector of liberty. Hence, it is the purpose

of the management of *The Arena* to enlist the ablest representative thinkers among conservative as well as liberal thinkers to discuss the problems of the hour.

MR. JAMES TOOVEY of 177 Piccadilly London, has issued a 62 pp catalogue of works on Sports, Pastimes, &c. Some of the prices would have startled our fathers into lunacy,—for example: Alkens 'Symptoms of being Amused,' 1622, \$39.86; Boxiana, 1818-29, \$52.50; Chifney's 'Narrative,' 1801, \$23.62; Sketchley's 'Cocker,' 1814, \$63; Combe's 'Dr. Syntax,' 1813-21, \$47.25; Egan's 'Life in London,' 1821, \$38.30; Egan's 'Real Life in London,' 1821-2, \$42; Thimbault's 'Academie de l'espée,' 1628, \$157.50; Gambados's 'Academy,' 1808, \$23.62. Five and twenty years ago twenty five dollars would have bought the lot.

It seems incredible that the original MS. of Froissart's Chronicles should be in existence, yet the *Publisher's Circular* states that it has recently been acquired by M. Fontaine the Paris bookseller for nine thousand dollars.

'A SUMMER IN A CANON' is the attractive name of a new California story by Mrs. Wiggin, author of 'The Birds' Christmas Carol,' which will be issued from the Riverside Press immediately.

THE October *Harvard University Bulletin* contains careful notes on the MS. volume of Shelley's poems in the Harvard Library, by George E. Woodberry, who thinks it possible that Mrs. Shelley used this volume for her edition of the 'Posthumous Poems,' 1824, and that it tends to establish her fidelity to the poet's text.

It is rumored, that among the papers of the late Mr. Matthew Arnold a large number of poems have been found, many of which are of such excellence and finish that they ought to be given to the world.

THE Boston *Daily Traveller* of November 2nd in noticing the October BOOKMART says:—"The BOOKMART, modest and unassuming as genuine things are apt to be, is one of the most critical periodicals in America. It deserves to be widely known and read. Mr. Halkett Lord, its editor, is a man of the most exquisite taste and discreet literary judgment . . .

. It is one of the ablest purely literary magazines of the day.

COMMENCING in January next Brother Bernard Quaritch proposes to hold an exhibition in New York Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia of what he calls "the rarest and costliest gems of his literary and artistic regalia." From Mr. Quaritch's announcement we take these details:—

"The first imperial jewel in our exhibition is a manuscript in golden letters upon purple vellum, written at a period just half way between the birth of Christ and the discovery of America. Another is the Psalter of Mendham Priory, rich with miniatures, displaying the character of English pictorial art in the days of Thomas A. Becket. More beautiful, if less interesting, are the illuminated manuscripts of later ages: French work from the time of Duquesclin to Bayard. Burgundian and Flemish of the fifteenth century. Italian of the early sixteenth. Amongst these are the Crermont-Tonnerre French Bible of 1350 with grisaille illustrations, the Heures a la Rose of 1400 with its superb coloring and graceful borders, the magnificent Missal of the Cardinal de Castelnau of 1500, and the Mount Olivet Psalter, written near Siena about the same time. Among the monuments of typography the first place is easily taken by the Psalter of 1459, the grandest work ever printed and the costliest book in the world. It exhibits the first and the most triumphant effort of color-printing that has yet been seen. The Psalter is followed by Fust's Cicero, also upon vellum, and by a number of books similarly printed on vellum by Jenson, Vindelin de Spira, and Miscomini (at Venice and Florence), remarkable for the wondrous splendor of the illumination with which they are decorated like manuscripts. Here also is the first book that was printed in Italy, and four Caxtons (including the famous Game of Chess, and another of the books produced by him at Bruges before he carried his art to England). Amongst the illustrated books are the famous Poliphilo of 1499 and the first Tewrdank of 1517. English literature is represented by rare editions of the great writers (and a Wickliffe Manuscript) from Chaucer to Burns, including

folio and quarto Shakespeares. There are also Americana in plenty, including the rarer New-England literature of the seventeenth century, and the manuscript Virginia collections of John Smyth, of Nibley (1610-35)."

In announcing this exhibition the *N. Y. Tribune* naively says "Scribner & Welford are now preparing a descriptive list of these treasures." The Jew apella may believe this.

THE 'Bibliographie Basque' by Prof. Julien Vinson, of the Ecole des Langues Orientales, is being printed at Chalon sur Saône, and will be ready in the autumn of 1890. It will form a volume of about 500 pages, gr. 8vo, and will contain over 600 different notices, marking the various editions, abridgments, and translations of each work, from 1545 to 1889. Facsimiles will be given of the titles of the most curious books; the number of copies known of the rarest, with the public libraries in which they are preserved, will be stated.

MR. GEORGE A. SMITH has compiled a 'Compendium and Concordance of Shakspeare' (Philadelphia: Gebbie & Co.) in a neat and handy volume. The work consists of three divisions. The first comprises descriptions of each play separately, together with outline sketches. A brief historical notice is appended, and there are short critical notes on the characters, taken usually from the most eminent commentators. The second division is occupied with the concordance. The third division consists of an Index of Characters, a novel feature in books of this kind.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for 1890 is to have a serial story, 'Felicia,' by Miss Fannie Murfree, sister of 'Charles Egbert Craddock.'

MISS JEWETT'S 'Betty Leicester,' a story for girls of fifteen or thereabouts, will appear in a few days. It promises to be one of the most available of the season's books for gifts.

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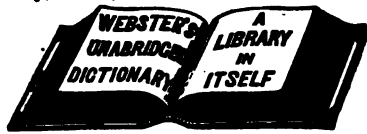
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The knock-out and the end of it.

For I am weary of the sport
That seemed awhile ago so sweet,
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And First Editions—incomplete.

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But most I loathe the dreary dogs
That write in prose, or worse, on books.

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The anecdotes that they provide
Are older than the dawn of time.

Ye bores, of every shape and size,
Who makes a tedium of delight
Goodbye, the last of my goodbyes,
Good night, to all your clan goodnight!

ANDREW LANG.

SIR RICHARD STEELE.

'The Life of Richard Steele.' By George A. Aitken. In 2 vols. (Isbister, London.)

Nothing but intense enthusiasm for his subject could have successfully carried Mr. Aitken to the end of the labor which he set himself to accomplish. It leads him to condemn the unfavorable estimate of Steele which was formed by Macaulay, and to deprecate the excess of pity which Thackeray poured out over the unhappiness of Steele's life. For good or for evil he has taken to himself the delineation and the defense of his hero, and in this self-imposed duty has spared no pains to make his task complete. He has explored every likely source of information in England, in Ireland or in the West Indies, and from all alike has found corrections of the erroneous statements of previous biographers. Rarely, indeed, has a work of biography issued from the press showing a greater desire for accurate information on all points left previously in doubt, or a better good fortune in obtaining the facts

carried to any place, however distant, alive and in health. Letters patent were duly granted, and the advantages of the plan were set out at length in a pamphlet written by Steele and another enthusiast. The undertaking was not finally abandoned for some years. In 1720 a paragraph in the papers announced that ten ships of this pattern were "on the stocks in several docks along the river," and that they would be launched the next spring tide. That season came, and four vessels, if no more, rode safely on the waters of the Thames; but the scheme at once collapsed, through the perversity of the fish in battering themselves to pieces against the sides of the vessels in which they were carried.

All his contemporaries unite in praising the unfailing good temper of Sir Richard Steele. "The best-natured creature in the world" is Young's enthusiastic phrase; and Benjamin Victor, who fell under Steele's spell in his declining days, learned that he, although an exile in Wales, retained his cheerful sweetness of temper to the last. This quality is conspicuously displayed in the delightful letters to his wife and children, of which Mr. Aitkin has with great judgment reprinted the larger portion. The age was not marked by exclusive devotion of husband to wife, nor by any excess of affection from a father to his children. But Steele never failed, however tried by an exacting Prue, in proper feeling for his helpmate; and the well of kindly regard for his children never dried up. The playful letters which he wrote to his daughters contain the most delightful nonsense in the world, far surpassing in simplicity and naturalness those of Swift to Stella. They conveyed amusement to his children, and even at this present date are invested with interest to the critical reader. His relations to

his political contemporaries are none the less marked by nobility of character. He endeavored to strike hard at his opponents, and often succeeded in his object; but his blows were more frequently prompted by the good of his country than for his own personal benefit, and he was often punished for his imprudence both by his enemies and his own political allies. A striking proof of the unscrupulousness which a peer of his own side could show comes out in the action taken by the Duke of Newcastle against Steele's theatrical patent — action, which, if not altered, would have ended in the victim's complete ruin. Steele's manliness of sentiment shines through every line of the feeling words which, after Harley's fall, he addressed to that defeated statesman. The language of the letter is as well-chosen as the expressions are noble.

When the narrative of Steele's life is finished, five appendices, with more elaborate information, are provided for the reader's delectation. Two of these discuss at some length the Steeles of Cheshire and other places, with whom the subject of the biography may have been akin; and the Fords of Barbados, a family of which his wife was a member. The remaining three deal with Steele's literary labors. One is a chronological table, showing the dates of the various performances of his plays, and the names of the several persons for whose benefit they were performed; a second reprints the music to which many of Steele's songs were set in his day. The third contains an exhaustive bibliography of the works composed by Sir Richard Steele and the pamphlets which relate to his troubled life. The editions of the *Spectator* alone occupy four pages, and to them may be added the long catalogue of the various periodicals with names the same as, or similar to, those adopted by Steele.

Mr. Aitken's labors are all-inclusive. Is not a reviewer justified in asking whether more could have been done by any student for the elucidation of Steele's career?

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Some legend old and weave a spell
About the fire-dog-guarded seat,
Where one may dream and taste the heat:
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Not much, but just enough to light
The room up when the fire is bright.
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All prose and all philosophy,
From Plato down to those who are
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And these tomes all should serve to show
How much we write—how little know;
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No one has ever solved it yet.
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The scientific books shall rest;
Beside them, History; above,—
Religion,—hope, and faith, and love:
Lastly, the southern wall should hold
The story-tellers, new and old;
Haroun al Raschid, who was truth
And happiness to all my youth,
Shall have the honored place of all
That dwell upon this sunny wall,
And with him there shall stand a throng
Of those who help mankind along
More by their fascinating lies
Than all the learning of the wise.
Such be the library; and take
This motto of a Latin make
To grace the door through which I pass:
Hic habitat Felicitas!

FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN.

—*The Century.*

A BOUUS NARRATIVE.

Dr. Murray's little army of workers who are exploring the whole field of English literature in quest of examples of the use of words are not merely assisting to build up a great English Dictionary; they are helping us to distinguish genuine old documents from modern forgeries. The latest result in this way concerns nothing less than Edward Clough's narrative of the death of the illustrious John Hampden, which is the foundation of Macaulay's picturesque and pathetic description, and has been accepted as the genuine narrative of an eyewitness for the last seventy years. Who was Edward Clough, and who Master Ezekiel, the "well-affected and godlye man," who received the wounded patriot in his house, nobody appears to have been able to discover, and as Mr. C. H. Firth points out in a letter to *The Academy*, there are in the narrative suspicious details. In this scepticism he is supported by Dr. Murray, on philological grounds. It is easy to affect an archaic diction; but not so easy to avoid expressions that our forefathers were not in the habit of using. Thus the pretended Clough makes use of such words and expressions as "Colonelcies;" "entered into," in the sense of "took part in;" "to forward," meaning to despatch; and "look up to," in the sense of "to respect," all of which were apparently unknown to Johnson, and appear to have been introduced by Burke or Coleridge, with the exception of "Colonelcy," which like "Baronetcy" and "Captaincy," seems to have been coined between 1810 and 1818. It will be hard if we have to part with the affecting picture of the great patriot "moving feebly out of the battle" at Chalgrove, with "his head drooping, and his hands leaning on his horse's neck"; but Dr.

Murray has come to the conclusion that the narrative, so circumstantially subscribed as "by me Edward Clough in the year of our Redemption 1643, is "not a genuine seventeenth century composition."



STEPHEN GABRIEL PEIGNOT.

For the pursuit of bibliography no field more favorable and prolific can easily be found than France. Many of her kings, princes, statesmen and favorites, have been great book collectors, and their names are devoutly revered by zealous bibliographers. The splendid editions and beautiful bindings once possessed by Henry of Valois and Diana of Poitiers are still of priceless value in the eyes of collectors, while the names of De Thou, Fouquet, La Vallière and others, enhance the merit and the cost of any book that may once have stood upon their shelves. To France we look for our great instructors in bibliography. De Bure and Brunet, Barbier and Quérard are household words with librarians, not to speak of innumerable French writers on special departments of the subject.

Chief among these specialists stands the name of Etienne Gabriel Peignot, whose laborious career came to an end so recently as the month of August, 1849, at the age of 82. He was born at Arc, in Barrois (Haute Marne), on the 15th May, 1767. His father destined him for the law, and for a time the young man practised as an advocate at Besançon.

He was twenty-two years old, when the Revolution broke out and the Bastille was taken. He was not much of a politician, but the tenor of his opinions may be gathered from the fact that, in 1791 he was one of the Constitutional Guard of Louis XVI. Under the Directory he was appointed

Librarian to the Central School of La Haute Saône at Vesoul, where he availed himself of the disorder caused by the Revolution to collect many valuable books, dispersed by the suppression of the monasteries and the flight of the aristocratic *émigrés*. Subsequently, under the Empire, he became Principal of the College in Vesoul. His next appointment was that of *Inspecteur de la Librairie* at Dijon. In 1815, after the Restoration, he was made Master of the Royal College of Dijon and Inspector of Studies at the Academy of the same town.

Though so different in his work and works from Thomas Hearne, there is something in the marvellous industry of Peignot that recalls the plodding penmanship of the Oxford literary antiquary. Peignot was an omnivorous reader, and he always read with a pen in his hand to note down any remark or fact that he thought worthy of preservation. In this way he accumulated materials for his numerous published and unpublished works. I am indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Folkard, the able Librarian of the Wigan Public Library, for a list of thirty-eight, which are to be seen in that Library. That collection is not complete. Quérard gives a list of sixty-seven separate works, of which he places twenty under Bibliography; nineteen under History and Biography; eight under Archaeology; four under Philology; eight under Literature; three under Fine Arts, and five under Elementary Instruction. Several of these are mere pamphlets. Over and above the printed books are about fifty works, which Peignot left in manuscript. Most of his printed works were issued in small numbers, and occasionally with the puerile distinction of impressions on colored paper, blue, green, pink, etc., and they soon become scarce.

The most extensive work among his manuscript remains was a commonplace book, which he entitled *Myriobiblon Français*, a *résumé* of fifty years reading, alphabetically arranged, in some twenty octavo volumes. His passion for collecting and classifying historical as well as literary facts is exemplified in a voluminous chronicle (unpublished) of all the executions of criminals from the sixth century to the year 1789. George Selwyn himself could hardly have desired a more interesting pocket volume. In this work all kinds of punishment inflicted by society in its own defence are described in detail and arranged reign by reign, and day by day in ghastly procession. A history of private and secret presses, with a list of their productions, forms another volume of the manuscript remains. Bibliographies relating to the inquisition, to the beard, the hair, to baldness, horses, and other out of the way topics, follow. This curious collection of MSS. is said to have been deposited in the Public Library of Dijon.

Of Peignot's printed works the most important for librarians and bibliographers in general, is the '*Dictionnaire raisonné de Bibliologie*,' 2 vol. 8vo., 1802, with a supplement of 374 pages, published in 1804. This work is full of valuable information, much of which has been conveyed into other books, without acknowledgment, by authors of some reputation. "An Englishman, Mr. Thomas Hartwell Horne," says Peignot in a notice of his own works, "has done me the honor to lay under contribution my Dictionary of Bibliology, and other bibliographical works of mine for the composition of his '*Introduction to the Study of Bibliography*,' 1814." M. Bailly, sub-librarian of the City Library at Paris, is also charged by Peignot with freely helping himself from the Dictionary in his '*Historical*

Notices of Ancient and Modern Libraries,' 1827. But the most shameless of all plagiarists, was a Dr. Namur, librarian of the University of Louvain, who adopted three-quarters of the work of Peignot and published it in his own name, as '*The Librarian's Manual*:' prefaces, matter, notes, all are the work of a pair of scissors applied to Peignot's Dictionary, and to the *Bibliographical Dictionary of Etienne Pseume*.

Peignot's '*Dictionary of works condemned to be burnt, suppressed or censured*,' 2 vol. 8vo., 1802, recommends itself by its very title as full of interest, though naturally it is far from being a complete list of its kind.

Not the least interesting of Peignot's works on art is the volume devoted to researches into the lugubrious pictorial sermon, known as the Dance of Death, so often seen during the later middle ages in churches, cloisters, and on the walls of cemeteries. The grotesque attitudes of the grim skeleton, as he invites or provokes his victims to their fates, are in strange contradiction to the solemnity suggested by the coming event. Peignot treats of the paintings at Basle, of Holbein's designs, and of designs, on the margins of ancient hour-books.

Much more might be said of Peignot's numerous works, were space not wanting. He was not a profound bibliographer, nor had he the advantage of a residence in the French capital, and a resort to its splendid collections. Still, his books form a curious library of their own, replete with information on matters small and great, and hardly ever make dull reading. In 1830, he published a list of his own works, because writings had been attributed to him, which were none of his. Some of his earliest productions too he had either forgotten or wished to disown. As

stated above, Peignot died at Dijon on the 14th August, 1849.

R. HARRISON.

Librarian of the London Library.

AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS.

A class of men detested by the blessed gods, and hateful to mortals, are autograph collectors. But they are comparatively harmless when they only gather the letters of the dead, and do not trouble the living with requests for a signature. Letters which are old enough are the materials of history, letters of to-day or yesterday ought not to be matters of sale and barter. The more respectable kind of collectors had a great holiday in the sale of their favorite relics at Messrs. Sotheby's on November 27. Here were epistles of Mr. Disraeli's written during the Indian Mutiny, and (if they are like most of his letters) very short, and all to the point. Beckford's notes were chiefly financial, not fantastic. Much more interesting, and not devoid of fantasy, were the letters of William Blake's old age. He expects "an immense flood of Grecian light and glory" to be poured over Europe. He is painting a set of his 'Songs of Innocence and Experience' for ten guineas. Five hundred dollars would be about their price to-day. 'Flaxman is gone, and we must all soon follow, every one to his own eternal mansion.' "In imagination," he says, "I am stronger and stronger as this foolish body decays." *Fortunate senex* we may say, thinking of this old age, so poor, so brave, so contented, and entertaining angels, not unawares. A letter of Mrs. Browning's very properly deprecates the publication of letters, but perhaps it is scarcely right to quote even the letter in which she says so, as it never was meant for

publication. There was a charming letter of Mr. Carlyle, written after reading the MS. of a book about Cromwell. The author should steam out one-third, "which may be accounted aqueous, and call it English Puritanism." Mr. Carlyle might have "steamed out" a good deal of his own Frederick, without seriously hurting the composition. In another letter Carlyle calls Burns "a Scottish Thor." He has read some pages of "the amiable, generous, but superannuated books" of Kenelm Digby, the modern, not the old writer of that name. "Baby Charles," when Prince of Wales was represented by a letter in which he orders £1,000 to be paid to his groom of the Bed chamber, Andrew Pitcairn. This gentleman may have met Riché Moniplies, and cut Nigel Olifant in St. James's Park. Why he was to receive so large a sum as £1,000 does not appear. A most quaint letter is from Dr. Doddridge on the death of "dear Colonel Gardiner" (slain at Prestonpans), "with whom I had the most tender and endearing friendship." His death, "though attended with such glorious circumstances, is the bitterest cup that providence ever put into my hands." Here is a real piece of history, a living voice out of the past.

George Eliot was represented by a letter on philological points which arose in 'Romola.' The epistle proves the care which she gave to the most elaborate, the most ambitious, but far from the most entertaining and spontaneous of her works. A letter from Mrs. Gaskell gives a woeful story of Haworth, its pestilent churchyard, and waterless condition. Miss Brontë knew which way the wind was, in the mornings, from the presence or absence of the breath of mortal decay. A civil highwayman starts up from the dust beneath Tyburn tree in a letter from Grainger, of the 'Sugar

Cane.' He has been robbed by a gentleman of the road, who left him his watch, and apologized for taking his money. "In France or Spain our death would have preceded the robbery." Mr. Grainger complains of Goldsmith's indolence as a correspondent. "His answer was that he never wrote a letter in his life, and faith I believe him, unless to a bookseller for money." Most authors must wish that they could be as resolute as Dr. Goldsmith. Johnsonian students found Bozzy well represented at Messrs. Sotheby's: Dr. Parr was there, if any one wanted him, and Scott appeared providing money for Johnson's amanuensis. There was a splendid specimen of that great letter writer, Charles Lamb: "O Coleridge, do kill those reviews, or they will kill us." He himself reviews, "Coelebs in Search of a Wife." "It has reached eight editions in as many weeks, yet literally it is one of the very poorest of common novels, with the drawback of dull religion in it." Religion has often made the success of more modern novels than 'Coelebs.' Lamb borrowed the tale from "a very careful neat lady," and returned it with this jingle;

If ever I marry a wife
I'll marry a landlady's daughter,
For then I may sit in the bar
And drink cold brandy and water.

A better autograph was the draft of Lamb's 'Helen,' the famous high-born Helen. It seems hardly so fair to sell letters by Mr. George Meredith; surely the private letters of living men, even if they happen to be men of genius, ought not to be quoted, and knocked down in auction rooms. The sale of such wares by booksellers at present is a public scandal and nuisance.

Historical in the true sense are now the letters of Lady Hamilton and Nelson. The great seaman hopes to

"get the French fleet in a corner. Come out they must some of these days, and I am determined that they shall not try my patience." Lady Hamilton says, nobly enough, I "would rather give to my country than take from it." She did not take much. Mr. Ruskin does not escape the fate of having his private letters sold, a fate which will, in the long run, prevent people from daring to write interesting letters. Shelley's letters to Peacock have been published; they are of high interest, and what collector would not give his favorite prize in exchange for the original copy of 'When the lamp is shattered,' and so forth? Charles Dickens was represented by a most kind and friendly letter to John Leech on the death of a child. He declines to describe to a statue of Shakspeare in London "among the London statues." A quantity of biographical notes on Mr. Thackeray will perhaps never get out of the stage of manuscript. Mr. Thackeray was particularly anxious to have the distinction of being unrecorded in biography. An unpublished poem by the same Eminent Hand was no doubt an attractive thing to the wealthy, but beyond the hopes of common purses. We can read the old poems over again, and be resigned.

As I walked in the grass green alleys
Where fringes of beech trees grow,
I thought of the close cut lindens
And the fishes of Fontainebleau.

So the piece begins. Another poet, Shelley, addresses the renowned Miss Clare Clairmont as "my best girl." This, as the catalogue remarks in italics, is *most interesting*. Miss Clare was his "dearest friend." He was a very affectionate creature, Shelley. About Jane Williams the poet writes from Lerici, just before his death. "It is a pity that one so pretty and amiable should be selfish." Was the in-

terest in Jane wearing off, or was Bysshe too old a bird to praise one lady in the hearing of another? Then we have Shelley in a rich anger with Godwin, who objected when the bard went off with his daughter. Godwin's genius had taught Shelley "to expect more from his virtue." "Isn't it fun?" as Mrs. Rawdon Crawley said, all this eloquence of Shelley's about "virtue." As far as women were concerned, did Shelley's virtue ever once stand in the way of his inclinations? Disputes on these delicate matters appear to have no end, and will probably be revived by these autographs, and by Mrs. Marshall's *Life of Mrs. Shelley*.

TO THE RESCUE—LANG!

(With abundant thanks),

Much as critics are despised of men, it is fair to remember that, in some sort, we are all critics. Everyone who reads a novel or sees a play, and gives his opinion of either performance, is a critic, although he does not publish his ideas in print. Everyone, too—or the majority at least—is apt at present to be a little intolerant and exclusive. If we like one kind of thing we are apt to blame every other kind of thing. With us it is 'Eclipse first and all the rest nowhere.' Just at the present hour I am not conscious of having any Eclipse in the stable of Fancy—any favorite author, dead or alive, who has no competitors in my appreciation. But, for the moment, as I guess, a celebrated American critic and novelist has chosen Miss Austen for *his* favorite. If ever there was an impeccable artist in fiction, an artist perfect and irreproachable, it was Miss Austen. Yet one cannot agree that all the rest, in England even, are nowhere, that all writers sin in proportion as they deviate from

this type of refinement, truth, and humor. Mr. Howells, in the November *Harper's Magazine*, appears, if I do not misconstrue him, to hold this opinion. 'The art of fiction, as Jane Austen knew it, declined from her through Scott, and Bulwer, and Dickens, and Charlotte Brontë, and Thackeray, and even George Eliot, because the mania of romanticism had seized upon all Europe, and these great authors could not escape the taint of their time. . . .' But is it fair to regard Scott, for example, as a writer who started from the ideal of Miss Austen, and then was corrupted by 'the taint of romanticism'? Scott's remark about 'the big bow-wow,' which he 'could do himself as well as anyone,' is very well known and was worthy of that generous nature. It may be less familiar that Sir Walter wrote the review of Miss Austen in the *Quarterly* (No. xxvii.), and said there in public what he thought in private. 'She has produced sketches of such spirit and originality that we never miss the excitation which depends upon a narrative of uncommon events, arising from the consideration of minds, manners, and sentiments greatly above our own. In this class she stands almost alone . . . her *dramatis personæ* conduct themselves upon the motives and principles which the readers may recognize as ruling their own [life] and that of most of their acquaintances.' One is obliged to supply the word in brackets, for grammar was not Scott's strongest point. All this is perfectly true. Miss Austen is supreme in her own dominion. But there are other dominions; in this house of art there are many mansions. We can hardly regard Scott, or Thackeray, or the rest as persons who decline from the ideal of Miss Austen, because they attempted hundreds of things on which she never ventured, and did them admir-

ably well. Mr. Howells might admire Scott more if 'St. Ronan's Well' were the central type of his work, and if he had retrenched from all 'narrative of uncommon incidents.' This is just the kind of individual taste and judgment which the world is not made to acquiesce in. Balfour of Burley is an uncommon character; so are King James and Le Balafre, Dugald Dalgetty, and Hal of the Wynd, and Martha Trapbois. Uncommon they are, but are they not as true to nature as Anne Elliot or Elizabeth Bennett? Is it wrong, is it failure and decline, to be acquainted with and to paint persons uncommon as well as common, scenes and events unfamiliar as well as familiar?

'How could people,' cries Mr. Howells, talking of us 'poor islanders,' 'how could people who had once known the simple verity, the refined perfection of Miss Austen, enjoy anything less refined and less perfect?' Well, there are good qualities, wholly beyond Miss Austen's province, which people desire no less or even more than they desire refinement and perfection.

There is room and place for many other poets, novels, students of human existence. If one might venture on an *argumentum ad hominem* one might ask, How did America, once familiar with the refinement and perfection of Hawthorne, 'come to enjoy anything less refined and less perfect?' It is true that Hawthorne, was knowingly and of set purpose, romantic, but he was in his art perfect and refined. Yet the Americans, very properly, naturally, and inevitably, enjoy many works that are very remote from the qualities of Hawthorne. It is vain for criticism to demand that, having once found what is exquisite in one style, we shall be thankful, declining to enjoy what is less perfect or what is different, but good in some

other manner. As the poet says—

The world is so full of a number of things
I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

* * *

Mr. Howells, referring to me in a very flattering manner as 'an ingenious English magazinist,' seems vexed that I have spoken of the pleasure and consolation which the old age of George Sand found in Alexandre Dumas. I had asked whether Madame Sand would have found 'this anodyne and this stimulus in the novels of M. Tolstoi, M. Dostoiefsky, M. Zola, of any of the scientific observers whom we are actually requested to hail as the masters of a new art, the art of the future.' Well, I still think that neither anodyne nor stimulus would have been discovered—given the circumstances of the reader—in the works of those masters. We may say for certain about M. Flaubert at least that Madame Sand knew him and admired him, that she lent the comfort of her courage and wisdom to M. Flaubert when his own morbid and unhappy temperament was shaken by unamiable criticism, by his own failure to win, through his later novels, the success which attended his 'Madame Bovary.' Madame Sand in her correspondence consoled and strengthened him. It was not, however, to his 'L'Education Sentimentale' that she turned for help. 'When I am ill, anxious and melancholy, tired, discouraged, nothing helps me like a book of Dumas,' she said to M. Borie. For these qualities, then, of vigor and consoling diversion one ventured to praise Dumas, without denying merit to M. Zola, M. Tolstoi, M. Dostoiefsky. For them too there is of course ample room; they too are admirable in their own ways and in their hour. 'Perfection' and 'refinement,' of course, one cannot seriously affirm that they always attain. In 'Anna Karénine,' for example, there

is a disconnected profusion, a crowding, a lack of proportion which no impartial critic, however favorable, can overlook. These defects, at least, were not overlooked by Mr. Matthew Arnold. Yet we may admire the novel even though we are acquainted with the qualities of Miss Austen. One merely denies that these admired authors are 'to have the whole world to themselves, and all the time, and all the praise.' Were they granted these exclusive rights, perhaps it is not untrue to say that they would 'turn time into tedium.' Any exclusive admiration, if it could impose its idol or its ideal on the world, and could reject everything else, would make literature a dismal affair.

* * *

In one respect Señor Valdes, whom Mr. Howells quotes, and Mr. Howells himself, seem, as foreigners, to misunderstand the taste of 'the higher classes of society,' of 'smart people' (as Mr. Howells puts it) in France and England. Señor Valdes thinks that the books of M. Arsène Houssaye and M. Georges Ohnet are 'much in vogue among the higher classes of society.' This opinion will surprise M. Jules Lemaitre, and 'Gyp,' as it would have astonished the late M. Charles Asselineau. Mr. Howells adds, 'Doubtless the ideal of those poor islanders' (ourselves) will be finally changed. If the truth could become a *fad* it would be accepted by all their 'smart people.' But the truth to Mr. Howells's mind, is it not M. Tolstoi? About 'smart people,' it may be asserted that Mr. Howells's favorite authors are *their* favorite authors; that 'Anna Karénine,' for example, is at present one of the most 'fashionable' of novels.' It does not at all seem to me that this vogue proves it to be one of the most excellent of novels. However, if intense approval of M. Tolstoi's works

be a sign of civilization (as it certainly is of 'culture'), let Mr. Howells be comforted. 'Smart people' in this benighted isle are on the right path. They prefer 'Anna Karénine' to 'The Fortunes of Nigel.' I am not 'smart' enough for that in any sense of the term 'smart.'

* * *

On the other hand, it is not easy to be moral with the morality of Transatlantic criticism. Mr. Howells does not think it much to be the death-bed comfort of a woman who is supposed to have needed medicining of a narcotic kind from a past of inedifying experiences.' The lady referred to is Madame Sand, against whom Mr. Howells throws by no means the first stone. A person may be old, ill, melancholy, even with an edifying past, and Mr. Howells's assault, in the circumstances, is rather edifying than chivalrous. On the whole one may prefer Mrs. Browning's to Mr. Howells's criticism of Madame Sand's character; one may like better to remember her masculine virtues than her unfeminine faults. But by a cruel Nemesis, Mr. Maurice Thompson, in *America*, says much the same unkind things, and I think as inappropriately, about Mr. Howells's favorite, Madame Karénine, as Mr. Howells himself hints about Madame Sand. Madame Karénine, as Mr. Thompson very plainly says, broke the seventh commandment. Are we to agree with him that she is, therefore, no fit heroine of a novel? This, again, to a poor islander seems to be pushing morality rather far. Nobody is likely to be led, by the example of the unhappy Anne Karénine, into 'unedifying experiences.' However, Mr. Howells and Mr. Thompson may be left to settle between themselves the precise amount of error which is interesting in a heroine and unedifying in an author. For my own part, it

seems that I think fiction 'ought to do the office of hyoscyamus or bromide of potassium.' I do not know what the qualities of hyoscyamus are; as to bromide of potassium, if it is at all like bromide of sodium I have found it a rather ineffectual soporific. If I really thought that fiction should be a soporific I should be thankful, for novels of a sleepy quality are not far to seek even in American literature. But one rather holds that, among the boons of fiction, we should esteem that charm of *nepenthe* which the wife of Thon of Egypt gave to Helen. *Nepenthe*, as Mr. Howells may read in the fourth book of the 'Odyssey,' was no soporific, but something rarer and better, something that went well with the telling of a story.

Really there is room for all sorts of fiction, if we would only acknowledge it and cease to regard our favorites as alone in the field. This habit of mind it is which makes Mr. Howells write about Mr. Thackeray as if he were mainly a 'caricaturist,' as if the passages in which the author comes forward exactly like the Greek chorus were unmannerly interruptions. Others cannot achieve this feat; it is better for them not to try it. Fielding and Thackeray had this art; nobody denies that Thackeray overdid it into a trick sometimes; we all have our defects. But conceive the mental condition of the critic who, with *Beatrice Esmond* smiling on him across the years, can speak of Thackeray as 'the caricaturist Thackeray.' It is much more kind, and even very much more original, in Mr. Howells to allow that Mr. Thackeray produced works 'whose beauty is surpassed only by the effect of a more poetic writer in the novels of Thomas Hardy.' To have a greater than Thackeray here is no consolation. Mr. Hardy, fortunately, may long be

more poetic than Mr. Thackeray in his later works. As the author of 'Esmond' says—

For a man—to let the truth out—
Who's had almost every tooth out
Cannot sing as once he sung,
When he was young as you are young,
When songs were sung and lutes were strung,
And love lamps in the window hung.

And yet his unfriends never discovered that he had 'almost every tooth out.'

ANDREW LANG.

ALONE.

When cinders fall below the grate,
And silent hands show hours are late;
When all the house is plunged in sleep,
And winds around my lattice creep;
When stretched at length upon the rug
Lies wrapped in dreams my honest Pug;—
Then by my cosy chimney nook
I ponder o'er my pleasant book.

Perhaps it is Cervantes' page,
That tells of old Quixote's rage,
As riding forth with spear at rest
Himself to gallant deeds addressed;
Perhaps again with Dan Defoe
I thread the tale of poor Crusoe,
And watch him as he seaward floats,
Or dances with his bearded goats.

Sometimes 'tis Shakspeare's magic line
That charms my sense as half divine;
Sometimes 'tis Goldsmith's verse or prose
That through my thoughts so sweetly flows;
Macaulay's page with beauties rife,
Or Boswell's never-falling "Life,"
Or Walter Scott enchants me sure
With Kenilworth and Lammermoor.

Or, if by serious thoughts possessed,
I turn me to the Volume blessed,
Or soar on Milton's pinions strong
Through regions of celestial song,
Or pause o'er Bunyan's simple tale,
While Christian treads the fearful vale,
Or from the hills in glad surprise
The shining city he describes.

And thus when grow the hours so late,
And cinders fall below the grate,
When all the house is plunged in sleep,
And winds outside my lattice sweep,
When stretched at length upon the rug
And wrapped in dreams lies honest Pug,—
Then in my cosy chimney nook
I ponder still my pleasant book.

T. J. CHAPMAN.

LANDOR'S CRITICAL JUDGMENT.

I never knew a man whose friendships and dislikes so interfered with his literary judgment. One curious instance of this I recall. He was a warm friend of the present Lord Lytton, and when one of his poems (I cannot remember at the moment which it was) was first published he was very anxious to see and read it, and expressed this desire one morning to Mrs. Browning. "I have just received a copy," said she, "and I will send it over to you at once, before reading it myself." He thanked her and went home, and, in accordance with her promise, she sent him the poem. Not a half hour elapsed, however, before the book was brought back to her with no message. She was naturally surprised, and when, an hour or two later, he called upon her, she asked him if he had read it. "Oh, that book you sent me this morning! Read it! Good God! who could read a book that begins with 'But'? Not I—not I!" "But," replied Mrs. Browning, "that was Lord Lytton's new book that you wished so to see." "God bless me!" he exclaimed; "was it indeed? I had not the least idea of it. Pray send it to me again." She did so, and the result was that the next time he saw her he said that "it was the finest thing he ever read in his life." So, too, I remember, when he was staying with me at Siena, I once lent him, at his earnest request, a manuscript poem of my own—a longish poem, dramatic in character. It was a delightful Summer's afternoon, and we were all sitting on our green terrace—some of us painting, some reading, some sewing—and Landor sat a little apart reading this manuscript. Suddenly, when all were silent, he slapped the manuscript down upon his knee, and

cried out in a high voice: "God bless my soul! Shakspeare never wrote anything half so fine as that." We all with one accord burst into a fit of laughter. What could one say? I only tell you this story to show you how his friendships interfered with his judgment. He even laughed himself when we did. How could he help it?—*Blackwood's Magazine*.



MRS. BROWNING'S POEMS.

The first volume of the new and complete edition of the poems of Elizabeth Barrett Browning has just been published by Messrs. Smith & Elder. This edition will be made up of six monthly volumes, and it will be uniform with the lately published edition of Mr. Robert Browning's poems and dramas. We are promised in the volumes several portraits of Mrs. Browning at different periods of her life. One of these ornaments the opening of the first volume. It is a curiously interesting picture of a little girl of nine years, holding up a flower in her right hand, while, with the left she turns up the front of her skirt so as to make a receptacle in which to carry a lap full of flowers. The simple charm of the gauzy little dress is set off by the unstudied attitude of the child. The face is one which might already have forewarned of a coming poetess. The eyes have a depth of expression in them which might almost remind one of some of Raphael's angels. There is something of an old-world look, too, on the face with its well-traced eyebrows—a sort of look as of one who had already seen and thought much; who saw things that all others did not see; who might as well have had fairies as flowers for her companions. No one who studies that face will be surprised to hear that the owner of it

composed a poem on Marathon when she was only fourteen years of age. Some of her biographers indeed have made her out to be even more precocious. Mr. Ingram, who certainly is very careful about his work, has fallen into the error of other writers and described her as having written the poem on Marathon at the age of eleven. The mistake is corrected by Mr. Robert Browning in a short preface to this first volume. Mr. Browning also corrects some other mistakes. The very birth of Elizabeth Browning was a subject of controversy and common mistake. There was debate as to its time and as to its place. Mr. Browning sets all controversy at rest. The poetess was borne at Coxhoe Hall, West Durham, the residence of her father's brother, and the birth took place on the 6th of March, 1806. The biographers of Mrs. Browning generally make her birthday three years later, and Mr. Ingram, like others, gives London as the place of her birth. It is not of much consequence perhaps when or where a poet is born, if only he or she is born; but still as biographies have to be, it is necessary that their facts and dates should be correct. Mrs. Browning is commonly described as the eldest daughter of her father. We now learn on Mr. Browning's authority that the eldest daughter died in her childhood.

Another biographical mistake Mr. Browning points out. Mr. Ingram tells that Mrs. Browning's father obtained for her when she was very young "the tutorial assistance of the well known Greek scholar, Hugh Stuart Boyd." Mr. Browning explains that there was nothing tutorial in the relationship of Mr. Boyd to the young Elizabeth Barrett. He was a man who had lost his sight early in life from over study; who cared for little else than Greek, especially the Greek

Fathers, and who had a wonderful memory, and could repeat long passages from his favorite St. Gregory. He lived at Malvern, and Elizabeth visited him frequently, "partly from her own love of Greek, and partly from a desire for the congenial society of one to whom her attendance might be helpful." There is something charming in this suggested picture of the girl-poetess devoting so much of her time to the companionship of the blind old scholar. But she was not taught Greek by him; she had no "tutorial assistance" from him. "In point of fact," Mr. Browning says, "she was self-taught in almost every respect." Mr. Browning closes his little preface with the words: "Many other particulars concerning other people in other 'Biographical Memoirs which have appeared in England or elsewhere' for some years past are similarly 'mistaken and mis-stated;' but they seem better left without notice by anybody." The allusion to the Biographical Memoirs which have appeared in England or elsewhere, and the words "mistaken and mis-stated," are employed in reference to certain observations of Mr. Ingram's own about other biographical notices of Elizabeth Browning, and are used by Mr. Browning in the spirit of sarcasm. This first volume contains 'A Drama of Exile;' 'The Seraphim;' 'Prometheus Bound,' from *Æschylus*; the 'Lament for Adonis,' from Bion; 'A vision of Poets,' and 'The Poet's Vow;' and the poetess's prefaces and dedications. It seems hardly correct to speak of Mrs. Browning as a poetess. She stands too high to be classed according to her sex. By common consent there is a place in literature at which an "authoress" drops that title and becomes an "author." In the same sense we ought perhaps to speak of Elizabeth Browning as a poet. Thus denoted her place would

be high indeed. But if on the other hand we regard her as a poetess, then her position is almost absolutely unique in literature; quite unique indeed in modern literature. Since Sappho no woman has equalled her in poetic power, and fire, and pathos. There was a time when our forefathers had to put up with Joanna Baillie and Mrs. Hemans as poetesses, and when there was literary excitement over the verses of Miss Landon. Christopher North spoke of the "originality of the genius" of Miss Landon. "That Joanna Baillie is a true dramatist as well as a great poet," wrote Miss Mitford, "I for one can never doubt." "Woman" said Byron, "save Joanna Baillie, cannot write tragedy." Some of Joanna Baillie's shorter poems do still survive, and some still are sung, but the Plays on the Passions would hardly hold a modern audience, and indeed the world does not know whether Joanna Baillie could write tragedy or not. Byron, it may be remarked, was singularly generous in his descriptions of minor poets and poetesses, at least when he had got over the days of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and the mood for lashing out at all contemporary poets great and small. When Elizabeth Barrett came to write she soon made it clear that a new chapter in England's literary history had been opened, and that a woman was to be a poet. Her work has been long enough before the world to enable us to say with certainty that it has found its place. 'The Cry of the Children' rang into every heart, and is ringing there still. It has passed into our feelings and into our social life. Its echo will not be unheard, even if there should come a time when there are no more overworked and joyless children. 'The Cry of the Children' was given to the world in the year

following the publication of Hood's 'Song of the Shirt.'

Mrs. Browning has, of course, done greater things than 'The Cry of the Children.' We are not, however, about to indulge in any, criticism or even in any eulogy of her best poems. Our only object now is to express the gratification which we feel at the announcement of the complete issue of her works under such auspicious conditions. We need her poems: she does not need our criticism or our praise. The fame of Mrs. Browning is assured; her position has been definitely appointed in the literature of her time. There have been admirers who extravagantly over-praised her, but whose extravagance could not affect or injure her permanent and abiding reputation. There have been writers who were guilty of more extravagance of disparagement. The public had a painful opportunity of judging an instance of this kind lately when the privately expressed opinion of a distinguished man of letters was unhappily allowed to find its way into print. But to true ability the golden mean between over-praise and under-praise is reached at last, and Mrs. Browning may be considered to have taken her appointed place in the literature of the Victorian age. No more decisive proof of her popularity—were any proof necessary—could be found than in the appearance of a collected edition of her works. The two volumes of selections from her writings which her husband had already given to the world had enjoyed a demand rivalling that of the selections from Mr. Browning's own poems; her separate volumes command a regular sale; those of her works which have been permitted to pass into that mysterious and melancholy state which is known as being "out of print" are pursued with passion across the columns of catalogues

and the records of sales by eager bibliophiles, bibliophiles who will find consolation for the appearance of a collected edition of Mrs. Browning's works in the knowledge that a few, a very few, volumes are printed on large paper, and must in their time become *Rarissimi*.



TUPPER AS A DRAMATIST.

The late Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper once aspired to distinction as a dramatist. His 'Washington, a Drama in Five Acts,' was written in 1875, as a note by the author records, "for the Centenary of American Independance," and was "intended for representation in the United States." Mr. Tupper was bitterly disappointed at his failure to induce any manager of a leading theatre in America to produce his piece. It is in blank verse, and introduces Washington and his wife, Benedict Arnold and his sister Mary, Patrick Henry, John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, the Marquis de La Fayette, and Major André. The General is rather more addicted in the play to long rhetorical speeches than history would warrant us in expecting, and the drama suffers from a general excess of dialogue over action. Stirring business, however, is provided in the fourth act. Mr. Tupper, who quietly drops poor Honora Sneyd, supposes André and Mary Arnold to be betrothed; and he represents his heroine as stealing upon the privacy of Washington when the latter is lying sick in the camp at Valley Forge, and making a desperate attempt to stab him after the later fashion of Charlotte Corday. This is in revenge for his obdurate determination that André shall be executed as a spy. The General, however, having been saved by the timely interposition of Mrs.

Washington, who appears to be campaigning with her husband, the latter generously condones the treacherous act; for the author, who, like Mr. Puff, had a fancy for complexity in the sentimental relations of his personages, has imagined Mary to be no other than the "unknown lowland beauty," the "earliest love" of Washington, who, recognising her, addresses her gallantly as "My unknown passion flower of hot sixteen!" On the whole, it seems a pity that American playgoers were baulked of the entertainment which they undoubtedly might have derived from Mr. Tupper's bold method of handling his historical materials.



DICKENS CHARACTERS.

A reviewer, in noticing the 'Reminiscences' of Mr. Glover, threw some doubt on the latter's statement that the original of Cheeryble Brothers resided at Manchester. This elicited an exceedingly interesting reply from Mr. W. Lincolne, who corroborates, from his own personal knowledge, the contention of Mr. Glover. The firm (he says) consisted of two brothers, William and Daniel Grant, who had entered Manchester years before, as a couple of lads, with all their belongings tied up in a bundle, and who afterwards set up a landmark known as Grant's Stone on the spot where they sat down to rest when they first came in sight of their journey's end. Their warehouse was in Cannon Street and it was with much interest I found myself sent there on one occasion to make a business inquiry. I did not know what to expect, but when, in response to my kick at the customary counting-house barrier, I attracted the attention of an old clerk at the far end, the agility with which he

swung himself round, planted his pen in his ear, and said, "Your pleasure, sir?" made me say to myself, "This must be Tim Linkinwater," and I involuntarily looked up to see if his birdcage were hanging above my head. It was well known he had refused to be pensioned off, though possibly not for the precise reason that Dickens puts into his mouth. I at once saw William Grant's carriage, and *personnel* was very like that attributed to him; but it was a disappointment to find his brother was of a different build, taller and more gentlemanly. I had not allowed sufficiently for a novelist's licence.

I cannot just now refer to Dickens's preface, but should think to those who can read between the lines it must be capable of being read in a *Pickwickian* sense, as Nicholas Nickleby himself was undoubtedly Dickens's own brother-in-law, and Kate Nickleby his own sister. 'Nickleby' had come to Manchester to introduce Hullah's system of singing, and I made his acquaintance by becoming one of his first pupils. He had had the honor of singing before George IV., and had been upon the stage, as set forth in the novel; but, notwithstanding his artistic surroundings, was startlingly radical in his political opinions.

An amusing instance of this occurred during the Manchester strike in 1842, which also helped me to understand what had hitherto puzzled me, how so unassuming and mild-mannered a youth could have been roused up to thrashing the schoolmaster. We were returning from one of his classes when he began telling us what he had that day seen. A poor drunken fellow was staggering along Oldham Street, when a policeman came up and began knocking him about, "first this way and then that," &c. Suddenly he burst out with, "Tis

enough to *make* the people rebels," and there, thought I to myself, is the explanation of Nicholas Nickleby.

As it seems a pity to lose the identity of any of Charles Dickens's characters, it may be interesting to know that his son was the original Paul Dombey, and did really put the famous question, "Papa, what is money?"

If I may go on with my own 'Reminiscences,' for I seem to have come across quite a cluster of Dickens's celebrities, I may mention that Smike is still living in Bury St. Edmunds, where he keeps a toy shop. I had heard he was not unwilling to be recognised as such and therefore introduced myself a few years ago as "afriend of Nicholas Nickleby." He is a tall, hatchet-faced old gentleman, who said he had been sent to school by his uncle, had run away from it, and knew that its exposure by Dickens had been the ruin of the establishment.

Carker was connected, through his father, with an eminent engineering firm, and lived in Oxford Road, where I have myself seen him prowling about, a nuisance to all the servant girls in the neighborhood. He, Major Bagstock, Mrs. Skewton, whose real name was Campbell, and her daughter, were all well-known characters in Leamington. A jeweller there (since dead) described the old lady to me as "laced up to the nines" so tightly, that before speaking she had to catch hold of the counter railing to recover her breath. He had so often spoken of her as *Mrs. Skewton*, that when she came into the shop one day he fell into the grievous mistake of addressing her as such. "My name is *not* Skewton," was the indignant reply, to which, of course, he could only offer the profoundest apologies.

Some fifty years ago the Shannon coach, running between Ipswich and

London, was driven by a big, burly old fellow named Cole, and he, I have been lately told, was the veritable elder Weller. I did not know it at the time, but can well believe it from the quaintness of a remark he made the last time I was riding with him. Having left that part of the country for some years, I was asking after his companion, Stedman. "Stedman? Law bless you, sir! He's been dead this many a year. Leastways, if he *ain't* they've used him *werry bad*, for—they've *buried him!*"

As the "White Horse," Ipswich—which was the stopping place of the "Shannon"—is proud of its connection with Pickwick, and has his name on a portion of its premises, it is possible the above details may interest some of your readers.—*The Bookworm.*

JOHN DAVIS THE NAVI- GATOR.

"Great Explorers," by land and sea, are to have their "series" of handy volumes like everybody else; and we do not know that the set of geographical books could have begun better than it has with a Life of John Davis, (Philip, London,) from the thoroughly competent pen of Mr. Clements Markham. Some notion of geography is necessary even to the "gentlemen of lazy literature," and still more so to those who study with an object. The young folks cannot be taught too early to keep their maps open beside them when they read, even if they do not ground themselves in a science never more important, not to say essential, than it is now. How much history and biography is forgotten because the eager learner would not stop to track the course of events and men upon the map! To link the personal adventures of the discoverer with accurate accounts and maps of

his discoveries, is one of the surest ways of fixing the attention and giving a more or less solid basis to the random readings, as well as the regular studies of the young—or the old. The "series" now begun should, at all events, operate as a stimulant to the acquisition of knowledge in the boundless field of geography, where the hoary scholar, even, incessantly finds more worlds to conquer.

Naturally, the centre of interest in Mr. Markham's book is not the famous discoveries on the borders of the icy North-West three hundred years ago, but the character and qualities of John Davis, who made them. The Straits into which he carried his ships are familiarly known by his name, while only the studious in Arctic or seafaring lore know any thing of the man who bore it. A few names, indeed, left high above the flood of oblivion, represent on our maps whole generations of vanished heroic seamen, not of one race or nation, nor of one age, but of many races, nations and ages. John Davis is one of the few. He came into the world after the dawn, he flourished in the sunrise, of modern Arctic discovery. Among those who went before him were Cabot, Cartier, Corte-real, and Frobisher, and his immediate successors were Hudson, Fox, and Baffin. Born in Devon, on the banks of the Dart, his playmates, as Mr. Markham pleasantly imagines, were Humphrey and Adrian Gilbert and Walter Raleigh; at all events, in after life the two latter were among his most faithful friends. But nothing is known of his youth. Somewhere, perhaps at Totness, he got a "classical education;" anyway, he had fair schooling. Yet, like Baffin, we first get sight of him when he is a grown man. At twenty-eight, he comes on the scene as an accomplished sailor, marries soon afterwards

Faith, daughter of Sir John Fulford, and still later projects his plan for the discovery of a North-West Passage to China and India. The merchants were eager to help, the mariners were keen on the business, the official world—at least one of its members, Walsingham—was ready to lend support. Apparently Davis did much to convince the Secretary and secure his confidence; but the effective aid came from the City, where "Master William Sanderson," a rich and enlightened merchant, "advanced the largest share of the funds" required to fit out the expedition. And what an expedition wherewith to win new worlds,—one craft of fifty, and another of thirty-five tons! Verily our ancestors were wont to do great things with very small means, whether it were to fight an Armada or contend with the tempests and the icebergs of Arctic and Antarctic seas.

Davis made three voyages to the North-West, 1585-87; he did not find the passage, but he pointed to the way and indicated the road also to the region since made famous as the hunting-ground of the Hudson's Bay Company. "He was," says Mr. Markham, "a God-fearing man, gentle and courteous, considerate and thoughtful of the welfare of his crew, and beloved by his men—a very perfect specimen of an English sailor in the days of the great Queen." His amiability, indeed, appears even in the preparation for his first Arctic voyage, and when the Eskimo were first met, near what is now Godthaab, his forethought was justified. He had landed on an island where he met the natives:—

"Hearing the shouting and noise, Captain Burton and Master Ellis of the 'Moonshine' (thirty-five tons), manned their boat, took the four musicians on board, and hurried either to rescue their chief or co-operate in his attempt to conciliate the natives [for which very purpose the mu-

sicians had been shipped at Dartmouth]. When they arrived, Captain Davis caused the musicians to play, while he and his companions danced and made signs of friendship."

What a picture! and one is glad to know that the simple method was successful, at least for a time, and that perfect confidence was established. In his second voyage, when he had a larger ship, and reaching Greenland, sent a boat ashore, the Eskimo, recognising some of the crew, "hung about the boat with such a comfortable joy as would require a long discourse to be uttered." Davis gave them knives, refusing skins offered in exchange, saying that they were "given of courtesie." He set them to playing games, when, though the sailors were the better at the long-jump, the Eskimo proved the more skilful wrestlers. But his fine conduct did not prevent the Eskimo from stealing; he fired blank cartridge to frighten them, and the men said that his "friendly using gave them stomach for mischief." One of his Captains, Pope, went up the East Coast of Greenland, and we note that his men, who played football with the natives, showing amity, also had to fight with them, which implies provocation. Nothing, however, could move Davis from the gentler methods, which in the end proved fatal to him. In Arctic annals he occupies a high place. Two of the straits indicated by him "actually are North-West passages." The practical results of his work "were the opening of a most lucrative whale and seal fishery in Davis Strait, the extension of the cod-fishery to the coast of Labrador, and the eventual recolonization of Greenland." And it is well said that "he lighted Hudson into his strait he lighted Baffin into his Bay; he lighted Hans Egede to the scene of his Greenland labors," so that the Cross, found by him in the grave of some early

Norse colonists, was once more erected on the shores of that rediscovered continent.

Davis was not a man of war, but he took part in battle, when needful, heartily, as he did all things. His share in the defeat of the Armada was a humble, but useful one, and he had a place in Cumberland's expedition to the Azores, and probably in the famous capture of Cadiz. His business, however, was discovery, and that induced him to sail with Cavendish in his second voyage, for he hoped, after passing the Straits of Magellan, to pass up the West Coast of America, and return home by the Arctic seas. It was a disastrous adventure, for Cavendish behaved ill; and Davis, having to encounter mutiny as well as famine, barely escaped with his life, landing at Berehaven "as lost wanderers upon thesea," and finding at his home on the Dart that the faithless Faith, his wife, had fled with one Milbourne, who, when Davis returned, got him arrested on a charge which was proved to be false. Faith died soon afterwards, and Raleigh said that Milbourne was likely to be hanged for coining. During part of his widowhood, he wrote two books, from one of which, setting forth reasons in favor of the existence of a North-West Passage, Markham quotes a striking paragraph, almost a prediction, in due time largely fulfilled, although "the passage by the North-West" proved useless. When it was made good, said Davis,—

"Then will her [Queen Elizabeth's] stately seat of London be the storehouse of Europe, the nurse of the world, and the renown of nations; and all this by means of the excellent commodity of her position, the mightiness of her trade by force of shipping thereby arising, and most abundant access and intercourse from all the Kingdoms of the world. Then shall the idle hand be scorned, and plenty by industry in all this land proclaimed."

He could not charm the ears of the Lords of the Council, and his future voyages were either trading ven-

tures, or expeditions to the Eastern seas. With a Dutch captain and crew, serving as "chief pilot," he went by the Cape of Good Hope to Achen, in Sumatra, where all of them were nearly murdered by the Malays, Davis using his weapon against the treacherous assailants. When he returned home, the East India Company was about to send forth its first squadron under Captain James Lancaster. The service of Davis was eagerly sought again as chief pilot, and the "splendid success" of the venture was in great part due to his skill as a navigator. Unfortunately, he quitted the Company, lured away by an old friend, Sir Edward Michelbourne, who sailed east on his own account, and induced Davis to ship with him. They arrived safely off the East Coast of the Malay Peninsula; but when there, fell in with a junk crowded with Japanese pirates. Michelbourne befriended them, but while at anchor, the Japanese resolved to seize the ship. There was some reason to suspect them, but Davis, who was ordered to disarm those who came on board, could not bring him his life, for they suddenly swarmed into the ship, and meeting Davis as he emerged from the cabin, they killed him, but did not get the ship, Michelbourne and his men being too tough, and by no means gentle in dealing with pirates. So died this great seaman, who worked not for profit but love, who married science to experience, advanced the art of navigation, invented new instruments, and added largely by surveys to geographical knowledge. Mr. Markham, who has told so well the story of his life, says that his fault was a weakness arising from good nature. He was too facile, and preferred expostulation when he should have used needful force. Still, and the narrative bears out the

eulogium, "John Davis, the great discoverer, the scientific seaman, the consummate pilot, takes rank among the foremost sea-worthies of the glorious reign of Queen Elizabeth." The book is a good piece of work, and should be popular.



MR. PATMORE'S ESSAYS.

In a small volume of about two hundred pages, Mr. Patmore has condensed the result of much thought upon subjects connected more or less closely with the art of which he is a master. Art, in the largest sense of the word, comprehends all the forms in which men of genius utter what is in them; and Mr. Patmore is no more straying from his special business as a poet by writing upon architecture, than Michael Angelo when he laid aside the chisel and the brush in order to write sonnets. It is possible for a critic to grasp a principle in art without much technical knowledge; but the poet, when he has his singing robes on, does not think of principles; his work then is to create. Wordsworth, although prepossessed by a theory which, combined with his lack of humor, often led him astray, forgot it altogether when, in the full flush of inspiration, he produced his noblest verse, and Coleridge's marvelous critical sagacity was not, we may be very certain, brought into play when he wrote 'Christabel' and 'The Ancient Mariner.' A poet cannot say why his verse flows from him one day in a full and rapid stream, and why upon the next his hard-bound brains are dry as the dust of summer. The poet's hour is not the hour of the critic. At the same time, a few of the most famous singers have raised the critical art to the highest level; and when a poet writes about poetry, the reader who loves literature will

always listen with interest to what he has to tell him.

Mr. Patmore understands well the limitations of criticism, and says truly that in dealing with such a work as 'The Tempest,' "its noblest function is to declare its own helplessness by directing attention to beauty beyond beauty which defies analysis." In noticing more recent works, admiration, unfortunately, is not the critic's chief function. Mr. Patmore can be severe in his estimate of brother-poets, but he is, we think, nearly always just. Nothing can be more vigorous and, in our judgment, more truthful than his estimate of Shelley both as a man and a poet. Of no modern poet has more frantic nonsense been written and Mr. Patmore's comments will be intolerable to the worshippers who, like Mr. William Rossetti, regard Shelley as "among the most perfect, the most unspeakable of artists," towards whom "the very soul rushes out as an unapproached poet, and embraces him as a dearest friend:"—

"If to do," Mr. Patmore says, "what is right in one's own eyes is the whole of virtue, and to suffer for so doing is to be a martyr, then Shelley was the saint and martyr which a large number of—chiefly young—persons consider him to have been as a man; and if to have the faculty of saying everything in the most brilliant language and imagery, without having anything particular to say beyond sublime commonplaces and ethereal fallacies about love and liberty, is to be a 'supreme' poet, then Shelley undoubtedly was such. But as a man, Shelley was almost wholly devoid of the instincts of the 'political animal,' which Aristotle defines a man to be. If he could not see the reasons for any social institution or custom he could not *feel* any; and forthwith set himself to convince the world that they were the invention of priests and tyrants." He was equally deficient in what is commonly understood by natural affection. The ties of relationship were no ties to him; for he could only see them as accidents. 'I, like the God of the Jews,' writes Shelley, 'set up myself as no respecter of persons; and relationship is regarded by me as bearing that relation to reason which a band of straw does to fire.' As these deficiencies were the cause of all the abnormal phenomena of his life, so they are at the root of, or rather are, the imperfections of

his poetry, which is all splendor and sentiment and sensitiveness, and little or no true wisdom or true love. The very texture of his verse suffers from these causes. In his best poems it is firm, fluent, various and melodious; but the more serious and subtle music of life, which he had not in his heart he could not put into his rhythms; which no one who knows what rhythm is will venture to compare with the best of Tennyson's or Wordsworth's, far less with the best of our really 'supreme' poets."

Lord Tennyson, as a contemporary poet, is perhaps too near and dear to us to allow of a strictly impartial estimate of his poetry; but Wordsworth can be judged of with the calmness bestowed upon a classic, and, to our thinking, he stands so incontestably at the head of the reflective poets as to rank with the three or four English poets who can be called "supreme."

A short paper upon 'Crabbe and Shelley' suggests one or two points for comment. The utter contrast between them does not necessarily prove, as certain Shelley-worshippers affirm, that Crabbe is no poet—a judgment lately uttered by Mr. Saintsbury—but that the domain of poetry is wider than some critics are disposed to admit. That Mr. Patmore is unwilling to grant a place in it, however lowly, to Crabbe, can be gathered from the tone of his criticism. What he says may be true in the main, but it is, we think, inadequate. He sees what is painful and repulsive in a poet who surpasses Wordsworth in his capacity for creeping "on all fours;" but he does not see, or does not appreciate, the poetic force, insight, and pathos which made his verse so dear to Walter Scott, and has led Dr. Newman to call Crabbe a classic. Again, in this brief paper we read that "Coleridge in his great way, and Burns in his comparatively small way, have done a certain moderate amount of work so thoroughly and manifestly well that no sane critic has ever called it into question, or ever will." So, indeed, we might

have thought; but Sir Henry Taylor whose sanity is perhaps his chief gift as a critic, has declared 99 per cent. of what Burns wrote to be worthless, and that nothing which he wrote was of such excellence as to found a poet's fame. The vagaries of criticism are innumerable, and Mr. Patmore cites one of them in his remarks on Mr. Colvin's 'Keats' in "English Men of Letters." "I think it probable," Keats's biographer writes, "that by power as well as by temperament and aim, he was the most Shaksperian spirit that has lived since Shakspeare," which leads Mr. Patmore to ask whether it is not the truth rather that among real poets, Keats was the most un-Shaksperian poet that ever lived? The author is not satisfied with giving this opinion, but states the ground on which he holds it; and his paper on this delightful poet, less than seven pages in length, is rich in suggestive matter. But why, after making the just distinction between poetry of a masculine and feminine order, as exemplified on the one side by Shakspeare, on the other by Shelley and Keats, does he add:—"The femininity of such poets as these is a glorious and immortal gift, such as no mortal lady has ever attained or ever will attain. It has been proved to us how well a mortal lady may become able to read the classics; but, humbled as some of us may feel by her having headed the Tripes, it is still some compensation for those of our sex to remember that we alone can write 'classics' even of the feminine order." Again, is it true, as Mr. Patmore affirms in another essay, that "the most characteristic virtue of woman, or at least the most alluring of her weaknesses," is "her not caring for masculine truth and worth, unless they woo her with a smile, or a touch, or some such flattery of her senses"? Does not such a state-

ment imply that the smile and the touch and the flattery are not only dear to a woman, as they well may be, but dearer than truth and worth?

No poet of our time has written so charmingly about woman as Mr. Patmore. All that is pure and gentle and lovely in her character, all that is sweet and bewitching in her ways, her power to rule when she least thinks of ruling, her self forgetfulness, her innocent arts, her captivating foibles, her modest taste in dress displaying "more loveliness than she conceals,"—these are the sweet feminine arts and virtues which Mr. Patmore glorifies in his verse as only a poet can. In one sense, he lifts woman to the highest pinnacle on the wings of poetry; in another, he seems to lower her, since, as in the passages we have quoted, he questions her claim to mental and moral equality with man. In the beautiful lines entitled 'Olympus,' Amelia can only cry, "For shame!" but has no argument to urge against the wild talk brought back by her husband from "a careless parliament of gods olympic," and he, good man, while allowing that if he had answered thus, "'twould not have pass'd for very wise," since he has not "her voice and eyes," is glad to leave the gods for home:—

"Yea, very glad at heart to come,
And lay a happy head to rest
On her unreasonable breast."

The little poem is a charming picture; but would it be less so if this sweet wife, in addition to being right by instinct, as true women generally are upon moral questions, had been able to give a reason for her faith? We agree with Mr. Patmore that, as yet, no woman (with one or two exceptions in the domain of fiction) has written classics; but it is a bold thing to say she never will. One must admit, however, that it is difficult to conceive of a female Shakspeare

or Hooker, although, if Mr. Swinburne will forgive us for saying so, we can imagine the existence of a female Hugo.

Of Rossetti as a poet, Mr. Patmore writes with a temperate appreciation that will carry more weight than the extravagant praise lavished on this remarkable man by some of his friends and followers. He says truly that while his power is chiefly shown in his long ballads, it is impossible not to feel that they are more or less anachronisms both in spirit and in form. But how fine is the remark that in much of Rossetti's work "there is a rich and obscure glow of insight into depths too profound and too sacred for clear speech, even if they could be spoken; a sort of insight not at all uncommon in the great art of past times, but exceedingly rare in the art of our own."

And here is a passage from an affectionately appreciative paper on Clough, evidently written by one who knew and loved the man:—

"Those who recognise in the 'Bothie' Clough's almost solitary claim to literary eminence, must somewhat wonder at the considerable figure he stands for in the estimation of the present generation. The fact is, that Clough, like James Spedding, was personally far more impressive than his works; and the singularly strong effect produced among his friends by the extreme simplicity and shy kindness of his life and manners, and the at once repellent and alluring severity of his truthfulness, gave his character a consequence beyond that of his writings with all who knew him though ever so slightly; and the halo of this sanctity hangs, through the report of his friends, about all that he has done, and renders cold criticism of it almost impossible. No one who knew Clough can so separate his personality from his writings as to be able to criticise them fairly as literature; no one who has not known him can understand their value as the outcome of character."

These remarks, while true of Clough, may be also applied generally in relation to the contemporary estimate of men who appear to be intellectually what Saul was physically, higher than any of the people. We cannot judge with critical impartiality of authors

who express the thoughts of the age, or of statesmen who carry out its wishes. In the present day, every man who does his duty well and is well paid for doing it, is almost certain of a testimonial, and possibly, when his work is done, of a biography. "In this age," said Southey—and the remark is truer to-day than when he made it—"when a person of notoriety dies, they lose as little time in making a book of him as they used to do in making a mummy." And the evil does not stay here, for the poor victim runs the risk also of being represented in bronze and marble. If the nine years during which a poet is advised to keep his verse, were the space required after the death of a public man before his Life should be written or a monument raised to his memory, what a boon would it be to the public! In 'Shall Smith have a Statue?' Mr. Patmore writes with keen satire on the modern fashion of recognizing too hastily the claims of men distinguished by the public. The enthusiasm of the moment, he suggests, may result, in making ourselves ridiculous in the eyes of our children, and by raising statues too quickly "we may be placing an awful and easy vengeance in the hands of posterity, which might choose, not to pull down such monuments, but to let them stand."

In the short but weighty essay that gives a title to this volume, Mr. Patmore observes that it would be well for the professed critic to remember that "criticism is not the expression, however picturesque and glowing, of the faith that is in him, but the rendering of sound and intelligible reasons for that faith." Doubtless, as a general rule, it is true that the critic of Art or Literature must have a reason for his faith, just as he will have a reason for his faith as a Christian; but he cannot always make that faith intelligible by argument. There are

passages, for instance, in the great poets that may hold him captive in a way quite inexplicable to criticism; all he knows is that the stamp of inspiration is upon them; and so, too—Christianity being an inward life, and how can life be explained?—some of the strongest reasons a man has for his religious belief may be those he is the least capable of making intelligible to an unbeliever.

We may observe, in conclusion, that these essays, reprinted from the *St. James Gazette*, strike us in several instances as too full of thought to be fitted for the hasty readers of an evening paper. No one, however, who did read them in that journal could fail to be surprised at their elevation of thought and lucidity of expression. There is no rhetorical efforts in such papers as 'Imagination,' 'Pathos,' 'Love and Poetry,' or 'Cheerfulness in Life and Art;' but the words are so fitted to the thoughts, that while the mind of the reader is quickened, his ear is satisfied. In these essays there is a pithy wisdom that reminds us of Bacon; and there is, too, in large measure, a gift which Bacon lacked, — spiritual insight.—*Spectator*.

THE DECORATION OF BOUND BOOKS.

Mr. T. J. Cobden-Sanderson has been lecturing in London on 'The Decoration of Bound Books.' In the course of his lecture he said, books might be divided into two divisions, viz., those in the binding of which use was the main consideration, and those in the binding of which beauty was the chief characteristic. He did not mean to say that useful books might not be beautifully bound, or that beautifully-bound books might not be useful. Then useful binding might be temporary or permanent

binding (hear, hear); but the sooner the temporary became permanent the better (hear, hear). Certainly the paper cover might be decorative, as in the case of a magazine; for though in this class of work the cover quickly perished, yet it was like the flower of the field and was born again. Bindings for permanent use should be modest and in strict subordination to the use. It is for bindings of which the main characteristic is beauty that decoration in all its fulness should be reserved. "But I would," said the lecturer, "set this class of binding into a category of its own, and dedicate it in the main, to books of permanent value, and constitute it the homage, not of the binder only, but of all lovers of the immortal in literature, to the genius of the writers." Dealing next with the variations in the form of bindings, Mr. Sanderson remarked that it is in fact to the perfect imperfect humanity of a book and a binding that the binder, in his experiments, would direct the attention of the public, and away from the ignorant conservatism that sees in the cast iron type of modern binding alone the type of the beautiful and the fitting. The lecturer dealt next with the process of tooling in gold, explaining the tools and their uses, the conditions under which a designer proceeds in making a pattern, and how the pattern is transferred to the cover. Marius Michel, the distinguished French binder and decorator, laid down as a rule that old books should be bound and decorated in a contemporary style. "But why? Would it be worth while," queried the lecturer, "to reproduce the style of to-day, say, on a volume of Tennyson or of Swinburne? But if not for to-day's books the style of to-day, why for yesterday's books the styles of yesterday?" From this rule the lecturer progressed to others, pointing out their doubtful ex-

pediency. The subject of a book may suggest a motive for its decoration; but decoration should not aim at literal illustration. To use and develop his brain-power is in the front rank of the duties of man; and a man can use and develop this power in the matter of design only by transcending what is called "the natural." He must recast and redistribute the naturalism of nature, so that it shall be an organism whose parts have symmetrical relationship one to another upon a plan of his own devising. "I would then earnestly urge upon all students," continued the lecturer, "and all amateurs of design, to eschew the rules of 'contemporary' styles, of literal 'appropriateness,' and of 'naturalism'; and I would further urge upon them to eschew the habit, worse than a rule, of hashing up old motives into new designs or, of attempting to perfect old designs by stricter delineation of curve and line and tool. The designer must be constructive, and the one rule to which he need to have regard is a short one, and it is complete—The designer, in designing, must—design." [By the aid of the oxyhydrogen light, Mr. Sanderson proceeded to show examples of the great schools of bookbinders, giving also a short description of their several characteristics.] The lecturer concluded as follows:—"I see in the immediate future, it is true, no new school to carry on the great traditions of the past, yet I am prepared to admit that the unexpected may happen. Indeed, I do even now wonder, when I contemplate the things of beauty, all due to the designing and fashioning hand of man in the past, and the stir for beauty making itself felt, even now, like Nature's rejuvenant spring, that man does not, even now, turn his thoughts to society, and conceive of it as an artistic whole, and throw his imagi-

native faculties, as upon a design, upon the moral chaos of our discordant and jarring desires, and seek, in the true spirit of an artist, and for this world's sake, to unite them in convergence, to the great end of a great and nobly-conceived human society, itself a work of art, and the parent and the stimulator of all the subordinate crafts of life."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

AMOR VINCIT OMNIA.

"I claim you still, for my own love's sake."—
(*Evelyn Hope*) R. BROWNING.

I sometimes think, beloved, had we not met,
You might have had a fuller life; and yet
It is not given to us, dear, to forget.

I cannot put away from out my life
Its one sustaining comfort. Ah, the strife
Is hard and bitter, darling, and the knife

That wounds us both was forged by my own hand.
Before you, dear one, I must ever stand,
Knowing that only death can break the band.

And yet, oh best beloved, far better so
Than free, to pass through life but still to know
That one stood nearer you. Ah, that were woe!

Such pain is spared me. Though we dwell apart,
Your love has almost healed the bitter smart;
We stand so close together, heart to heart.

F. P.

LORD CHESTERFIELD'S LETTERS.

Lord Carnarvon is about to publish in the form of a sumptuous quarto, bearing the imprint of the Clarendon Press (London: Henry Frowde), a collection of letters written by Philip Dormer, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, to his youthful godson and successor, which are now for the first time edited from the originals. Judging from some sheets of the volume which we have received, they bear a close resemblance, both in matter and in style, to the famous letters to his natural son which were

given to the world by Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope more than a century ago. Their object was, indeed, identical, and it is amusing to observe with what unabated faith in his own teachings the cultured statesman and polished man of the world, who had confessedly failed to make a man after his own ideal of his former correspondent, resumes in these letters the didactic vein. Lord Carnarvon, who received the collection from the hands of his father-in-law, the sixth earl, and son of the young man to whom they were addressed, claims to have found in them a somewhat higher moral tone than was discoverable in the old collection; and so far as these samples show the claim is just, though it is still not pleasing to find an elderly gentleman advising his little godson to flatter the vanity and caprices of women because their good opinion is essential to a young man entering the world. It is more agreeable to dwell on the good nature and the genuine affection which the old man exhibits to the little heir to the earldom of Chesterfield, then oddly, enough, studying manners in the house of a French dancing master at Marylebone. His subsequent tutor was the notorious Dr. Dodd, who, it will be remembered, forged his pupil's signature, and was hanged for the offence. These letters, which are partly in French and partly in English, are no fewer than 236 in number. They appear from the list that follows upon Lord Carnarvon's interesting biographical and critical sketch to treat of a great variety of subjects, and to touch upon many traits of life, manners, literature, and the stage, in the early years of the reign of George III. It is saddening to reflect that for a second time Lord Chesterfield's boundless pains and perseverance were thrown away. Though eminently a respectable man Phillip Stanhope

seems to have been a somewhat heavy person; he certainly did not become the Admirable Crichton which his mentor aspired to make him. Some portraits and views reproduced by the collotype process enhance the interest of the forthcoming volume.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

'What I Remember.' By Thomas Adolphus Trollope. Vol. III. The many readers of Mr. Trollope's two volumes of autobiography have not allowed him to keep his third volume "in the wood" for the ten years which he jestingly threatened. It was all his fun; the fun of an old gentleman of inextinguishable vitality and high spirits in his eightieth year. The previous volumes brought the story of his active and laborious life down to the sad death of his first wife, a woman of exquisite charm, for whom the Florentine municipality have recorded the affectionate respect of their city, and indeed of Italy, in a tablet placed on the walls of the beautiful house once known as the 'Villino Trollope.' Volume the third of these reminiscences records a time of sorrow, a second marriage—with a promise of happiness so perfectly fulfilled—the forced sale of the tumble-down Villa Ricorboli, outside of the city, which he had bought in the brief interval between his first and second marriage, and turned, regardless of cost, into a palazzino, a succession of rambles (for Mr. Trollope's two ruling passions were building and touring) in Northern and Central Italy, Switzerland and Germany, a migration to Rome, now become the capital of Italy, and the acceptance of a special correspondence from that city, some visits to England, and finally a search for a peaceful port of refuge for his declining years, and the choice of a retreat in a quiet nook of South Devon, on the shore of the West Bay, with its wine-red cliffs and Channel waves, sometimes emulating the color and the warmth of Mediterranean skies and seas. In all these pages there is not a single indication of failing spirit or the lassitude that is apt to accompany old age, nor even of its random garrulity. Mr. Trollope is an admirable narrator, and as his recollections it seems have been aided by copious diaries, he is not obliged to tax too severely a wonderfully retentive memory. Surely here is an example of a hale and hearty old age! the days of sorrow and bereavement are recorded with restrained emotion and manly fortitude; whilst in lighter and happier hours, especially under the buoyant influences of travel in the best of company, Mr. Trollope seems to dip his flowing pen in a fountain of perpetual youth. It was the defeat of the French armies by the Germans that caused the sudden evacuation of Rome by the *chasse-pôts*, and the siege and capture of the city by the troops of Victor Emmanuel. As a life-long friend to Italy, Mr. Trollope was rejoiced at this change of capital, though it almost ruined him. He had already sold the Villino at a loss and he had spent a little fortune in reconstructing the Ricorboli Villa from roof to basement, and in making a magnificent library for the reception of perhaps the finest collection of works relating to the history of the Italian States and municipalities to be found in any private house. The forced sale was a loss of \$50,000. But Mr. Trollope like the rest of the countrymen, never knew when he was beaten, and he rose from the wreck of his fortunes and the dispersion of his treasures with unabated

hope and energy. The story of his various journeys (he was never so happy as "on the road") and of his settlement in Rome, where as in Florence, he soon became intimately acquainted with all the leading public men and all the choicest society of the city, and (with the aid of his accomplished and brilliant wife) made his own apartments a centre of intellectual and artistic company, never flags in interest and animation; while the interspersed anecdotes of conspicuous personages (including the new Pope), and reflections on the policy of United Italy, lend the present volume a value beyond the storyteller's art. There never was, in all the history of literature, a more indefatigable craftsman and soldier of the pen than this man of letters. He is himself aghast at the contemplation of all the "copy," on every conceivable subject and in every conceivable form, he has never ceased to pour forth for more than half a century. His mother had written more than a hundred volumes after her fiftieth year; his brother Anthony (even in the days of hunting and Post Office surveying) wrote novel after novel with his eye on the minute hand of his watch. But Thomas Adolphus Trollope not only wrote novels (and among them some like 'Lindisfarne' and 'La Beata' that deserve to live), but essays, articles, special correspondence, no end of unsigned copy, often of very good, and never of inferior quality. And for aught we know, even in his Devonshire retreat he may be writing still without a name volumes and essays and articles without number. At all events, if he never writes anything less readable than the present volume, we sincerely trust that he is hard at work. Indeed it is impossible to imagine him idle at home, or not like Ulysses in his old age in Ithaca, meditating fresh

ventures "on the road." His recipe for longevity is simple enough—activity of mind, regular brain work, regular exercise in the open air, frugal but nourishing diet, early to bed and to rise, habitual temperance. Almost a teetotaller himself in habit, he does not proscribe a moderate enjoyment of good sound wine (especially from the vines of the Chianti hills) but no spirits. He can indulge in cream without fear of bile, so that in Devon he is the right man in the right place. And he has been a moderate but constant smoker of cigars all his life. No doubt he began with a good constitution, and he has treated it well; and we take it the sound mind in the sound body has in his happy case been maintained by a constant exercise of both, and by moderation in all things. Long may he be spared as an example to an age of athletes and æsthetes!

A recent addition to Rand, McNally & Co.'s Globe Library is 'Mrs. Annie Green' a romance by Opie P. Read, 'The Arkansaw Traveller'. As a study of abject cowardice it is a distinct success. Three such curs as the hero, Cartwright and Brown, are, we trust not to be found in any American community. The story appears to be an attempt to imitate what our cousins across the pond call the 'penny dreadful' style of literature, and like most imitations is a dismal failure.

Messrs. Routledge issue a translation of M. Alphonse Daudet's powerful but gloomy story 'Jacot,' in precise imitation of the French edition. All the original "process" pictures of rather an "impressionist" character are here reproduced.

The new edition of the English translation of Herr Karl Elze's 'William Shakespeare, a Literary Biography,' forms a useful addition to

the series of Bohn's Libraries, published by The Scribners. Herr Elze, it is true, had no new and startling theory to expound in giving this work to the world, neither can he boast of any antiquarian discoveries of his own. All he attempts to do is to bring together and to systematize all the information that is obtainable from every source, and to attempt to show on which side probability lies in all vexed questions. This task has been excellently performed, the result being a book which while it owes much to Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's researches, is more readable than the latter writer's provokingly disjointed "Outlines" of Shakspeare's life. It is curious to observe that Herr Elze devotes a considerable amount of space and reasoning to the absurd old controversy about the spelling of the poet's name. He even argues from particular spellings as to differences of pronunciation, being apparently ignorant of the fact that such a name as Quiney, for instance, in Shakspeare's time was spelt by the bearer of it himself in a variety of ways, of which 'Conoy' and 'Quiney' were only two.—Among other works recently added to Bohn's Series are 'Whiston's Josephus' (3 vols.) revised by the Rev. A. R. Shilleto, and furnished with topographical notes by Sir C. W. Wilson; and the 'Thoughts' of Blaise Pascal, translated by Mr. C. Kegan Paul.

Messrs. Ward & Lock have added to their wonderfully cheap series called the 'Minerva Library' Bayard Taylor's translation of Goethe's 'Faust.' This is a very satisfactory production. Not only is the work complete, the "second part" being included as well as the first, but a new introduction by Mr. Bettany is given together with all the translator's notes, and Retzsch's outline illustrations. The book is published by arrangement with Mrs. Bayard Taylor.

Miss Anna L. Ward whose comprehensive 'Dictionary of Quotations' is in deservedly high repute has now published a companion volume there-to 'A Dictionary of Quotations in Prose,' (Crowell, New York), an 8vo. of 700 pp. arranged on the same general plan as the previous work and containing upwards of 600 admirably selected quotations from the most famous authors from Kempis to Abraham Coles. The arrangement is alphabetical—under special subjects—supplemented by a topical index, a chronological table, a list of authors, a list of translators and an analytical index embracing more than 10,000 lines. So far as we have had time to test it the work appears to have been most conscientiously and carefully done, and its accuracy is beyond question. The use of quotation books has been described as literary dram drinking but in these electric days but few fortunate people have the leisure which enables them to dispense with such royal helps as Miss Ward's valuable compilation.

We are very grateful to Mrs. French-Sheldon for a couple of hours of merriment. This lady, who, by the way, was, we believe, responsible for an execrable translation of Salammbo, has published a novel, 'Herbert Severance,' (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago) which is calculated to enhance her reputation. The story is idiotic and the English is chaotic. The hero is very properly described as "truly an unusual young man." Certainly: "his lineaments, taken from a critical point of view," are "massive in their inherent qualities"; he has "deep, luminous, green-grey eyes, shadowed with long bronze eyelashes" which seem "to change color like chameleons" and moreover, to boot, "actually, the thing they looked upon, mentally or objectively [will some one please explain, translate,

unriddle] imparted a vivid hue and reflection of itself to their singularly mottled ciliary lines, and the white of the ball was translucent, opaline—they were at once the eyes of a tiger and the eyes of a dove." A remarkable young man to be sure. His "full, sensuous, nervous mouth . . . in speech, or when overcast by a smile, betrayed a nature teeming with humanity and passionate impulses." Had this heroic personage "an apparent flaw in his *physique*, it was developed during moments of wrapt meditation," which, possibly, being interpreted means—when he had on his overcoat. Such a book as this in an oasis in the desert of dry literature.

Two volumes of the "Great Writers" Series, edited by Professor Eric S. Robertson, M.A. (Walter Scott, London), are, 'Life of Heinrich Heine,' by William Sharp, and 'Life of John Stuart Mill,' by W. L. Courtney. What could be done for Heine by a sympathising biographer, who, however, could not wholly blind himself to his hero's faults, has been done by Mr. Sharp. As long as the biographer keeps to the facts, he may be followed with little hesitation. He is just and candid: he does not extenuate, far less does he set down aught in malice. His criticism is not always intelligible. "The poet of life he unquestionably is." That may be accepted, except as far as the definite article is concerned. A "poet of life," not *the* poet. But what follows? "His is no galvanised existence. No parlour-passions lead him into the quicksands of oblivion." This a hard saying. Mr. Courtney's account of Mill is obviously the work of an expert. No one is more competent to appreciate the philosopher's contribution to modern thought. The chapter on Mill's relation to Mrs. Elizabeth Taylor, who afterwards became

his wife, is remarkably interesting. In his language about her, Mr. Courtney sees "a touch of factiousness which can be accounted for only on the principle that every man carries a dead poet within his heart," an apophthegm which is afterwards expounded into a very reasonable explanation. "Intellectual companionship between men and women" becomes "a great and bewildering stimulus." Mill was especially, from his very peculiar education, liable to the *bewildering* part. Hence his extravagant estimate of the help which his wife gave him. Most of us know how thought is developed by the contact with another mind. To Mill, who had been solitary beyond other men, this development was a positive revelation. We cannot extend as full an acceptance to what Mr. Courtney says of Mill's last utterances on religion. But, on the whole, this is without a doubt a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of his work as a thinker.

THE January number of *Lippincott's Magazine* is an exceptionally brilliant one. The complete novel 'Millicent and Rosalind,' is contributed by Julian Hawthorne, author of 'Garth,' 'Sin-fire,' 'Archibald Malmaison,' etc., and is the brightest, cleverest, and most interesting story that this popular author has yet written. The heroines of the romance are two English girls, and the story of their lives is most entertainingly told. All the characters in the novel are skilfully portrayed, and the reader is introduced to a delightful circle of acquaintances, with whom he is very loath to part company. A striking likeness of Mr. Hawthorne serves as a frontispiece, and there is an illustration to the story, representing Rosalind and her lover in a garden, which is one of the most exquisite pictures that has appeared in any magazine for many a day.

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE offer of \$275,000 toward the founding of a free library in Hartford which came from several well-known gentlemen, including Junius Morgan, the London banker, is in danger of lapsing, because of the inaction of the citizens in accepting the conditions. These were in substance that the sum should be increased by local subscriptions to \$400,000. The committee having the matter in charge has not taken the public into its confidence, so that the exact state of the fund is not known. It is certain, however, that Mr. Morgan will not hold the offer open much longer, as it has now been pending since June, 1888. Unless something be done very soon the opportunity will slip by and there will be no library.

THE fable of the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, scotched by Gibbon, but not killed, has at last received its quietus at the hands of Professor Karabacek who, during his investigation of the Archduke Rainer's Fayum Manuscripts, is said to have discovered "incontrovertible evidence" that the libel on Omar is false.

THE Shakspeare Memorial Library at Birmingham, Eng., now contains 8,307 volumes.

IN response for a request for aid towards the erection of a new free public library for Peterhead in Scotland Mr. Carnegie wrote:—"Your favor received. If Peterhead adopted the Free Library Act and raised a fund for a library building, I would give the *last* thousand pounds required for a suitable structure. In any other form the project would not interest me, for I believe the only sure means to secure permanent good from a library is to make it an affair of the community, and maintained by it officially."

MR. CARNEGIE, it is said, has decided to expend \$750,000 in the erection of a library building and purchase of a site for a library in Pittsburg. It is said that he has entrusted the matter to a committee of five of his personal friends, who are looking up a site and have already placed the matter of plans in the hands of a well known architect.

THE endeavors to collect funds to erect a building for the Portland, Oregon, Library Association, had succeeded in securing subscriptions amounting to some \$40,000. The late Miss Smith willed the Association over \$100,000 for that purpose.

THE Committee which was appointed to make arrangements for a memorial to the late Mr. J. F. Bottomley Firth, Deputy Chairman of the London County Council, has decided that it shall take the form of a Book Fund, to be expended in periodically distributing to the Free Libraries books dealing with municipal and kindred topics.

NEW HAVEN is at last to have a free public library. The Third Church, in Church Street, is to be bought for \$70,000 and turned into a library building. The building, whose walls will need little or no alteration, is a substantial Gothic structure of red stone. A second, and possibly a third floor, for book alcoves will be added, and the reading and reference rooms will be located on the main floor.

MR. W. A. CLARK has offered \$10,000 to the Butte City, Utah, library fund, to be handed over only when the citizens raise \$10,000 more, which has been almost contributed.

THE Folkestone, Eng., Free Public Library expended in the purchase of books during the last financial year—\$7.50!

THE committee of the York, Eng., subscription library have adopted a novel method of raising funds for the improvement of their building. They are endeavoring to sell their copy of Audubon's 'Birds of America' for \$1,250.

MR. HARVEY of Barnsley, Eng., has presented to the town a building, for a free library, which cost \$120,000.

LATELY, in rummaging among the presses in the Marsh Library in Dublin, the assistant librarian discovered an astronomical treatise in Irish, a manuscript of the 14th or 15th century.

THE Legislature has authorized the Council of Milwaukee to issue bonds in the sum of \$60,000 for the purpose of securing a suitable site for a library building and the public museum.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

AN autograph lately sold in London was a letter addressed by Landor to Rosina, Lady Lytton, and indorsed by her: "Old Landor's Twaddle." Another was a note from Tennyson, reading thus: "I have many thousands of these applications, and rather make a point of neglecting them; for why should I flatter the madness of the people? Nevertheless, as the request comes from an old friend, behold an autograph!" Somebody made merchandise of this—was it the old friend?

THERE is at present a very successful art school located at Gera, the capital of the principality of Reuss, thirty-five miles from Leipsic, a city long celebrated for its devotion to art industries. This technical school was established in 1881, with six students; it now numbers nearly one hundred. They are systematically and thoroughly instructed in the art of gilding by the use of small irons, including all the necessary branches of art entering into the decoration of a book, such as technical drawing, various styles of ornamentation, and, if desired, the principles and practice of commercial binding. The term "decoration of a book includes not only covers and backs but edges and *doublés*. Instruction is also given in stamping; so that the student who has pursued a systematic course of

study and practice at the Gera institute is eminently qualified to assume full charge of any kind of bindery, and it is a great satisfaction to add that the institute finds difficulty in turning out graduates fast enough to supply the demand. What a pity it is that no such institute exists in this country! Properly organized, officered, and managed, it would most surely attract many.

THE late John Crerar, of Chicago, long treasured a gift from Thackeray, and this letter—speaking evidently of some business service—which accompanied it:

No. 36 Onslow Square, Brompton.
London, May 9, 1856.

My Dear Crerar—I ran away in such a hurry from New York that I forgot to shake your hand; perhaps purposely forgot, for it's a weary task, that taking leave of good fellows. And now I write you a word of thanks and farewell from my own house, which looks just as if I'd never left it; but that the leaves are bright green which were yellow yesterday, I might fancy that I had dreamed the last seven months. Before I came off I told Tiffany's people to send a pencil-case for you to the Mercantile Library, and pray you to keep it as a memento of a friend whom you have very much obliged, and who will always remember the great kindness which you and Felt have shown him. When you come to England mind and keep my address in your recollection. I shall never be able to do for you what you have done for me, but I and the girls, whose future life you have helped to make comfortable, propose to remember for many a long day the cordial welcome and aid you gave me.

Believe me, yours, dear Crerar, always sincerely,
W. M. THACKERAY.

A BUYER of Books (a rare being) asks, 'What do booksellers keep in stock? Not books,' he says; 'they never have anything but the works of ——' (here he names a contemporary novelist). He adds that the following dialogue is stereotyped:

Buyer of Books. Have you the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' 'Gulliver's Travels,' the 'Arabian Nights,' Macaulay's 'Essays,' the 'Idylls of the King'?

Seller of Books. No, we have not those in stock, but we can get them for you.

[*Buyer of Books slams the door and exits.*]

The aggrieved customer adds that he is obliged to be his own bookseller if he wants anything except the works of a contemporary novelist. He then bans the contemporary novelist and talks about discount, which is a mystery.—MR. ANDREW LANG, in *Longman's Magazine*.

SUBJOINED is a characteristic letter from the sage of Chelsea to a literary aspirant:—

Chelsea, 25 June, 1862.

"Seekest thou great things, seek them not."

I could do no good with your "Tragedy" after never so much endeavor, it depends on Playhouse Managers, etc., etc.;—and is, I must say, likely to have been an unreasonable, tho' innocent attempt, on the part of a young man, inexperienced in life, much more in the suitable ways of Delineating and Expounding what life is and should be.

Forgive my plainness of Speech. But it is my standing advice to all young persons who trace in themselves a superior capacity of mind; to what, beyond all other conditions, a silent course of activity,—and to disbelieve totally the babble of reviews of newspapers and loud clamour of nonsense everywhere prevalent, that "Literature" (even if one were qualified) is the truly noble human career. Far other, very far! since you ask my opinion. The greatest minds I have known, or have authentically heard of, have not been the speaking ones at all,—much less in these loud times; raging with palaver, and with little else, from sea to sea!—

In very great haste, wishing you well (not ill),
T. CARLYLE.

HERE is a characteristic letter from Dickens to Lord Denman:—

"... I cannot reconcile it to my heart to publish these details so soon after Miss Brontë's death. For anything I know they might be saddening and painful to her husband, and I am not all clear that I have any right to them. I have a particular objection to that kind of interest in a great mind, which prompts a visitor to take "a good look" at the mortal habiliments in which it is arranged, and afterwards to catalogue them like an auctioneer. I have no sympathy whatever with the staring curiosity that it gratifies.

And beyond the husband and even the father of this lady. I cannot help going to herself. It seems that she would have shrunk from this account of her trials, and that such as she wanted given, she has given herself; and that for the present there is enough said about them.

The subject does not present itself to you in this light, I quite understand, nor do I seek to convert you to my opinions I state them plainly, merely as my sole reason for not retaining the paper," etc., etc.

—:O:—

AMERICAN NOTES.

MESSRS. WILLIAMSON & Co., of Toronto, have nearly ready a catalogue of rare books, many pertaining to Americana and Canadiana and also a particularly good list of pamphlets. They will be glad to send a copy to any address on application.

As a memorial of a distinguished administrator and to further the cause of Imperial Federation, Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has edited the papers of Sir George Bowen and they will be published immediately in London and New York by Longmans, Green & Co. In one of Sir George's earlier letters there is a pleasant

glimpse of Washington society during Grant's administration.

THE Rev. Herbert D. Ward has nearly completed a novel with the scene laid in Babylon and archæological in character. Mr. Ward and his wife, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, have taken a house in Washington.

THE Belford Co. have in preparation 'A New Encyclopædia of American Biography,' intended to not merely cover the ground usually occupied by such publications, but to make special mention of the men and women who are doing the work and

forming the thought of our own time. Mr. James R. Gilmore ('Edmund Kirk') is the editor of the *Encyclopædia*.

A HISTORY of Waterbury, of which Dr. Henry Bronson was the author, was published in 1858. Among town histories it holds a high place, and is in great demand with collectors of works relating to America. During the thirty years which have passed since it was issued, Waterbury has grown to be thrice as large as it was, and the time seems to have arrived for a new history of the town and city, and the work is now in preparation. The chief writers will be Miss Sara J. Pritchard, of Waterbury, and Miss Anna L. Ward, of Bloomfield, N. J. To the former has been assigned the first century of the history, and the second century to the latter; Rev. Dr. Jos. Anderson, Hon. F. J. Kingsbury and Mr. H. F. Bassett, librarian of the Bronson Library, will contribute chapters relating to special periods and topics.

A BOOK entitled 'The Bible and Modern Discoveries' is just issued by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It is written by Rev. Henry A. Harper, a member of the Executive Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund, and author of several books relating to Palestine. The special object of this book is to connect the discoveries made by the Palestine Exploration Society with the Bible narrative.

THE *édition de luxe* of Dickens's novels which Estes & Lauriat are now publishing is limited to 1000 copies, which will be numbered and registered. When completed the work (issued by subscription only, at the rate of about two volumes a month) will comprise forty-five volumes. The illustrations, by Cruikshank, 'Phiz,' Doyle, Leech, Maclise, Landseer, and other artists, which

give such value to the original editions as having been approved by Dickens before they were accepted, and as representing the costumes and other characteristics of the period, are retained. As the original plates were long since worn out, recourse has been had to early impressions of them which are to be re-etched by skillful artists. The wood-engravings in some of the original volumes are to be reproduced by electrotypes from the blocks then used. An interesting feature of this edition is a series of twelve portraits by noted artists arranged in chronological order, showing the appearance of Dickens when he wrote his most remarkable stories. The mechanical execution of the work is in keeping with its literary and artistic character; the paper is handmade and of the finest quality, and the illustrations are printed on imperial Japanese paper. The binding is vellum cloth with paper titles, and the volumes are light enough to be held in the hand without inconvenience.

GEBBIE & Co. have just imported an edition of 'The Mirror of the World,' by Octave Uzanne, the latest of that author's series of charming volumes, which included 'The Fan' and 'Sunshade.' It is illustrated in the delightful manner that only such artists as Paul Avril are masters of. They have recently published a very useful little volume on Shakspeare, entitled 'Compendium and Concordance of Shakspeare's Works.' It is a handy volume, full of useful information for all readers of Shakspeare, containing an historical introduction and summary of each play, a good concordance, full list of characters, etc., and is illustrated with numerous engravings by Howard.

MISS JEWETT'S 'Betty Leicester,' a story for girls, has already reached the third edition.

FOREIGN NOTES.

AN *édition de luxe* of Goethe's beautiful poem 'Hermann and Dorothea,' with eight copper-plates on Chinese paper, from oil paintings by Arthur von Ramberg, will be published immediately by G. Grote's publishing house in Berlin.

MR. W. A. CLOUSTON, the well known Oriental scholar, is about to publish, through Mr. David Nutt, a volume entitled 'Flowers from a Persian Garden and other Eastern Essays.' It will contain an account of the famous 'Gulistan' or Rose-garden of Saadi.

MESSRS. FIELD & TUER have published a charming reprint of Charles Lamb's 'Prince Dorus,' the type and illustrations following as closely as possible the original edition of 1811. It was published at a shilling; colored, sixpence extra; and is now so rare that Mr. Tuer, who contributes a preface to the volume, only knows of the existence of one perfect copy—his own.

THE first volume of B. F. Stevens' 'Facsimiles of Manuscripts of European Archives Relating to America, 1773-1783,' is now ready for delivery to subscribers. The second volume is far advanced, and the third, fourth, and fifth volumes are in active preparation. The subscription price is \$100 for each group of five volumes. Two hundred copies only are made, and the photographic negatives are destroyed. A specimen copy of the first volume may be seen at the office of Tice & Lynch, 34½ Pine St., New York.

GEORGE ALLEN, of Orpington, Eng., will publish early in the new year a cheap edition of Mr. Ruskin's 'Seven Lamps of Architecture.' The size will be post octavo, and 250 copies will be issued on hand-made paper with plates on India paper.

THE latest novelty in prayer books is a variety of little editions bearing the general name of 'Finger Prayer Books,' and issued by Mr. Henry Frowde. They are designed for hanging to the chatelaine or carrying in the waistcoat pocket, or even in the purse. Measuring 3¼ inches in length by one inch in breadth, the biggest of the tiny books is but a third of an inch in thickness, and weighs in its limp Russia binding only three-quarters of an ounce. The secret is the extreme thinness of the Oxford India paper, which is yet so opaque that the type is always clear and distinct. The 'Chatelaine' Finger Prayer Book, of which the design is registered, is held in a neat metal removable frame with a ring, by which it can be suspended.

MR. G. F. WARNER'S edition of 'Mandeville's Travels' for the Roxburghe Club will be a magnificent book. In order to give the reproduction of the fifteenth-century MS. illuminations a wide enough margin, the ordinary Roxburghe quarto has been enlarged to more than twice its size, and grandly printed. The North-Midland English text is at top, the French original underneath, and at the end are a series of notes which have cost Mr. Warner enormous labor, as he has tracked to its source every statement of the supposed Mandeville, and is thus enabled to assert that no such traveller ever existed. A full Glossary and Introduction complete the book, which will be one of the most valuable works that the Roxburghe Club has ever produced.

MISS MARY ANGELA DICKENS, a granddaughter of the great novelist, contributes a story entitled 'A Social Success' to the Christmas number of *All the Year Round*.

MM. LABITTE, Em Paul & Co. have in the press 'Les Livres des derniers Valois à la Bibliothèque précédés d'un aperçu histoire sur la Bibliothèque de Fontainebleau (1527 - 1595),' by M. Ernest Quentin-Bauchart.

THE Diary of Frances Burney (M^{de} D'Arblay), which Messrs. Bell will publish immediately, covers the period 1768 to 1778, that is, from her sixteenth to her twenty-sixth year. The volume will also contain a selection from her correspondence, and

from the journals of her sisters Susan and Charlotte, edited by Annie Raine Ellis, the editor of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia' in "Bohn's Library."

LORD TENNYSON'S new volume 'Demeter, and other poems,' is published. All the poems are short. One is dedicated to James Russell Lowell.

THOMAS HARDY has written a new novel with the queer title of 'The Melancholy Hussar.' The scenes are set in the England of George III.

—:O:—

GENERAL NOTES.

CERTAIN newspapers are announcing a series of articles on the Civil War, by Lord Wolseley, which it is said "will appear in an American Magazine." They have appeared. They were begun in the May Number of the *North American Review*, and are concluded in the December Number of that periodical. More than this, they have been comprehensively reviewed by Gen. James B. Fry, in the same magazine, and have been noticed by almost every paper in the country.

THE concluding volume of Justin Winsor's valuable 'Narrative and Critical History of America' will shortly appear from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It covers the later history of British, Spanish and Portuguese America. A general index accompanies it.

MESSRS. LIST & FRANKE, booksellers, of Leipzig, have lost in transit between that city and Munich, a parcel of books in which was a volume of unique character. It was an old Italian work bound in brown morocco, inside the cover of which was a manuscript letter of Savonarola, signed, sealed, and dated Florence, April 11, 1496. The parcel was dispatched last June, and, in spite of the hue and

cry raised over it, it has not yet been recovered, and Messrs. List & Franke now ask dealers in second-hand books to help them in tracing its whereabouts.

FROM Messrs. Raymer & Co. of Minneapolis we have received Bibb's 'Complete Library Index' which claims to be the 'most complete index published' and 'indispensible (*sic*) to all owners of books.' In effect this is an index rerum alphabetised, ruled and subdivided with spaces for "subject," "book and author," "page," "No. of book," and "shelf." Further there is at the end an alphabetical section for the catalogue of a small library. No doubt Bibb's Index is calculated to be of great service to students and bookworms. It is half bound in roan, with cloth sides, and carmine edges and the very moderate price is \$1.50.

A WRITER in *The Rialto* draws attention to an anomaly that he says exists in connection with the English edition of Macaulay. Volumes 1 and 2 can be got in decent condition for 75 cents the pair; volumes 3 and 4 he cannot obtain without paying a higher price; and volume 5 is not to be had under \$5. He says an impression prevails that a smaller issue of

the last volume was put in circulation, and points out what is obvious, that a limited number of copies means a difference in the price.

IN London first editions of Goldsmith are becoming scarce. For 'The Vicar of Wakefield' (1766) \$375 was recently asked.

MR. BOUTON has issued a catalogue, printed by De Vinne, of the Havemeyer Library, a collection of unusual excellence recently acquired by that genial bibliophile. The collection is especially rich in valuable art works.

A WORK named 'Undergraduate Papers,' edited by Professor Nichol, published some years ago, and to which Swinburne contributed, is very rare, and a high price is said to be put on the book. Mr. Birkbeck Hill was also a contributor.

A. L. LUYSTER, bookseller, of 98 Nassau St., N. Y., and 10 Silver St., London, died December 18th at London, aged forty-five years. He was for a number of years in the bookstore of T. W. Reeve at 138 Fulton Street, and in 1866 succeeded to his business. In 1867 he went to London as resident buyer, and with the exception of two or three visits, has resided continuously in London since that time. The business will be continued by his brother, Mr. S. B. Luyster, who has had charge of the New York branch for some years.

THE *Critic* reports that Earl Spencer is to sell his famous library at Althorp, perhaps the best private collection of rare and curious books in England. "Why Lord Spencer should want to disperse this matchless collection is a profound mystery," says the *New York Times*, "for he is enormously wealthy, and there is scarcely another nobleman in England popularly supposed to be able to appreciate the value and dignity of such a possession more." We cannot credit the news.

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THE BALLAD OF BITTER FRUIT.

(After Théodore de Banville.)

In the wood with its wide arms overspread,
Where the wan morn strives with the waning
night.

The dim shapes strung like a chaplet dread
Shudder, and sway to the left, the right;
The soft rays touch them with fingers white
As they swing in the leaves of the oak-tree
browned,

Fruits that the Turk and the Moor would fright,—
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

All of these poor folk, stark and sped,
Dreaming (who knows!) of what dead despoil,
In the freshening breeze by the morning fed
Twirl and spin to the mad wind's might;
Over them wavers the warm sun bright;
Look on them, look on them, skies profound,
Look how they dance in the morning light!—
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

Dead, these dead, in a language dead,
Cry to their fellows in evil plight,
Day meanwhile thro' the lift o'erhead
Dazzles and flames at the blue vault's height;
Into the air the dews take flight;
Ravens and crows with a jubilant sound
Over them, over them, hover and light;—
This is King Lewis his orchard ground.

Envoi.

Prince, we wot of no sorrier sight
Under the whispering leafage found,
Bodies that hang like a hideous blight;—
This is King Lewis orchard ground.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

INSCRIPTION FOR A BOOK.

[Discovered written in an old volume].

Hic liber est meus
Pestis est Deus.
Si quis me querit
Hic nomen erit.

ON LEARNING THE NEWS FROM VENICE.

A SONNET BY GEORGE MEREDITH.

The following sonnet was sent to an English
journal by Mr. Meredith on learning the news
from Venice of the death of Mr. Browning whom
he loved as a friend, and revered as a teacher:

Now dumb is he who waked the world to speak,
And voiceless hangs the world beside his bier.
Our words are sobs, our cry of praise a tear:
We are the smitten mortal, we the weak.
We see a spirit on Earth's loftiest peak
Shine, and wing hence the way he makes more
clear:

See a great Tree of Life that never sere
Dropped leaf for aught that age or storms might
wreak.

Such ending is not Death: such living shows
What wide illumination brightness sheds
From one big heart—to conquer man's old foes:
The coward and the tyrant, and the force
Of all those weedy monsters raising heads
When Song is murk from springs of turbid source.

ROBERT BROWNING.

Another great name has become a
memory of the past. A few weeks
ago Mr. Robert Browning was as full
of force and life, though in his seven-
ty-eighth year, as any ordinary man
of fifty. To-day he lives only in the
thoughts of the generation he has
helped to mould, and in a few vol-
umes of imperishable verse. Much
of his poetry, though it will always
repay the student, is too rough, too
difficult, too entirely born of the mo-
ment and devoted to the present hour,
for admission to that select treasure-

house of the Muses "where Orpheus and where Homer are." But "Men and Women," and "Dramatic Lyrics," and "Dramatic Romances," and "Dramatis Personæ," can only cease to be read and enjoyed when some change which no one can now foresee has passed over the human mind and taste. Mr. Browning's works are so various in sort and degree that it is difficult to make any general statement about them, except one. They are never trivial. They always have a meaning, and it is always worth finding out. He has been called obscure, and certainly 'Sordello,' even when illumined by the brilliant essay of Dean Church, sustains the charge. But what of 'An Incident of the French Camp,' or 'By the Fireside,' or 'Artemis Prologizes,' 'How they brought the good news from 'Ghent to Aix'? He has been called diffuse by people who triumphantly cite 'The Ring and the Book.' Is there a word too much in 'Rabbi Ben Ezra,' or 'Apparent Failure,' or 'Memorabilia,' or 'Meeting at Night,' or 'Parting in the Morning'? Mr. Browning's first poem was published when he was barely of age. His latest volume, which has only just issued from the press, is full of beauty and power. For more than half a century he has labored in his only vocation, and it would be strange indeed if the literary products of so long a period had the same stamp, image, or superscription. Bad critics are fond of saying that Mr. Browning has written nothing good for the last five and twenty years. If they had confined themselves within the bounds of moderation, they might have said, with perfect truth, that he has written nothing so good within that time as the best things which he wrote before it. But to assert that 'Dramatic Idylls' are uniformly bad; that there is no power, or originality, or poetic glow, in 'Clive,' and 'Martin

Relph,' and 'Ivan Ivanovitch,' shows a hopeless incapacity for discrimination which must destroy the authority of the witness. It is an instructive, and perhaps a rather melancholy fact that Mr. Browning only became popular when he had ceased to be what he once was. Yet the familiar saying about the lateness of Mr. Browning's fame must be understood with a difference. For many years, while he was caviare to the general, he was not only appreciated by men of culture, but read by men of letters, and in this way he influenced the public at second hand. It has been said of the schoolmasters, with some exaggeration, that they form the characters of the men who rule the world. Mr. Browning was for many years a literary schoolmaster. Almost everybody who wrote was acquainted with him, and writers made, perhaps, the more use of their knowledge because they felt that comparatively few of their readers would share it.

All that has long been changed. Mr. Browning's popularity as a poet is only second to Lord Tennyson's though no doubt the distance is considerable. His works are not only an essential part of every library. They actually sell. Yet his style is more harsh and crabbed than when the work of his prime was the enjoyment of admirers fit though few. If, as has been sometimes fancifully suggested, Mr. Browning determined to conquer the public by defiance, he has, like Mr. George Meredith, succeeded. He has paid the price. There are rules which even genius must obey. Apollo's lute still charms the ear. Simplicity and melody live. Pedantry and obscurity die. There are passages of true poetic beauty even in 'Parleyings with certain People of Importance in their Day.' But it is not to this volume, nor to

any of its immediate predecessors, that the lover of poetry will turn for pleasure. Rather will he wonder, if he turns to them at all, how they can have come from the plastic hand which traced the lyrics of 'Paracelsus.' Lord Tennyson, who is Mr. Browning's senior by three years, has retained unimpaired the magic of his touch and the sweetness of his line. Yet he understands little or nothing of music, while Mr. Browning was a most accomplished musician. Not even Milton knew so much about that most esoteric of all subjects, and, indeed, in Milton's time there was less to know. 'Abt Vogler,' and 'A Toccata of Galluppi's,' and 'Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha,' are poems which could only have been composed by a scientific student of harmony. But the secret of Mr. Browning's hold upon the intellect of his contemporaries lies below the surface. Form is much, and is indispensable to the best work, as it is to be found in the best work of Mr. Browning. But it is not everything, nor the root of the matter. Mr. Browning wrote not because he had to say something, but because he had something to say. He read many books, and had a singularly minute acquaintance with Italian history. But the great object of his study is expressed in the title of those famous poems 'Men and Women.' No English writer since Shakspeare has painted a richer gallery of portraits, or displayed a profounder knowledge of human nature. Whether his plays were damned by the bad faith of Macready or the bad taste of the audience is not of much importance now. The best plays are good to be acted and good to be read. But every play which fails on the stage is not a bad one, as 'Strafford' and 'A Blot in the Scutcheon' are enough to show. Mr. Browning's genius was essentially dramatic, but many of

his poems are more dramatic than any of his plays. Like Terence, or the character into whose mouth Terence puts the words, Mr. Browning regarded nothing human as alien to himself. But he did not stop with the events and interests of this visible world. In his wonderful stanzas on the old Paris Morgue he takes the famous Greek maxim, "Call no man happy till he dies," and gives it a wider meaning. He does not, like his great contemporary, "faintly trust the larger hope." He teaches in his own indirect and illustrative fashion but with the confidence of absolute conviction, that "failure" is only "apparent," and cannot be real, "nor what God blest once prove accurst." There are few examples of irony more tremendous than that in which the poet Cleon, after contemptuously dismissing the idea of impersonal immorality as affording no comfort or satisfaction, ends with an account of some Christian preachers, and the comment that "as I gathered from a bystander, their "doctrine could be held by no sane man."

It may be doubted whether any country has ever before possessed two poets of the first rank who simultaneously produced, the one in his eighty-first year, the other in his seventy-eighth such poems as 'Summum Bonum' and 'Merlin and the Gleam.' Unlike Lord Tennyson, who has never lived in the world, Mr. Browning never lived out of it. His personality was as much a part of London society as his poems are a part of English literature. He has died in Italy, the country of his annual resort, which he heartily loved where much of his married life was passed, and in whose independence he enthusiastically rejoiced. But he was a Londoner born and bred. He was seldom absent from London during the season, and he was to be seen

at most places of fashionable entertainment or resort. There was no better talker or more genial companion in England, and to hear him tell a story was better than the play. He was intensely sociable, and went, as Henry Greville said of the Duke of Wellington, to "every lighted candle." He was not in the habit of introducing literary topics, although his memory was remarkable, and his knowledge of the Elizabethan poets equal to Mr. Swinburne's. It was almost startling to hear the easy flow of talk with which he enthralled his hearers, and then to reflect that that ideal diner out, with his never failing stream of conversation, was almost the greatest poet and subtlest thinker of his age. He avoided the topic of his own poetry, though he did not dislike—who does?—an appropriate quotation from himself. Mr. Browning, apart from his Italian and anti-Austrian leanings, was a strong Liberal, and supported all national movements, with one curious, though not uncommon, exception. No reader of his poetry need be told that Mr. Browning thoroughly knew and cordially enjoyed the Greek and Latin classics. He was not a great scholar as Conington and Munro were, or as Mr. Jebb and Mr. Nettleship are. He was rather one of those happy people who, as Macaulay put it, can read Plato with their feet on the fender. But in 'Aristophanes' Apology' he reached the high-water mark of classical criticism, while his citation of Shakspeare as having justified the paradox of Sophocles that the tragic and comic poet are the same is genius pure and simple. Perhaps the sublimity to which he was capable of rising can best be illustrated by the lines to his dead wife in 'The Ring and the Book,' which begin—

O lyric love, half angel and half bird,
And all a wonder and a wild desire.

But the noble epilogue to 'Asolando' is the completest expression of his mind and work.

LORD TENNYSON'S NEW VOLUME.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co. have published 'Demeter and Other Poems,' by Lord Tennyson, in a volume of about 170 pages. None of the poems are long ones—not even the 'Demeter and Persephone,' which gives its title to the volume. In this, mother and daughter have met once more in the field of Enna, from which Persephone was stolen to become the bride of the King of the Infernal Regions. It may be taken to be one of the first of the half-yearly visits which the Goddess accepted in composition of her full claim to the custody of her child. Ceres speaks throughout, and, goddess though she is, she speaks for all human brotherhood in the same piteous case.

Child, when thou wert gone,
I envied human wives and nested birds.
Yea, the cubb'd lioness; went in search of thee
Thro' many a palace, many a cot, and gave
Thy breast to ailing infants in the night,
And set the mother waking in amaze
To find her sick one whole; and forth again
Among the wall of midnight winds, and cried,
"Where is my loved one? Wherefore do ye wail?"

The concluding lines show that Pluto's mother-in-law cherishes a hope of complete reunion with her daughter by a conversion of her daughter's husband:

Till thy dark lord accept and love the Sun,
And all the Shadow die into the Light,
When thou shalt dwell the whole bright year
with me.

A student of Tennyson would know how to class each poem with something that has gone before. The book is in a sense *All the Lyre*, as it contains examples of the poet in most of his many manners. There is even something in the official manner in the poem 'On the Jubilee of Queen

Victoria,' which is certainly no better than others of the same class from the same pen, though we hesitate to say it is no worse. The sole interest of it for the student is that it shows how even this great writer can sometimes nod. There are several stanzas like this:

Nothing of the lawless, of the Despot,
Nothing of the vulgar, or vainglorious,
All is gracious, gentle, great and Queenly.

And there is one like this:

You, the Patriot Architect,
You that shape for Eternity,
Raise a stately memorial,
Make it regally gorgeous,
Some Imperial Institute,
Rich in symbol, in ornament,
Which may speak to the centuries,
All the centuries after us,
Of this great Ceremonial,
And this year of her Jubilee.

The lines 'To the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava' threaten, at the outset, to be official, too—

Your rule has made the people love
Their ruler. Your viceregal days
Have added fulness to the phrase
Of "Gauntlets in the velvet glove."

But they are saved from this fate as they warm into a glowing personal tribute of gratitude to Lord Dufferin for his kindness to the poet's stricken son during the latter's fatal illness in India.

'Owd Roä' is another poem in the dialect of the northern farmer—the Lincolnshire dialect we take it to be—though critics sometimes place it farther north. The farmer speaks:

Naäy, noä mander o' use to be callin' 'Im Roä,
Roä, Roä,
Fo' the dog's stoän-deäf, an' e's blind, 'e can
neither stau' nor goä.
But I meäns fur to maäke 'is owd aäge as 'appy as
ivir I can,
Fur I owäs owäd Rover moor nor I iver owäd
mottal man.

There is good reason for it. One day, when the farmer was asleep, after much bemuddled meditation over 'Freeä Traäde,' he was roused by the dog pulling at his sleeve, and he kicked him upstairs for his pains. He dozed off again, only to be awakened

more effectually by the cry that the house was on fire, and that the flames were between the little child above and the farmer below.

Then I call'd out Roä, Roä, Roä, thaw I didn't
haäfe think as 'e'd 'ear,
But 'e coom'd thruf the fire wi' my bairn & 'is
mouth to the winder there!
He coom'd like a Hangel o' marcy as soon as 'e
'eard 'is naäme,
Or like tother Hangel I' Scriptur 'at summun seed
I' the flaäme.

The sequel ought not to be omitted—the farmer ventured his own skin to save the dog.

'Vastness' is almost one of the political poems. It seems to promise to be so at the outset:

Raving politics, never at rest—as this poor earth's
pale history runs—
What is it all but a trouble of ants in the gleam of
a million million of suns?

But the reflections become more general later on, and the well known malady of the political despondency of age takes a very attenuated form. Still there is a cap for every head that chokes to fit it on, and "Wealth with his wines and his wedded harlots" is by no means forgotten. In the end, it is nothing worse than an eloquent vindication of the faith in a future life:

What is it all, if we all of us end but in being our
own corpse-coffins at last,
Swallow'd in Vastness lost in Silence, drown'd in
the deeps of a meaningless Past?

If there had been, as happily there is not, a more specialized moral, the volume itself would supply the necessary corrective. The epigram to 'One Who Ran Down the English,' should be printed as a prefatory verse in all future editions of the latest 'Locksley Hall.'

You make our faults too gross and thence main-
tain

Our darker future. May your fears be vain!
At times the small black fly upon the pane
May seem the black ox of the distant plain.

A dramatic sketch entitled 'The Ring' is dedicated to the "the Honourable J. Russell Lowell." The poem that follows, 'Happy; or, the Leper's

Bride,' turns on the beautiful devotion of a wife to a husband smitten with the most frightful of all diseases. The mediæval Church, as we are told in a note to the poem, carefully severed the leper from the world while bestowing on him all needful attention. There was but one exception to this rigorous rule of isolation—the wife was permitted, if she so desired it, to follow her husband. "The Church decided that the marriage tie was indissoluble, and so bestowed on these unhappy beings this immense source of consolation. With a love stronger than this living death lepers were followed into banishment from the haunts of men by their faithful wives." The leper of the poem has such a wife.

The poem 'Romney's Remorse' exhibits what is, if possible, a more sublime devotion. Romney, as Fitzgerald has told us, married at nineteen, but "because Sir Joshua and others had said that 'marriage spoils an artist,' almost immediately left his wife in the north, and scarce saw her till the end of his life. When old, nearly mad, and quite desolate, he went back to her and she received him, and nursed him until he died." Even Merlin is mentioned in one of the poems, though it is among the shortest in the volume. As we have said, the hand of the minstrel seems to stray over every string which he has touched before with such mastery, and each subject seems like a souvenir. There is thus an echo of 'In Memoriam' in the very beautiful lines on 'Crossing the Bar,' with which the volume ends:

Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my pilot face to face
When I have crost the bar.

AN EARLY POEM BY POE.

Little as many critics admire him, Americans have a great curiosity about Edgar Poe. Unpublished poems of his, real or forged, are always welcomed, not exactly for their intrinsic merits. The *No Name Magazine* (which is apparently conducted on a principle opposite to that of many much-signed periodicals) has a new old poem of Poe's. It is entitled 'O Tempora, O Mores,' and was composed before the moralist reached eighteen. It has lain among the papers of Mr. Mackenzie, of Virginia. The mother of this gentleman adopted Miss Rosalie Poe when the author of the 'Raven' was adopted, to the general confusion, by Mr. Allan. In the new piece Poe lampoons "the leading clerk in a dry goods store" at Richmond. Surely we may say with Mr. Arno'd—

Not here, O Apollo,
Are haunts meet for thee.

Ah, lost Lenore, the dry goods store was not a theme to sing! The grammar of the young author was not superior to his topic. "Worse than them" is worse than might have been expected, and it reads very much as if Poe thought the penultimate in 'Heraclitus' was short. The clerk in a dry goods store, the satirist observes, may

Toss back his fine curls from his forehead fair,
And hop o'er counter with a Vestris air,
Complete at night what he began a.m.,
And having cheated ladies, dance with them.
For, at a ball, what fair one can escape
The pretty little hand that sold her tape;
Or who so cold, so callous, to refuse
The youth who cut the ribbon for her shoes?

Here the "vowellation"—a new critical term—is not all that might be desired. In a very boyish way Poe ends,

And lest the guessing throw the fool in fits,
I close the portrait with the name of—Pitts.

It has little to do with Poe, but a good

deal with orthography, to remark that in the city of Baltimore a magazine can spell "knowledge" "knogledge," and "wonder" "runnder," and "despairing" "dispairing," all in twenty lines. To be sure, the responsible persons might reply that the article containing these flowers of orthography is "by an English visitor."



HOW TO STUDY LITERATURE.

Canon Ainger's address at Bristol, Eng., on 'The Teaching of English Literature,' is given in full in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and the following passage shows how Dr. Ainger would raise the subject from its present low level of treatment—too often as merely 'something to be examined in'—“To make us happier by introducing us to sources of pleasure hitherto unexplored, and to render more intelligible and interesting the notable works that we had failed to draw pleasure from before—these are the primary objects of teaching literature. And therefore, to add to our knowledge of everything that can make these writers give up to us their fullest meaning and spirit—to remove all obstacles in them, and in ourselves which hinder us from enjoying them is among the first duties and privileges of the teacher. The lecturer on Shakspeare has to help his pupil to understand Shakspeare; but he has done this to no purpose—or, rather, he has not done this at all—unless he has deepened the pupil's admiration for, and thus helped him to gain pleasure from, the poet. The aspiring pupil, perhaps (like those whom Mr. Wright spoke of as demanding 'sign-post criticism') thinks this superfluous. He is eager at once to exercise his judgment, his critical powers—to be able quickly to give a reason for the faith that is in him. Let him not be

in a hurry! *Love* must come first—*Criticism* afterwards. You wish to know WHY Shakspeare is greater than all other dramatists of that wonderful period. Well, your teachers could provide you with a dozen sound and excellent reasons for this, which nobody could dispute. And you could carry them away, and reproduce them in an examination paper and air them at a mutual improvement society, and be not one jot the happier and wiser for the knowledge—whereas, a companion who had by quiet reading steeped himself in the divine pathos of 'Lear,' in the pastoral sweetness of the 'Winter's Tale,' in the delicate comedy of 'As you like It,' would have discovered, without its having been pointed out to him, that in all these qualities, and a hundred other, even the tragedy of Ford and Webster, and the tender humanity of Heywood, must bow the head before the master of them all. And if it be asked, What room, then, is there for the lecturer and professor? I say that he is the best lecturer and professor who has best succeeded in inducing his pupil to adopt this quiet and patient method, to take this open but little trodden path to the understanding and true appreciation of the great English writers.”



MR. ANDREW LANG ON 'HOW TO FAIL IN LITERATURE.'

A blind man discoursing on the harmonies of color, a deaf man giving his impressions of the symphonies of Beethoven, or a guide who should undertake personally to conduct a party of tourists over a region in which he had never set his foot, would hardly seem to be a more striking instance of a person in the wrong place than Mr. Andrew Lang as an expositor of the art of failing in literature. This

was, nevertheless, the subject of a lecture given by Mr. Lang lately, in London, in aid of the College for Men and Women; and it need hardly be said that he did not fail to amuse the considerable audience that had assembled to hear him. He began by laying down some broad general principles which would make disaster almost inevitable. He had had, he said, ample opportunities of study in this branch of knowledge—in addition to his own experience. He who would fail could not begin too early to neglect his education, and must on no account observe life and literature. To cultivate a bad handwriting was an elementary precaution often overlooked. Those who would court disaster should be as ignorant and as reckless as possible. As a matter of style, they should always place adverbs after the word “to,” as “Hubert was determined to energetically refuse to entangle himself with such;” and should use more adjectives than words of all other denominations put together. They should also hunt for odd terms, as “a beetling nose,” and should have startling descriptions, as “the sun sank in a cauldron of deathly chaos.” Unusual terms should be put where they would cause the reader the most surprise—as for instance, trees round a man’s house might be called his “domestic bosage.” “Fictional,” for “fictitious,” was to be distinctly recommended; “all the time” might be employed for “always,” “back of” for “behind,” and “do like he did” for “do as he did.” Reversing the advice of Cæsar, it might be said that he who would fail must avoid simplicity like a sunken reef. Then there was the Wardour-street style, constructed out of Malory, Browne, Urquhart, and others, and producing a result like nothing so much as the Book of Mormon. A young author wrote generally for money, or from

vanity, or to astonish his family—which he never succeeded in doing—or from mere weariness of unemployed hours. The last cause seemed to be an infallible reason for failure; he who would fail could not begin better than by having nothing to say. It was an excellent plan to notice nothing, to take everything in the lump; to go through the world with eyes and ears shut, and then to embody the results in a novel or a poem. A young writer turned eagerly to verse, and his favorite authors sang of disappointment and gloom. Mr. Lang here said that not liking to quote verses of other people’s, he had written a few poems himself, to show distinctly how not to do it. A good way to disgust an editor or a publisher was to begin with the word “only,” which might also serve for a heading, as;

ONLY.

Only a spark of an ember,
Only a leaf on a tree,
Only the days we remember,
Only the days without Thee,
Only the flow’r that thou worst,
Only the books that we read,
Only that night in the forest,
Only a dream of the dead,
Only the troth that was broken,
Only the heart that is lonely,
Only the sign and the token
That sigh in the saying of “Only!”

Another of Mr. Lang’s specimen poems began:

When the sombre night is dumb,
Hush’d the loud chrysanthemum,
Sister, sleep!
“Sleep!” the lissome lily saith.

This sort of thing was a certain way of coming to grief in literature; but, he added maliciously, a man might, perhaps, do very well in an undistinguished way by writing such lines for the sister art of music. Alliteration was a splendid means of failure, and imitation was to be urged on young authors as leading to the greatest possible maximum of failure all round. Mr. Lang gave many other pieces of

advice to authors how not to get their books published, but admitted that they might, in spite of all efforts to the contrary, get into print, and then he instructed them how not to get reviewed. One plan was to write to a critic to endeavor to induce him to give a favorable, and an unfair judgment, by reminding him that the author once met him somewhere; young authors would not believe in the honesty of critics, but, while holding that everything in reviewing was done by bribery and corruption, they never offered the critics a *quid pro quo*. A writer who wished to fail with an editor should always insist on seeing him and wasting his time—a thing that an editor most hated, unless his visitor was young and beautiful. In conclusion, Mr. Lang said that if writers really wished to succeed they might turn his advice outside in, and give the same attention to literature that was required for success in other arts.



BUNYAN'S POEMS.

Probably few readers of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' know that Bunyan wrote 'A Book for Boys and Girls; or, Country Rhymes for Children.' Parts of the book indeed survive in later editions, but the true book, published in 1686, has till now been as much lost as the missing portions of Livy or the comedies of Menander. That a printed work only two hundred years old should thus have perished makes it less remarkable that so many classics have been absolutely lost. Mr. Offor hunted vainly during thirty years for Bunyan's 'Country Rhymes.' Now, at length, a copy has been recovered, and secured for the British Museum. A "facsimile" has been published by Mr. Elliot Stock; and the Rev. Dr. Brown, author of an admirable biography of

Bunyan, supplies an introduction. The tiny volume now in the Museum was once, it is believed, the property of Narcissus Luttrell, the noted diarist. The Museum already possessed a rare broad-sheet of the Pilgrims, marked in Luttrell's hand with the date and price of purchase. The 'Country Poems' are marked in the same way, and in the same hand. Luttrell's books went into the collection of the Duke of Buckingham, probably; and when that library was broken up, went on unrecorded wanderings. Six or seven years ago a collector in New York bought 'The Country Rhymes' (for £40) from a dealer in London. The New York amateur sold it again to Mr. Stevens, son of the humorous expert who wrote the history of the Lenox Library. From him the Museum bought it; and it will not be surprising if several other copies are now discovered. That usually happens when a book suddenly becomes notorious.

This quaint and most interesting tract opens with a poem to 'The Courteous Reader.' Here Bunyan admits that he writes for children of all ages, for "our bearded men do act like beardless boys." Therefore, "I now with them the very Dottril play," and "My very Beard I cast behind the bush," which was difficult, as Bunyan, at least when Robert White drew his portrait on vellum, did not wear any beard. After the poem comes "an help to child—ren to learn to read Eng—lish," that is, a set of alphabets, a few easy words, and a list of Christian names, that children may learn how to spell their own. The rhymes begin with the Ten Commandments in verse, followed by a very severe course of theology, showing how bad a child can be, and what his proper path is towards salvation. The rhymes were more clever and catching than is usual with Bun-

yan. The rest of the pieces are mainly 'Emblems' or parables on a number of familiar objects—eggs, bees, candles, "clouds edged with silver as fine garments be." Had Bunyan read in 'Comus' of the cloud that did "turn forth her silver lining on the night"? It is clear that he knew Shakspeare's song in 'As You Like It,' before he wrote,

Who would true valour see
Let him come hither.

The cuckoo is compared to the formalist:

The Formalist we may compare her to,
For he doth suck our eggs, and cry cuckoo.

Before Mr. Ruskin, Bunyan had exclaimed,

A comely sight indeed it is to see
A world of blossoms on an apple tree.

The poem of 'The Child with the Bird at the Bush' is a charming little ditty, not unworthy of Blake:

My father's palace shall be thine,
Yea in it thou shalt sit and sing,
My little Bird, if thou'lt be mine,
The whole year round shall be thy spring.

This is very natural, of the Boy and the Watchmaker:

This watch my father did on me bestow,
A golden one it is, but will not go,

—a common failing with the chronometers of boyhood. Bunyan's opinion of the natural man is unkind, *L'homme est un méchant animal*, but it is amusingly expressed:

From God he's a backslider,
Of ways he loves the wider,
With wickedness a slider,
More venom than a spider.
In sin he's a confider,
A make-hate and divider:
Blind Reason is his gulder,
The Devil is his rider.

This couplet on evil spirits is won from his own knowledge of conflict with Apollyon:

But just men who have with the Devil bin
Have been more safe than some in heaven with sin.

This is like Mr. Froude's remark

"Better hell with an honest heart than heaven with cowardice and insincerity."

The poems will not raise Bunyan into the company of poets; his claim to be on the English Parnassus must rest on the poetical elements in his prose. But the verses can only add to the universal liking and affection which all readers entertain for this humorous and good-humored, this brave and most imaginative writer. We knew before how fond he was of children, especially of his own blind child. But these fresh expressions of his affection, in their innocent simplicity, make the finding of this most rare book a matter to rejoice others than bibliophiles. Dr. Brown notices how Bunyan's old love of bell-ringing comes out in this book, though in his youth he gave up bell-ringing as a sin:

When Ringers handle them with art and skill
They then the ears of the observer fill,
With such brave notes, they ting and tang so well
As to outstrip all with their ding deng dell.

In the same pleasant manner, though Bunyan abandoned dancing, he makes his Pilgrims fall to country dances, and foot it merrily on the road to the City. This was not an austere Puritan, but he kept the salt of his youth in him till the end. It is not impossible that other lost or half-lost works of Bunyan may come to light in time. His first book written in prison, 'Profitable Meditations' in verse, was lost, so far as the first edition went, till Mr. Hotten, the bookseller, found a copy bound up with a set of pamphlets, a rare piece of luck. His extreme popularity caused his books to be thumb-ed to tatters. There are only five known examples of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' in the original edition, yet 100,000 are said to have been sold in his lifetime. Great popularity also accrued to a work now forgotten, Bernard's 'Isle of Man' (1627), wherein Worldly Wise appears long before

Bunyan's *Mr. Worldly Wiseman*. Having no circulating libraries, our ancestors, in proportion to the population, were very much more free buyers of books than ourselves. Bunyan's allegory outsold '*Robert Elsmere*,' probably, or '*The Mystery of a Hansom Cab*,' though reading was not universal by any means, and population was comparatively scanty. The first edition of his '*Country Rhymes*' has been literally worn down to one single copy, by dint of much reading. To be sure it is more or less a child's book, and children are the least careful of book collectors.



HENRY BRADSHAW'S PAPERS.

For the last few years it has been becoming impossible to obtain the more interesting of Mr. Bradshaw's publications. Most of the '*Memo-randa*' have long been unprocurable, and several of his communications to the Cambridge Antiquarian Society are out of print. Many therefore will welcome the present volume, '*The Collected Papers of Henry Bradshaw*.' Edited by F. J. H. Jenkinson. Cambridge: University Press, which contains, in addition to all these pamphlets, two papers hitherto unpublished, and a number of excellent facsimiles.

It is impossible within the space of a review to touch on all the various branches of study which are here represented, in each of which, as his biographer says, "Bradshaw was the first, or among the first, of the scholars of his day." Miscellaneous as are the contents of the volume, they are linked together by a similarity of treatment as novel in its method as in its results. Bradshaw was never content to study a subject from one side only. To understand a MS., for instance, it was not enough to ex-

amine the writing or the text. The whole history of the book from its first production to the present time—its wanderings and changes of ownership, minutiae of its manufacture, its binding, even its imperfections, all were studied and yielded their information. It was not till he had got to the very soul of the MS. that he was satisfied. Then and not till then could he arrange his various facts so as to throw light one upon another, and afford him that knowledge which to others seemed so marvellous. And as with MSS. so with everything else, in all subjects his minute researches brought the same wonderful results.

The papers (xv., xxiii, and the appendix), which give an account of his various "gloss huntings" in search of the remains of Welsh, Irish, Breton, and other early languages are interesting not only for their results, but as specimens of the method of research of which I have spoken. So very abstruse a subject is, of course, out of the range of all but a few, but the method can appeal to all. So clearly and lucidly is the subject treated that the reader's want of knowledge takes little from the interest which attaches to the paper; and he lays it down with a feeling of admiration for the learning and ability, governed by the strongest common sense, which were able to unravel such difficult problems.

As a student of Chaucer, Bradshaw held a high position. Not only was he the first to make clear the sequence of various parts of the '*Canterbury Tales*,' but he also drew out an elaborate system of rhyme tests, by means of which he was enabled to withdraw from the list of Chaucer's works several poems hitherto falsely ascribed to him. Unfortunately, owing to his objection to setting down his results in print, we have nothing from his pen but the paper (vii.), '*The*

Skeleton of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, which was printed to assist the collation of MSS. Much of his work on Chaucer was communicated at the time to others working on the subject, so that it is preserved in the books of other editors, or in the publications of the Chaucer Society.

It was, however, by his studies in bibliography that Bradshaw was most widely known. Abroad he was held in great estimation, the greater knowledge of the subject which foreigners possessed enabling them to estimate his learning more nearly at its proper worth. In England he founded a new school of bibliography. For the old school which sacrificed facts to theories, and supplied from imagination what was wanting in knowledge—a school which has still many followers—he had the strongest contempt; and in its place he introduced what he called the “natural history” method. “What is wanted,” he said, “for the solution of a bibliographical problem is not ingenuity of speculation, but simply honest and patient observation of facts allowed to speak for themselves.” The papers in the present volume prove the success of his system, and two (nos. xix. and xxi.) especially exemplify it.

The first of these, ‘Notice of a Fragment of the Fifteen Oes, printed by Caxton,’ shows how much information Bradshaw obtained from the examination of a sheet printed in Caxton's office, which, by the careless mistake of a pressman, had been rendered useless, and consequently handed over to the bookbinder to be used for lining the boards of the first book that happened to want binding. The results are too numerous to be here set down; but the whole paper is full of entirely new information, which is the more valuable from the clear and straightforward manner in which it has been deduced.

The other paper, ‘Godfried van der Haghen,’ first published in the *Bibliographer* in 1882, is an explanation of the initials “G. H.,” which are found upon the title-page of an edition of Tindale's New Testament, printed at Antwerp. Authorities on the subject had arrived by many ingenious arguments at the conclusion that the initials stood for Guillaume Hytchins, Tindale's assumed name. An “accident,” as Bradshaw calls it, put him on the track of the correct solution; and by a piece of work, as simple as it was conclusive, he proved that the initials stood for Godfried van der Haghen, an Antwerp printer and publisher.

Nos. vi., vii., xi., xiv., are all valuable contributions to the history of early printing. No. viii. is an attempt to separate from the mass of quartos attributed to Ulric Zel a series of books which can be shown by their typographical peculiarities to be the work of some other unknown printer, called, for the purpose of reference, the “Printer of the *Historia S. Albani*.” Short as the paper is, it consists almost entirely of new matter, and, as an example of arrangement and description, is above praise. No. xiv. is the result of Bradshaw's work among the printers of Holland, giving a list of the different presses and founts of type, with the exact date of the appearance and disappearance of each. It is founded in a great measure upon the ‘*Monumens Typographiques*’ of M. Holtrop; but it contains, in addition, the result of much independent research. It is the only work on the subject in English; and, being free from vain speculation, is of much greater value than any of the foreign books on the subject. Of the other two papers, no. xi., also relating to Low Country books, contains some extremely valuable notes; while no. vi. comprises the greater part of what

remains of Bradshaw's work on the English fifteenth century presses.

'Notes on the Day-book of John Dorne' (xxiv.) is the last piece of work which Bradshaw finished. The day-book itself is a list of all the books sold by John Dorne, an Oxford bookseller, in 1520, with their prices. In 1886, Mr. Madan edited the MS. for the Oxford Historical Society, identifying so far as possible the various books and editions mentioned. The interest which Bradshaw took in such a work may be seen from these notes which he sent Mr. Madan "to show the sincerity of his thanks." Apart from the ingenuity of these explanations, which are full of the most abstruse knowledge, this paper has another interest. It is a specimen of the enthusiasm with which he welcomed and the generosity with which he assisted any fellow-worker. It is when we see notes like these—sent merely to interest or help a friend and consider that to all his friends he was equally generous, giving them gladly the knowledge that was to form the backbone of their books—that we can understand why the work published under his own name is so little compared to the amount of his learning.

The editor, no doubt with good reason, has contented himself with adding the fewest possible notes; but it is perhaps to be regretted that he should have limited himself to so small a number. Recent discoveries have borne out the correctness of Bradshaw's theories, or have filled up places prepared for them in his lists. Notes upon some of these could not have been without interest as serving to emphasize the excellence of his method, and as giving further examples of that *pouvoir divinatoire* with which his careful work had endowed him.

A word must be said in conclusion in praise of the facsimiles, which add

much to the value of the book. They reproduce admirably the clearness of type and the delicacy of copper-plate engraving, while their fidelity to the originals gives them the rare merit of being useful.

E. GORDON DUFF.

EVOLUTION.

The sun had set, and in the mellow light
Suffusing all the West—the after-glow—
One star was faintly shining, hanging low
On the horizon's edge; advancing night
Drew shadows through the air and o'er the height;
When in the East, a ruddy fire, and lo,
New light! The full-faced moon was climbing
slow
The sullen sky. The star, one moment bright,
Plunged trembling down the void.

Can this thing be,
That from our sombre life, as silently,
One life fades out, swung down by Cosmic law,
Which lifts another up? Do all things draw
Sequent to nature's movement, and are we
But parcel of the earth, like rock or tree?

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

ROSSETTI.

A great many books, too many perhaps, have been written about the late Mr. Rossetti. There was a touch of the exotic, and even of the morbid, in his art, whether painting or poetry, and in his life. Apart from, and in addition to, his merits, these defects and accidents attracted curiosity. People who cared very little for poetry wanted to hear about a poet who had buried his works with his wife, and exhumed them again; about an author who allowed himself to be made permanently miserable by a review. It may be hoped that Mr. William Rossetti's notice of his brother will be considered adequate, and that for the future Mr. Rossetti's performances with pen and brush will be allowed to speak for themselves. About his

private affairs we surely know enough by this time. Who his friends were; how, and when, and why, they ceased to be friends of his; what prices he got for his pictures; who asked leave to set his songs to music; how he thought of sending a piece of verse to a paper and did not; how he suffered from sleeplessness, and chloral, and the chivalrous attacks of Mr. Thomas Maitland—these are matters often and often repeated. Mr. Hall Caine, and Mr. Knight, and Mr. Sharp, and now Mr. William Rossetti, with others probably, have told this melancholy tale of great and singular gifts, thwarted by an unhappy temperament and unhappy physical conditions. It is probable enough that the distrust and gloom which were generated in Mr. Rossetti's nature by a peculiarly moral criticism of his poems found in that article rather an occasion than a cause. The rare, and more or less abnormal, elements in him which made his genius were more than usually akin to disease. The malady of gloom and suspicion is common enough where no genius is; in Mr. Rossetti, as in Rousseau, it became conspicuous by destroying or distorting great gifts. These gifts, in Mr. Rossetti's case, it is perhaps more easy to estimate accurately now, than when they were fresh, and strange, and as yet unimitated.

The poet-painter's last biographer speaks of him as a burly, humorous, despotic person, difficult to work with, unless his fellow workers made due submission. The current anecdotage about him, the nonsense rhymes attributed to him which float about, justify this view. In his letters Mr. Rossetti seems to have spoken lightly about his own performances, calling some of his sonnets "a lively band of bogies." In fact, he must often have appeared a vivacious and rather truculent young Briton,

whose pictures and poetry were as sad as night only out of very wantonness. Mr. William Rossetti, on a statistical examination, does not find the sonnets very unhappy after all. But the prevalent impression left by the pictures and the verses is an impression of a luscious, deeply shadowed, luxurious, learned nature. The ladies in his art have lips as thick and red as a bisected pomegranate; they have deep, mysterious eyes, "the starlike sorrow of immortal eyes," and hair like midnight, or like flame. They are all passionate, very; actual life is not so consistently and incessantly passionate, actual nature not so lurid, human nature by no means so perpetually involved as Mr. Rossetti depicted these subjects with pencil and with pen. Yet, during much of his life, it seems that he was a considerable eater of beef, not indifferent to beer, fond of a broad jest and a horse laugh, a man of extraordinary vitality, and with an almost magical power of winning love and friendship. It may readily be guessed that the loss of his wife altered his nature in many ways, and that grief may have banished sleep till he called the disastrous drug chloral to his aid. If only the blue substance of sleep which Sir Arthur Helps describes in 'Realmah' could have been discovered, Mr. Rossetti's life, and poetry, and painting, would all have been happier and more sane. His biographer quotes a letter in which the poet says that, with him, sonnets mean insomnia. Dr. Johnson used to "drive the night along" by turning epigrams from the Greek Anthology into Latin elegiacs. Mr. Rossetti drove the tardy night along with sonnets, and perhaps it is not a matter for marvel that some of these sonnets should be obscure in meaning and construction. Mr. William Rossetti amplifies them and translates them into prose, and a French trans-

lation into prose was published two or three years ago. The preface was a wonderful piece of "decadent" French, in a queer new style, as if Rabelais's Limousin had been reborn, with a fresh manner of being unintelligible. The foreign translator and Mr. William Rossetti do not always agree in their interpretations, and Mr. William Rossetti by no means pretends that his brother's compositions are always luminous. It seems almost comic that pieces in verse should be thought to need a prose translation, and Latin prose, with its perfect clearness, would doubtless be the most appropriate medium. Perhaps a commentator will try this. In the meantime it may fairly be said that the obscure poems often carry with them a kind of luminous atmosphere, which is absent in the prose rendering. At the same time, it is fair to remember that a number of Shakspeare's own sonnets are not much more transparent than those of Mr. Rossetti. Possibly neither poet was anxious that his secret should be open to all the world.

Mr. William Rossetti gives us a history of his brother's achievements in the form of annals, with entries for each year of his active life. He began, as usual, with an unfinished and unpublished prose romance; his first ballad, 'Sir Hugh the Heron,' was privately printed, and, no doubt, is a precious thing to collectors of rarities. He never finished a translation of the 'Nibelungenlied,' a prodigious labor. It is a pity that his version of Bürger's 'Lenore' (1844) is not published, as a literary curiosity. Strangely enough not only Rossetti, but Dumas and Scott preluded to their careers by translations of 'Lenore,' itself an artistic form of a popular ballad current from Suffolk to the Peloponnesus. The famous 'Blessed Damozel' is as early as 1848, and from

that hour it was apparent that a new master of words, of style, and of emotion had arisen. The well known 'Jenny' was begun in 1850, and not finished till 1858. It hung on hand like 'Christabel.' There is a curious anecdote of an attempt made to get Mr. Thackeray to publish some of Mr. Rossetti's poems in *The Cornhill Magazine*. In place of sending them directly to the Editor, Mr. Ruskin was entrusted as an intermediary. He made "the stricture of a Scotchman" that 'Jenny' does not rhyme to "guinea." But why people will always worry third persons with their compositions, instead of going straight to Editors, is a question that the luckless go-between can hardly understand. Mr. William Rossetti talks of the "the potent aid" of Mr. Ruskin. "Aid" has not, or should not have, anything to do with the matter. An Editor is very glad to get good "copy" but "copy" does not become better by passing through the hands of anybody. One little point in Mr. William Rossetti's books is easily cleared up. When Great Britain took over Cyprus, Mr. Rossetti sent, through Mr. Watts, a piece of verse thereon to *The Athenæum*, but withdrew it "on finding that *The Pall Mall Gazette* contained some other lines on the like subject." These lines were a triolet, and were done merely to find rhymes to Cyprus.

We have taken the Island of Cyprus,
We have taken, and mean to retain it,
Be it pestilent, barren, and vip'rous,
We have taken the Island of Cyprus.
It is envied by Frenchman and by Pruss,
Though Gladstone effects to disdain it;
We have taken the Island of Cyprus,
We have taken, and mean to retain it.

Mr. Rossetti probably was only concerned with the difficult rhyme, and was not troubling himself about policy at all. In him the artistic temperament and the mixed strains of English and Italian blood nearly destroy-

ed partisanship in politics. They also made him an artist alone and apart from others, a "sport" of art, as it were and it is very much to be hoped that young painters and versifiers will cease to imitate his peculiarities. They can never reproduce his merits.



MR. GLADSTONE ON THE
RELIGIOUS NOVEL.

The January number of *Merry England* contains an article written by Mr. Gladstone after reading 'Ellen Middleton,' a novel published some forty years ago by the late Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Before treating of the particular work in hand, Mr. Gladstone deals as follows with religious novels as a class:

"It is but seldom that readers have the good fortune to find the true preacher in the guise of a novelist, as well as with the vestments of the female sex. As regards everything which bears upon the higher functions and higher destinies of our nature, the presumptions are sadly against any book which issues from the press in the fatal form of three volumes crown octavo. Too truly may it be said of many volumes of the day that, while they have escaped from the rudeness and grossness of earlier times, it has been by an artificial and unhealthful process; they have diffused the poison, not expelled it; they are whited sepulchres, and their uncleanness remains within, because they are still intended to stimulate appetite, not to minister food; they are still framed according to the maxims, not of the gospel, but of that world and flesh with which the Gospel is at perpetual war; and religion, if it appears in them at all, appears as a foreign element, of which a certain portion must be introduced to satisfy, or rather to appease, the

better description of public opinion. It lies there like oil on water without any thorough admixture, or any affinity to the general spirit and texture of the work. And in another class of romances, where religion is more copiously infused and more distinctly exhibited as an ingredient of the composition, how generally may the remark be made that the combination is inharmonious and repulsive; and that good intentions, employed in the endeavor to show off Christianity to the best effect, have only terminated in strengthening the latent, and furtive, and often unexpressed, but too real, too congenial impression of the reader's mind that, after all, it is the *gêne* of life; that we were born for what is visible and proximate; that the flavor of heavenly things is faint and vapid:

Eurer Priester summende Gesänge
Und ihr Segen haben kein Gewicht.

What is given to God seems taken from man. We are robbed of some portion of solid enjoyment, and mere air is offered as a substitute. It is felt, upon the whole, that the vivid and penetrating parts of the story are those which are conversant only with human aims, joys, and passions, and that the Christian tone is a sickly and lowering addition. Indeed, we fear that many fictions of the class termed religious may have produced a revulsive effect; and on this account there seems to be some reason for regarding with favor a work like 'Coelebs,' in which invention forms an ingredient no larger than that of religion in ordinary novels; that is to say, it is imperceptible, and from the first page to the last almost unmitigated morality prevails. But we confess we should think better of 'Coelebs,' if even that small element of fiction were expelled. Sermons and moral essays are exceedingly good things, or may be so, and there

is no reason for publishing them under fictitious titles; but it is not wise to give the reader ground to expect a more highly seasoned banquet, as he can then scarcely be blamed if he be disappointed at finding nothing except plain and homely fare."



SOME FAMOUS LIBRARIES.

Among the smaller libraries of the world, the one at Lambeth Palace holds a very foremost place. Possessing a history of nearly three hundred years, the vicissitudes through which it has passed have been both numerous and eventful. It was founded by Bancroft, who was Archbishop of Canterbury from 1604 to 1610, but the example which he set was by no means followed by several of his successors, as, for example, neither Laud, Sancroft, nor Wake left their books to the Lambeth Collection. The nucleus of this now justly famous library ran great risk of dispersion during the Civil War, when men were too intent on cutting each other's throats to trouble themselves about the rights of libraries or proper care of books. The Lambeth Library was continually moved about during this period, and there can be no question about the fact that a number of volumes were lost. It was not until the primacy of Sheldon, 1663-78, that the library was finally established at Lambeth. For a long period the books were relegated to the galleries over the cloisters, a fact which afforded Sir Harris Nicolas an opportunity for remarking that "only men like Captain Parry and his crew could make use of such a place." Archbishop Howley, who was primate from 1828-48, had the Great Hall fitted for the books. This hall is in many respects historical, for it was here, "that *the Bishop's Book*, as it was called, 'The Godly and Pious Institu-

tion of a Christian Man,' had been compiled in 1537 by an assembly of divines, consisting of Cranmer, Stokesby, Tunstall, Latimer, Fox (of Hereford) and Spaxton; and here also met that self-constituted body who, under the aged and enfeebled Whitgift, endeavored to palm 'the Lambeth articles' on the English Church."

The library is remarkably rich in manuscripts, and among these are included the valuable series of Registers which were originally preserved in the Priory Church of St. Gregory at Canterbury, but on being transferred to Lambeth were for a considerable period stowed away in the room over the gateway in Morton's Tower. The collection of miscellaneous MSS., termed "Codices MSS. Lambethani," extends to 576 volumes. In addition to this there are the Wharton MSS., which exceed 18 volumes; the Carew MSS., 42 volumes; the Tenison MSS., 289 volumes; the Gibson MSS., 13 volumes; Miscellaneous MSS., 231 volumes; and the Manners Sutton MSS., 46 volumes.

In our limited space it will not be possible to enumerate the many book treasures at Lambeth. Full accounts of these will be found in Dr. Todd's 'Catalogue of MSS.,' Dr. Maitland's 'List' and 'Index' of early printed books, and the present librarian's (Mr. Kershaw) 'Art Treasures.' We may mention, however, by way of examples, that the library contains an early MS. of Adhelm's work, 'De Virginitate;' an illuminated copy of the 'Gospels of Mac Durnan,' which contains a note on the fly-leaf to the effect that "this MSS. was a present from King Athelstan to the city of Canterbury;" a Sarum Missal, supposed to have belonged to Archbishop Chicheley; 'The Notable Wise Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers, translated out of French into English by Anthony Woodville, Earl Rivers,

finished December 24, anno 16, Edw. IV. ;' and two copies of the Koran.

In early topography the Lambeth Library is exceptionally rich, and upon this subject a valuable article appeared in the first volume of *The Bibliographer*, from the pen of Mr. Kershaw, the librarian. This class includes John Norden's 'Description of Hertfordshire,' a MS. work dated 1597, in the author's own handwriting, and dedicated to Lord Burghley. Another topographical work in the library is a MS. description of Nuremberg, by William Smith, 1594, with dedicatory epistles to Sir G. Carey, Lord Zouch, and Lord Burghley. It contains colored maps, and plans of the city and neighborhood are given; also notes of the government, customs, and ceremonies of Nuremberg, with several coats of arms. There may be also seen Lucas Waghenaeer's famous work, 'Spiegel der Zeevaert,' printed in 1585, in Leyden, by Christoffel Plantin, and with hand-colored charts, and quaint ornamental devices, ships, animals, and nautical instruments. Other early books that may be mentioned are — Purchas's 'Pilgrims' (1617); and 'Civitates Orbis Terrarum' (1599), with a number of hand-colored prints, and a rich emblematical title-page; a very rare work by Bernhardus de Breydenbach, entitled 'Opus transmarine peregrinationis ad venerandum et gloriosum Sepulchrum Dominicum in Hierusalem' (1486), which is remarkable on account of its being one of the first books of travel: it is well printed, and contains illustrations of Eastern costume and manners, with a plan and view of Jerusalem.

There are two copies in the Lambeth Library of the famous *Nuremberg Chronicle* (1493), and each is in good condition. This book is in several ways interesting, and perhaps in none more so than from the fact that it is

embellished with woodcuts by Wolgemuth and Pleydenwurff, the masters of Albert Dürer. And lastly, there is a sumptuously ornamented copy of John Speed's 'The Theatre of the Empire of Great Britain,' 1611.

It is not possible to do anything like justice to such a place as the Lambeth Library in the limits at our disposal, but, apart from the splendid collection itself, we must not forget that a great deal of credit is due to such worthy and eminent bookworms as Henry John Todd, Dr. S. R. Maitland, Bishop Stubbs, who have held, and, lastly, Mr. J. W. Kershaw, who still holds the post of Librarian to the Archbishop of Canterbury, for the "netting" of many rarities, and the conveniences afforded at the Lambeth Library.

W. ROBERTS.

THE INDEX AS SHE IS COMPILED.

No one would accuse Mr. St. George Mivart of a joke. He writes so earnestly and in such stately fashion that it is quite impossible to imagine him guilty of the literary indelicacy known as laughing in his sleeve. Yet he has permitted the publication under his name of one of the most riotous specimens of fun ever issued from the press. The book itself ('The Origin of Human Reason,' just published) is of the most decorous description, solid-throughout, and perhaps just a trifle dull. It is not until the index is reached that the fun breaks out, and then it waxes fast and furious. The index compiler must have been having a very dull time of it, and no doubt determined to revenge himself upon the very next author whose book fell into his hands, and this is how he does it. Mr. Mivart had found it necessary to refer occasionally and in passing to

samples of animal sagacity. Here is the index maker's opportunity. There is, for instance, a reference to the story of Miss Benson's collie who used to run out of the house whenever the word "pigs" was uttered. First this appears under D—Dog hunting pigs after family prayers, 78. Then it reappears under H—Hunting of imaginary pigs after prayers, 78. Then under I—Imaginary pigs hunted after prayers, 78; and finally under P—Pigs imaginary, hunted after prayers, 78. Why the compiler denied himself the pleasure of indexing it also under Prayers it is impossible to conjecture; but he makes up for the omission by cataloguing it under the heading Archiepiscopal Collie Dog. Again, Mr. Mivart casually remarks on page 299 that the besetting sin of our day is sensationalism. This remark which occurs in the middle of a paragraph, appears to have struck the indexer's fancy, and he indexes it under Besetting, under Day, under Sin, and under Our, though again unaccountably he misses the Of. We must pass over such flowers of composition as "Dough, parrot up to its knees in," and a choice collection of extracts under the word "What," for the sake of calling attention to the masterpiece of the whole index, a masterpiece which we venture to prophesy is unsurpassable in the whole range of index-making. Mr. Mivart had referred on page 136 of his book to some articulate utterances of a certain parrot which sounded remarkably like replies to questions. This anecdote gives the indexer his great opportunity. He indexes this twice under A, and thereafter under twelve other letters with variations of perfectly fascinating ingenuity—thus:

Absurd tale about a Cockatoo, 136.
Anecdote, absurd one, about a Cockatoo, 136.
Bathos and a Cockatoo, 136.

Cockatoo, absurd tale concerning one, 136.
Discourse held with a Cockatoo, 136.
Incredibly absurd tale of a Cockatoo, 136.
Invalid Cockatoo, absurd tale about, 136.
Mr. R—and tale about a Cockatoo, 136.
Preposterous tale about a Cockatoo, 136.
Questions answered by a Cockatoo, 136.
R—, Mr., and tale about a Cockatoo, 136.
Rational Cockatoo as asserted, 136.
Tale about a rational Cockatoo, as asserted, 136.
Very absurd tale about a Cockatoo, 136.
Wonderfully foolish tale about a Cockatoo, 136.

Could it have been some premonition of the fate his anecdote was going to meet with that led Mr. Mivart to close it with the words "enough has now been said"?

J. B. C.

SONNETS IN THE LIBRARY.

I.

I look around the walls with eager eyes,
And many friends of dear old time behold;
Some decked in all the glories of fine gold,
And some in clothing beggars would despise:
Yet *these*, as worthiest of my love, I prize,
For when to me the whole world seemeth cold,
Or down my cheeks the tears flow uncontrolled
I know that solace in their pages lies.

For not in books in "full morocco" bound,
"Calf extra, or "pure vellum" snowy-white,
Is sweetest consolation by me found;
But rather in the ragged, dust-stained tomes,
Abominations to artistic sight,
That save on my poor shelves would ne'er find homes.

II.

I ope a book at hazard, as I stand
With raptured gaze beside my crowded rows,
And such the charm its genius o'er me throws
That soon my little book-room doth expand
Into illimitable space, where banned
Is every vestige of Life's cares and woes:
The sun of happiness upon me glows
As I peruse the volume in my hand.

And thus it often is: my soul is borne,
On Fancy's wings, to realms of Love and Light,
Where perfect peace holds it in glad repose;
And, ere the leaves unconsciously I close,
Again I learn that e'en to those who mourn,
The darkest, dreariest days may seem most bright.

THOMAS HUTCHINSON.

ARCHAIC NOVELS.

Now in these days arose one Morris, that had William to name, and he was a wight man and a wise. In song-smithying he outdid most carles of his time, and he was cunning in all crafts, whether to weave, or to dye, or to fashion runes. The same also was a story teller among the folk, and many redes he gathered, and set down, and this saga of his he let call 'The Roots of the Mountains,' and he took it into Messrs. Reeves and Turner, and they let grave it in strange runes, and such as few men could easily spell, and they sold it for silver unto such as would buy. Now the manner of the telling of the tale was some deal strange, after the fashion of ancient times, and yet not after their fashion. For whereas many of the words were old, and half forgotten, others were not so; moreover, the tale was right long, and there were some that wearied thereof, and said "Go to; speak to men that live to-day in their own speech." And there were certain that looked on the end of this tale, yea, even ere they had read the beginning thereof, after the manner of women. And this was what they read: "The behest of Face-of-God to the Bride accomplished; a Mote-stead appointed for the three Folks, to wit, the Men of Burgdale, the Shepherds, and the Children of the Wolf." Then they who read mocked, and cried, "Chaucer we know, and Mandeville we know, and Malory we know, but what manner of redes are these? Whereby it fell out that the multitude went forth, and sought unto themselves other story-smiths, even him who saileth the swan's bath, and writeth concerning the Northern folk, and the Isle of the Golden Hoard: also him whom men call Crawford, and who hath to name the name of a woman, ay, even

him that telleth of a dark deed that was wrought in a car drawn by one horse only. And then would none of the saga of them that dwelt in the Roots of the Mountains, and concerning the manner of it they said, "Lo, this is affection."

Perhaps a review of Mr. William Morris's 'Roots of the Mountains' in this style might be very easy writing. M. Jules Lemaitre remarks that at college, some men found it less difficult to write good old French than good modern French. In the same way most educated people find a particular sort of old English more agreeable to write than the public finds it pleasant to read. Occasionally there is trouble, as in the 'Book of Mormon,' where passages like this occur: "Then they came in unto the Priest, and said 'Lo! here is an appalling catastrophe.'" Mr. Morris, in his new tale, has many beautiful passages, and it is needless to say that he never drops into appalling catastrophes. But what kind of English does he think he is writing? There are little touches out of Sir Thomas Malory; such as "A chamber dight very fairly with broidered cloths." "Dight" is a great word with Malory. But what English writer, from "Beowulf" to "Mr. Barnes of New York," ever called an angel or spirit "one of the Ladies of the Heavenly Burg?" Or who terms an upper chamber "a chamber aloft?" Or if we are to call a homicide a "murder carle" in prose, wherefore should we write like this in verse—

Up through the garden, two and two,
And on the flowers we drip;
Their wet feet kiss the morning dew,
As lip lies close to lip.

That is intelligible, modern, straight-forward verse. Now verse has a privilege to be more old-fashioned than prose, but Mr. Morris's prose is more old-fashioned than his verse. No doubt his idea is that in writ-

ing about times long dead he should use a language which is not more than half alive. But there can be no real appropriateness in this idiom. Mr. Morris's very stalwart men and maids are of Teutonic blood, living under institutions partly Icelandic. We hear of "The Thing," and the "Doom Ring," and other terms of old Scandinavian law, but the date of the tale is far older and more far away than the settling of Iceland. We cannot bring back the speech of those times; we can only offer a false antiquity of speech, a 'Wardour-street English,' composite and made up, with sentences full of adverbs. It is not thus that the freshness of the early world can be brought back, and a poet like Mr. Morris is hampered by the method that archæologists call "archaistic." It is not truly archaic; it is a mimicry of the archaic. While the language, though full of old words, is not old, the method of narration is really modern. A true saga, or epic or popular tale, is never descriptive. It never dwells on landscape, except either in certain conventional forms expressive of admiration, or, if it describes, does so just as much as is necessary to make the tale intelligible. If the *Njala*, for example, has to say that Gunnar went to the assembly, it says so, and there is an end of it. 'Gunnar rode to the Althing.' We are not told what kind of landscape he rode through, over lava fields, through meadows, across rivers, or what not. But Mr. Morris not only describes landscape frequently and picturesquely, but he even gives the geological causes of the features which he notices. "The grey rocks were but the molten rock-sea that in time long past had flowed forth from Shield-Broad and filled up the whole valley endlong and overthwart, cooling as it flowed," and the rest. No-

thing can be less like the true antique. Our modern fiction, on all sides, is overdone with landscape and description. In a recent story of a 'Strange Ride' what pleases a reader is the entire absence of picturesque detail, where the occasion seems to cry out for it. Nothing more is told than is absolutely necessary for understanding the situation. On the other hand, in a wild romance of yesterday, 'A Child of Ocean,' description is overdone in a way that out-Hugoes Victor Hugo; hence loss of power in a really forcible though by no means refined story. Mr. Morris's abundance of description is beautiful in itself, as it was certain to be, but is quite alien to the character of his narrative. To be really archaic the author should no more dwell on "the clattering thunder" of the stream and "the rumble of the wind of the gap," than Homer dwells on the sunsets of Calypso's isle. A tale told thus is neither one thing nor another, neither old nor new.

These are critical considerations, and the reader is happy who knows them not, and who can take his pleasure in Mr. Morris's exquisite landscapes and good fights—for the fights are very good. But to the critical reader the question "How should an historical novel be told?" remains unanswered. Is the teller to imitate the style of the period? This can be done, as in 'Esmond' or 'The Master of Ballantrae'; but then the style is comparatively recent. In a less curious and pedantic age, Scott was content with an occasional "be-shrew me," or "by my halidom," just to mark that he was talking of old times, though the general style was often that of the contemporary newspaper. For ages yet more distant there is a good model in the Sagas, if it is not pedantically copied. Something simple, straightforward, and

free from self-consciousness is needed, and the style is very hard to invent. The alternative is pure modernism, as in 'The Last Days of Pompeii,' where Greeks talk, and interest us when they talk, much as our contemporaries do. We cannot believe for a moment in a Teutonic warrior of old who actually speaks of "fainting at the scent of the overworn roses and the honey sweetness of the lilies." He was not the man to die of a rose in aromatic pain.



THE GROLIER CLUB.

From a profusely illustrated article by Brander Matthews in a late *Century* we quote the following: "So far as I know, the Grolier Club is the first society founded to unite book-lovers and book-makers and to gratify the needs and wishes of both classes of its members by collecting and exhibiting the best works of the great artists of the past and by producing new books which may serve as types of the best that modern skill and taste may do. This double function of the Grolier Club I do not find in any other organization either in America or in Europe. Neither in England nor in France is there any society exactly equivalent to this New York Club. In London, the Burlington Fine Arts Club was formed 'to bring together amateurs, collectors, and others interested in art; to afford ready means for consultation between persons of special knowledge and experience in matters relating to the fine arts; and to provide accommodation for showing and comparing rare works in the possession of the members and their friends'; and during the past twenty years it has held nearly forty special exhibitions of works of art, and perhaps ten of these special exhibitions have been akin in

subject to those held at the rooms of the Grolier Club. But the Burlington Fine Arts Club extends its interest over all the fine arts, and it is as likely to gather and display bronzes or ivories, porcelains or paintings, as it is to show wood-cuts, etchings, or illuminated manuscripts; while the Grolier Club confines its attention solely to the arts pertaining to the production of books.

"In Paris the Société des Amis des Livres declares that its aim is 'to publish books, with or without illustration, which by their typographic execution, or by their artistic selection, shall be an encouragement to the painters and to the engravers as well as a motive of emulation to the French painters,' and also, 'to create a friendly feeling among all bibliophiles by means of frequent reunions.' The Society of the Friends of Books is limited to a membership of fifty with an addition of twenty-five corresponding members non-resident in Paris. Ladies are eligible for membership, and the first name on the list in alphabetical order is that of Madame Adam. Among the other members are the Duke d'Aumale, M. Henri Beraldi, Henri Houssaye, M. Auguste Laugel, M. Eugène Paillet, Baron Roger Portalis, and M. Octave Uzanne. The sumptuous tomes prepared with loving care and untiring toil by the Society of the Friends of Books are known to all bibliophiles through the world as examples of the highest endeavor of the art of book-making in France to-day.

"The Burlington Fine Arts Club does not publish books, and only a few of its valuable exhibitions are devoted to the arts pertaining to the making of books. The Société des Amis des Livres publishes books and holds no exhibitions. The Grolier Club unites the three qualities to be found in differing degrees in one or

the other of these European clubs; it has frequent meetings at which its members may talk shop and free their souls; it gives exhibitions; and it prints books. (I open a parenthesis here to note that there is an unpretending little Book Fellows' Club here in New York which prints a tiny tome now and again; and to record that there is a dining club in London called the Sette of Odde Volumes, for whom a few pretty books—mostly of a personal interest and of varying value—have already been printed. But neither of these can fairly be called a rival of the Grolier Club.)"

SELF-REVIEWING.

The habit of reviewing one's own works—the only known method of making sure that the review shall be to the author's liking—has long been suspected of being not wholly unknown to periodical literature; but hitherto evidence has been rather lacking. Mrs. Garrick, we have all heard, advised Edmund Kean to write his own dramatic criticisms, and enforced her advice by the information that "Davy always did so"; but the anecdote wears a decidedly apochryphal air, and it is certainly inconsistent with the good old lady's affectionate and enduring reverence for "Davy's" memory. It has been reserved for Mr. Dykes Campbell in the columns of *The Athenæum* to make known an indisputable instance of self-reviewing. The culprit—if so harsh a term may be applied—is no other than Charles Lamb, who, by the way, was guilty of something very nearly of the same sort when he penned that sham obituary notice of Elia. The subject on this occasion was the volume of 'Album Verses,' published in 1830, upon which the critics, prejudiced as Lamb seems to

have thought by the title, had been rather hard. Hence the review which Lamb, in the letter Mr. Dykes Campbell publishes, sent to his friend Moxon, the publisher, for insertion in that now extremely scarce publication, *The English Magazine*. It may be pleaded that, at least between editor and contributor, the transaction was plain and above board. The article was ostensibly upon the subject of the Latin poems of Vincent Bourne, that most successful of all poets who have sought to clothe English thoughts and ideas in classic garb now chiefly remembered through Cowper's specimen renderings. Moxon's correspondent says, "I have ingeniously contrived to review myself. Tell me if this will do;" and with an honest touch of conscience he adds, "Mind, for such things as these I do not charge Elia price." "Vinnny" Bourne and his translators, as will perhaps, be expected, are soon dropped, and the reviewer gets to business as follows: "We have selected these two versions from a little volume lately published by Mr. Lamb, to which he has strangely given the misnomer of 'Album Verses.' Album verses! Why, in the whole collection there are not twenty pages out of one hundred and fifty (and cast acrostics in to swell the number) that have the smallest title to come under the denomination," and so on. After all the review is no puff, but rather a protest against those "indolent reviewers" who had construed the title of the collection too literally. It may be added that so little craft has the reviewer exhibited in the way of concealing his identity that few readers of Lamb could have failed to detect the master hand. The proceeding was no doubt irregular. It is a sort of thing which, as the Quakeress said when her forward admirer had vowed that he would kiss her, must not be

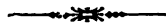
made a practice; but Mr. Dykes Campbell's discovery adds not the less a pleasing additional touch to the portrait of the most delightful of the English essayists.



BOOKBINDERS' QUARRELS.

The awards of the jury which decided on the merits of Bookbinders do not seem to have given satisfaction to the craft in Paris. The great grievance is that M. Lortic was not placed on the jury. A petition in his favor was presented by many binders, among them the noted house of Cuzin, the firm of Gruel and Engelmann, Marius-Michel, so noted for their gilding, and many others. But, in spite of a favorable official reply, M. Lortic was not of the jury, which a gentleman quoted in *La Curiosité Universelle* describes rather harshly as "a Jury of the Incompetent." Certainly M. Lortic now retired from his profession and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, would seem to have deserved a place. "Paper-makers know no more about bindings than about painting or sculpture," cries the aggrieved critic in *La Curiosité*, and it seems that "commercial" bindings were kept more in view than artistic bindings, in the country made famous by Eve and Le Gascon, Duseuil and Trautz-Bauzonnet. "The incompetency of the jury is crass, shocking, and impudent." One successful firm exhibits what appears to be mosaic—bindings, that is, in which decorative effects are produced by combinations of different colored leathers. The complaint is that the bindings of the successful firm, though they look engaging, are not mosaics of different leathers at all, but are merely painted, while the paint loses color and scales off. "We start at the aspect of the "backs,"

where the *nerfs* interfere with the design. This must be very painful to a correct taste. Another binder, sad to say, is the nephew of one of the jury, but he has only a bronze medal, though his are orthodox mosaics. Well, at all events there is no suspicion of nepotism here. The "log" has been rolled the wrong way. An interesting show is that of binding in all its thirteen stages, from the "folding" to the "finishing," but the exhibitors are thought to have their merit insufficiently recognized. In short, all the decisions of the jury are "more than fantastic," and it is a very pretty quarrel.



CLOTH BINDING.

From the interesting paper read before the Society of Arts, by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley, F. S. A. on 'The Principles of Design' as applied to bookbinding, we make the following extract: "The history of cloth binding ought to be one of great interest to us, as it is entirely of English growth (the French call it *la toile Anglaise*, and the Germans *Englisches Einband*), and its introduction is comparatively so recent that we are able to trace the sequence of the various changes that this form of binding has gone through. Books at the beginning of the present century were usually issued in paper boards, of various colors, with white paper labels, upon which the title of the book was printed. This was by no means a bad binding, but after a little use the paper was apt to crack at the hinge, so that the side got disconnected from the back. About 1822 a remedy for this was suggested, by covering the back with calico or cloth. This may be illustrated by a set of the old library edition of Scott's "Waverley Novels," in octavo. The "Novels and Tales," 12 vols., were issued in 1819, in pink paper, with white

paper labels. The "Historical Romances," 6 vols., appeared in 1822, in blue paper, with pink cloth back, and white paper labels; and the "Novels and Romances" in 1824, in the same covering. The late Mr. Archibald Leighton may be called the father of cloth binding, as the earliest specimens of this book-covering have been traced. According to an interesting article on Mr. Leighton in the *Book-binder* (No. 7), the first book published in the new material was the first volume of 'Pickering's Miniature Classics' (Dante), which appeared in 1822, and probably the second book so issued was Moule's 'Bibliotheca Heraldica.' The earliest cloth bindings were supplied with a printed white paper label, but after a time gilt letters were stamped upon black paper labels. Then the great advance was made of stamping the title in gold letters direct upon the back of the book. The edition of Lord Byron's 'Life and Works' published by Murray in 1832 has the distinction of showing very clearly the period when this change was made. The first volume was issued in January, 1831, and was bound in cloth with a watered silk pattern, and on the back was a green paper label, with the title and a coronet printed on it in gold. The second volume appeared in February of the same year, with the title and coronet stamped in gold direct upon the cloth.' In the discussion that followed the reading of the paper, Mr. Weale, Mr. Zaehnsdorf, Mr. J. Eastty, Mr. John Leighton, Mr. C. Buckland, Mr. Walter Crane, and Mr. Cobden-Sanderson, and others took part. Mr. Crane remarked that from the designer's point of view his own preference was for working on what might be called constructional lines. His own efforts in design for book covers had been rather with a view to production in a cheap form, and it

should be remarked that a good design was not dependent upon expensive materials for its effect. It appeared, however, that one of the difficulties of modern bookbinding was to command price enough to enable them to work out good designs in expensive materials. Perhaps one reason why the French appeared to spend more upon bindings might be found in the fact that all their books were first issued in paper covers (at a much lower figure than our cloth bound volumes), and that, therefore, purchasers had more to spare when they wished to put their favorites into good coats. Mr. John Leighton said foreign competitors had been our imitators hitherto, but they were now distancing us in the race. Hence the necessity for further effort. He could remember when the works of French artists, both plate and wood, came to England to be engraved, and when half an edition of a *livre de luxe* went away to the United States, but it was not so now. The Continental workmen, who are more delicate in their touch, having a better art training, rival us. In England whole editions of books appear in cloth, whilst in France and Germany hardly the half appear boarded in *toile Anglaise*. For the convenience of the buyer all the finest books were obtainable in paper, which is an incentive to extra leather binding and the tender handling of books. In the matter of the publishers' cloth work, and the marvellous strides it took, growing from a mere lettering patch to an ornate coverture, more or less appropriate, all was due to art. With regard to the bookbinding art of the future, the collector and the disseminator of literature should play an influential part, the patron and the publisher exercising a wide influence; but if they wished for excellence they must not, either of them, work by deputy. The

publisher paid a good sum, and should see that he got good design, and, moreover, that it was conscientiously worked out, and made to pass the ordeal of his own and of his artist's opinion—that is to say, if these tear-away times would permit of it. The patron of literature, not being a purveyor, had time and means at command, and should be able to beget the best work, and thus prove himself a benefactor to the future.

NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.

The National Educational Association and Council of Education have decided to hold their next Annual Convention at St. Paul, Minnesota, July 4 to 11, 1890. Hon. James H. Canfield, of Lawrence, Kansas, is President of the Association. It is expected that there will be twenty thousand teachers present from all points of the Union. The Western Railroads have already agreed to give half rates, plus \$2.00 membership fee, to all persons who attend, and Eastern and Southern Roads will make low rates which will be announced at an early date. St. Paul has organized a Local Executive Committee and the most complete arrangements are being made to give the teachers a splendid welcome to the Northwest, and to make the meeting a great success. There will be ample hotel accommodation at reasonable rates. Local excursions are being planned to all important points of interest in the Northwest and on the Pacific Coast, which will furnish teachers with the finest summer holiday trips that they ever enjoyed. The official "Bulletin," containing programme, rates and full particulars, to be issued in March, will be sent free. Address, S. Sherin, Sec. Local Executive Committee, St. Paul, Minn.

FALSE POETIC COIN.

Poetry is among the least popular of the arts, and stands at the opposite pole from music. Consider the coin paid at operas, concerts, to street organ men, and then reckon the amount that poets make by their books. Probably not more than three living "singers" make any money at all by minstrelsy, whereas music is a paying profession. There is all the more reason that the remnant which does like poetry should be honest about its likes. Sir Edward Hamley is honest, or even bluff, in his essay on 'False Coin in Poetry.' The study appears in his 'Shakspeare's Funeral' (*Blackwood*), and is as plain spoken as was Dr. Johnson on Milton and on Gray. But posterity has not agreed with the Doctor, and we may sometimes differ from the General. He admires Scott, but he finds 'St. Ronan's Well' and 'Kenilworth' "dreary." Well, let them be dreary for Sir Edward, but it does not follow that they are dreary absolutely. It is well to be a plain speaker as long as a person speaks only for himself. The 'Morte d'Arthur' of the Laureate, Sir Edward says, has drawn a string of idylls up into the Empyrean at its tail. These are only a luminous halo we may agree, but nobody can be sure that the tail will drop off and leave the nucleus for a lonely star. In short, coin is not false coin because it does not satisfy our private tests. Only posterity has the secret of "the Lydian touch-stone." Sir Edward tries a number of famous pieces, and finds in them a base alloy. He bars "the gallant good Riou" in the 'Battle of the Baltic'; but he passes "the wild and stormy steep" of Elsinore, which is about as steep and as wild as a pancake. Wordsworth's 'Laodamia,' which the poet thought equal to 'Lycidas,' comes in for not undeserved

Johnsonian treatment. The spectre of Protesilaus had "acquired in Erebus a taste for preaching." Indeed a Greek heroic ghost which says to his own widow, "Thy transports moderate," is a prig of a ghost, and could only have been invented in that singularly didactic region, the Lake country. In the country of lochs, as distinct from lakes, ghosts and men are not so ethical. "A feeble muddle of Paganism and Christianity" is the false coin which Sir Edward nails to his counter, and indeed it is of doubtful, though popular currency. Yet Mr. Matthew Arnold gave the highest praise to the style of 'Laodamia.' Whom is the public to trust, the poet or the materialist? Sir Edward thinks that Wordsworth came perilously near verifying his weekly washing bills,—indeed he does talk of a tub, "One of those which women use for washing clothes." If he had only thought of it, he might have verified his washing bills. But surely he can make his lovely youth a dolphin, if he likes, after showing him as a panther. Poets are permitted such licences, though not by Sir Edward.

But, as you have before been told
This stripling, sportive, gay, and bold—

is exactly like a "Bab ballad,"

They called him Peter, I repeat,
Because it was his name.

On Byron next Sir Edward doth fall,
still in Mr. Arnold's selections, and a fearful array of nefarious coin is exposed by this courageous critic.

Unless, like he of Babylon.

Like he! Byron is like "that famous Paper Lord, Lord Peter, who broke the laws of God, and man, and metre." The fleets don't sweep over ocean in vain Sir Edward argues, and in fact, almost all that Byron says to the dark blue ocean is bosh. "There let him lay!" Then what in the world

does Wordsworth mean when he writes about

The harvest of a quiet eye
That broods and sleeps on his own heart?

How could the harvest be the result of the brooding and sleeping of the poet's quiet eye on his own heart? Or is it the harvest that broods and sleeps on the heart? "Igsplain this, men and hangels," cries Jeames, on less provocation. Not content with these swashing blows, Sir Edward falls foul of poor Herrick, of Waller, of Milton, of Keats, who made Madeline keep jams and jellies in her bedroom. Even Shakspeare does not 'scape whipping, not that the coin is false, but that it is too freely scattered. The assault reaches its climax, when 'The Twa Corbies' and 'Willie's drowned in Yarrow' are dismissed as "bald and mawkish simplicity," "members of the family of dismal old ballads." Thus a reader, however easily intimidated, takes heart, and vows that there may be False Coin—even in criticism. Sir Edward shall not frighten us out of admiring the Ballads!



D. APPLETON & Co. will publish immediately 'Around and About South America,' by Frank Vincent, 'An Epitome of Herbert Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy,' by F. Howard Collins, with preface by Herbert Spencer; 'James G. Bairney and His Times,' the genesis of the Republican party, with some account of Abolition movements in the South before 1828. To the "Town and Country Library" will be added 'Blind Love,' a posthumous novel by Wilkie Collins, with preface by Walter Besant; to the "Gainsborough Series," 'Julius Courtney, or master of his fate,' by J. MacLaren Cobban, a reprint from *Blackwood's Magazine*.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN a very able article in *The Chau-tauquan* for February by the well-known political economist Richard T. Ely, Ph. D., we clip the following: "The latest development of socialism is an American product and is called nationalism. Edward Bellamy's book 'Looking Backward,' gave the impulse which led to the formation of the first Nationalist Club in Boston in December, 1888. No socialism of a higher character or supported by better men than nationalism has ever appeared; and when a person reflects on the standing and attainments of many of its most influential leaders, he may watch its progress with complacency even if unable to accept all its doctrines. The designation, nationalism, is noteworthy. It was no doubt chosen in part to avoid the odium which attaches to the word socialism. It may, however, also be taken to mean what it is certain that many, if not all, the nationalists believe, namely, that progress must be along national lines and that the nation has its part to play in the development of mankind. Nationalism may be regarded as a justifiable protest against an unpatriotic cosmopolitanism."

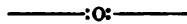
ONE of the best written and most exciting boys' books we have read for some time is 'Oo, or Adventures in Orbellohand.' The story is in the Haggardian vein and is worthy that master. The scene is laid in the vast unexplored districts of Central Australia, and the motive of the story is the boy's search for a lost father whose name has been blackened by a malignant relative, and for the "mysterious Oo" buried in the unknown recesses of the desert. The story, from the beginning, is an uninterrupted series of startling adventure, combat, mystery and wonder.

Through the boy's courage, intelligence and cleverness, the great strength and simple devotion of his sailor friend, and by the wood-craft of the honest native, the object of the story is obtained. Oo is reached at length, and found to be a marvelous underground city. A great battle is fought, the fortunes of which are turned by the prompt skill of the boy. The father, who has become the "Goyollom," or king of the country, is discovered and rescued, while the malignant relative is captured and compelled to humility and repentance. The story concludes with the return of the whole party to America, enormously enriched by the boy's fortunate discovery of a "pocket of diamonds." The book is crowded with striking original illustrations, and while primarily for young people, will prove fascinating reading for persons of any age. Belford, Clarke & Co. are the publisher's and the price is \$1.50.

'THE CHOUANS.' By H. de Balzac. With one hundred engravings on wood by Lèveillé, from drawings by Julian Le Blant. Newly translated into English by George Saintsbury. (London, John C. Nimmo.) 'A Chronicle of the Reign of Charles IX.' By Prosper Mérimée. With one hundred and ten engravings on wood, from drawings by Edouard Toudouze. Newly translated into English by George Saintsbury. (London, John C. Nimmo.) These sumptuous volumes, it seems, are the first of a series of masterpieces, of European literature, especially in the domain of history and fiction, enriched with illustrations by the hands of artists of the same race and language as the authors, and therefore it may be presumed the most congenial interpreters of the text, and with such luxurious large paper and choice typography as Mr.

Nimmo is accustomed to bestow on his publications. Above all, the translation into English has been wisely and liberally entrusted to an acknowledged expert in the languages and the literature of either country, one who brings to a labor he delights in the sound judgment of a masterly critic and the skilful workmanship of a master of his craft. To translate with equal dexterity two works so entirely opposite in form and style as these, is a veritable *tour de force*; but when we read the admirable introductory chapters to these volumes, showing how complete is the translator's grasp of the genius of the great novelist, we understand how this success has been achieved. Balzac, exuberant, overflowing with ideas, rivalling, Rabelais in fecundity of conception, overwrought by his excess of imagination, perplexed by his visionary hallucinations, loaded and labored in the expression of a superabundant wealth of thought and fancy; Merimée concentrated and

succinct to a fault, cutting out his sentences with delicate grace, like antique gems on an onyx or a shell, clear, hard, brief, disdainfully reserved—what a contrast! And Mr. Saintsbury has contrived to give his English reader who may be assumed to have only a passing acquaintance with the originals, a taste of the peculiar quality of each. Neither of these works counts among the author's best. Balzac's story, it is true, was the one that laid the first foundation of his future fame; but it is unequal and immature. Merimée is more finished, but has the air of experiment rather than of accomplishment. Both, however, have the stamp and seal of genius in their several proportions; the one with all his faults, towering above the other imagination and invention, but the other a model of wit and grace, of that artistic continence and self-restraint which the present generation of weak and silly plagiarists from debased French art have so much need to learn.



LIBRARY NOTES.

THE number of readers in the reading-rooms of the British Museum in 1888 was 188,432, an average of 620 a day, and the number of books supplied to them 1,950,060. This does not include students who consulted the reference library.

MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE has offered to provide the necessary funds for the rebuilding of the Johnstown Public Library.

THE will of the late David L. Aldrich, of Hopkinton, R. I., gives for the establishment of a free library in Moosup, Conn., \$3,000, available within three years, if a similar sum shall be first raised for that object; also a lot is given in location for the library.

A GIFT of books to the Library of Colorado College has been made by George Haven Putnam, of G. P. Putnam's Sons. It consists of scientific and classic works carefully selected from the publications of the firm.

THE late Moses Wildes bequeathed \$5,000 to the town of Topsfield, Mass., to replenish the public library.

WE hear from Florence that the Laurentian Library has recently received, from various suppressed monasteries, about 2,000 MSS. As yet, of course, these have not been catalogued, or even carefully examined; but we understand that Prof. Cesare Paolo has found among them at least one written by an ancient Irish hand.

THE will of John Kinsman of Salem, Mass., which has been filed for probate, provides for another public library for that city. After bequeathing certain portions of his estate to his family, the testator declared that upon the death of his wife, his children, and his grandchildren, the Kinsman Block, in Washington St., Salem, with the land under and adjoining it, and the estate in the rear, is to be given in trust to the city of Salem, to be placed in the management of not less than six trustees, three of the six being the Mayor, the President of the Common Council, and the City Treasurer. The trustees are to hold and manage the property for a term of five years, the accumulated income to be invested, and at the end of five years a free public library, to be known as the 'Kinsman Library,' shall be established in the Kinsman Block. The two upper floors are to be devoted to the library. The first floor is to be rented as stores, the income from which is expected to support the library. The Kinsman Block is one of the finest buildings in Salem. The estate is valued at \$50,000 to \$60,000.

THE Picton Library, Liverpool, Eng., has been fortunate enough to capture a peculiarly evil specimen of the Grangerite. The punishment meted out to him seems ridiculously inadequate. This picture purloiner went about his work with cunning deliberation. He was seen to possess himself of a number of costly art publications which he piled up in a regular wall before him so as to conceal the movement of his arms. Thereupon he proceeded to cut round the plates of book after book with a sharp knife. Six of the pictures were actually found upon him, and a number of other plates were subsequently discovered at his house. The books thus rendered worthless for the sake

of a few pictures, probably not worth when thus separated more than a quarter or two, are stated to have been of the value of \$100; and it is said that no fewer than 120 plates have in this fashion been stolen by some person or persons from the library. When arrested the prisoner's statement was that he "wanted the plates for a work he was writing." This diabolical scoundrel was let off by the Liverpool magistrates with a paltry fine of \$25.

RECENT additions to the Aldrich Collection in the Iowa State Library include a holograph copy of Tennyson's 'Throstle' (from his latest book), the manuscript of Marion Crawford's National Hymn, written for the Constitutional Centennial celebration in Philadelphia two years since; letters from Sir Lyon Playfair, the Duc de Broglie, Eugène Spuller, Sir John Herschell, Wm. Gilmore Simms, and Count Herbert Bismarck; MS. pages from Spencer Walpole's Life of Lord John Russell, with a signature of Queen Victoria and one of Lord John; the manuscript of one of Prof. Ernest Haeckel's scientific writings, with several hundred engravings (some in colors) illustrating his works; and miscellaneous manuscripts of T. B. Aldrich, Henry James, Emma Lazarus, Sarah Orne Jewett, Prof. Archibald Geikie, George Bancroft and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Most of these are accompanied by likenesses of the writers.

By the will of the late Samuel E. Sawyer of Gloucester, Mass., the Gloucester Library and the Sawyer Library will come into possession of \$120,000, while the Rockport Public Library will receive \$1,000 to be spent for books. Some \$269,000 more is bequeathed in an equally public-spirited way, the Gloucester Lyceum and Library being the residuary legatee.

PORTLAND, Oregon, will have a handsome library building, thanks to the munificent bequest of the late Miss Ella M. Smith, and the liberality of several wealthy citizens. Judge Deady has been working for some time to raise money to erect a library building, and had secured subscriptions amounting to about \$35,000. With the \$100,000 from Miss Smith, the \$35,000 raised by Judge Deady, and money and property in hand

amounting to \$25,000, the Library Association will have about \$160,000. Of this \$50,000 will be formed into a permanent fund, \$100,000 spent in building, and the remainder left as a contingent fund.

A NEW structure to cost \$1,000,000 is contemplated for the Mechanic's Library of San Francisco.

BURLINGTON, Mass., Public Library is to receive a bequest of \$1,000 from the late David Simonds.

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BIBLIOPHILIANA.

IN the course of a lecture recently delivered in London, Mr. C. Kegan Paul, the well known publisher, described the process of binding, and expressed the opinion that no books other than reference books should be cut. There was such a cry for economy in these days that a little time ago some miscreant got it into his wise brain that he could bind books with wire, and so now they saw a great many cheapish books were held together in this way. It had many disadvantages, and not least that it left ugly brown patches on the leaves, if it got at all damp. The feelings of people about what were good books were widely different, but he would say bind old books rather than new. It was a dangerous thing to say whether a book was really good until a generation had passed away, or, at all events, until several years had elapsed since it first saw the light. The books which ought to be bound, which were really books, were those which helped their intelligent life.

WE understand, states *The Studio*, that a Committee of Goëthe-worksippers has been formed at New York for the purpose of erecting a colossal statue to the memory of the poet. The pedestal on which the monument

will rest is to contain groups representing Faust and Marguerite, Iphigenia and Orestes, Hermann and Dorothea, and Mignon and the Harper. The execution of the statue, which will cost about \$30,000, is said to have been entrusted to Mr. Henry Baerer, a sculptor of New York.

To the *Library Journal* W. I. F. writes:

A NEAT COLLOCATION. In consequence of a little mistake of my own in arranging "copy" I once received a proof of the Coöperative Index in which occurred the following:

"Deadwood coach, The.—Moriendum est omnibus." (1)"

IN the *Harvard University Bulletin* (No. 44), Mr. G. E. Woodberry prints some notes on a MS. volume of Shelley's poems which was recently presented to the college library. The draft of the ode 'To a Skylark,' in Shelley's handwriting, has already been reproduced in facsimile, the most interesting point about it being that it gives the reading "unbodied" instead of "embodied" in the last line of the second stanza. Mr. Woodberry now gives in detail the variations which this MS. volume supplies when collated with the text of Mr. Buxton Forman's edition (1876). The poems are all dated; but the dates are apparently those of the year when they

were composed. As the same (erroneous) dates were given by Mrs. Shelley in the 'Posthumous Poem (1824), it seems probable that she used this volume for that publication. Mr. Woodberry concludes as follows:

"Whether this MS. volume was a source of Mrs. Shelley's text or not, it nearly represents it, and is interesting as tending to establish her fidelity to Shelley's MSS., and to increase the authority of her text when it is not superseded by that of MSS. later than those in her possession."

BYRON, Shelley, Burns and Dickens, are among the first favorites of the autograph collectors. Sixteen letters written by Shelley brought \$1458.88, an average of \$91.18 each. One in the hand-writing of Robert Burns went for \$490, and a large number of sheets of Byron's manuscript, containing scribbings and drafts of poems subsequently completed and published, sold for \$190. A letter from Dickens to John Leech was disposed of for \$462.50.

A FRIEND of Mr. Browning has induced Lord Tennyson to allow the following letter to be made public:

29, De Vere-gardens, W., August 5, 1889.

My dear Tennyson,—Tomorrow is your birthday—indeed a memorable one. Let me say I associate myself with the universal pride of our country in your glory, and in its hope that for many and many a year we may have your very self among us—secure that your poetry will be a wonder and delight to all those appointed to come after. And for my own part let me further say, I have loved you dearly. May God bless you and yours. At no moment from first to last of my acquaintance with your works, or friendship with yourself, I have had any other feeling, expressed or kept silent, than this which an opportunity allows me to utter—that I am and ever shall be, my dear Tennyson, admiringly and affectionately yours,

ROBERT BROWNING.

By the wish of the late Mr. Browning his copy of the work upon which his 'Ring and the Book' was based—"the square old yellow Book I tossed i' the air, and catch again, and twirl about by the crumpled vellum covers" is to go to the Library of Balliol College, Oxford of which he was an Honorary Fellow.

THE late Charles Clark, of Totham Hall, Essex, England, an amateur who possessed a private press and thence issued a number of eccentric books, placed in all the volumes of his library the following doggerel book plate:

"As all, my friend, through wily knaves, full often suffer wrongs

Forget not, pray, when it you've read, to whom this book belongs.

Than one Charles Clark, of Totham Hall, none to't a right has better

A wight, that same, more read than some in the lore of old black-letter,

And as C. C. in Essex dwells—a shire at which all laugh,

His books must, sure, lest fit seem dress, if they're not bound in calf.

Care take, my friend, this book you ne'er with grease or dirt besmear it,

While none but awkward puppies will continue to dogs ear it!

And o'er my books, when book-worms "grub," I'd have them understand,

No marks the margins must de-face from any busy "hand!"

Marks, as re-marks, in books of Clark's, when e'er some critic spy leaves,

It always him so waspish makes, though they're but on fly-leaves.

O yes, if so they're used, he'd not de-fer to deal a fate most meet,

He'd have the sollar of his quires do penance in a sheet!

The Ettrick Hogg ne'er deemed a bore his candid mind revealing,

Declares to beg "a copy" now's a mere pre-text for stealing.

So, as some knave to grant the loan of this my book may wish me,

I thus my book-plate here display, lest some such fry should dish me.

But hold—though I again declare with-holding I'll not brook,

And 'a sea of trouble' still shall take, to bring book-worm 'to book.'"

A LITTLE fragment of a song by Thackeray has just been sold in MS. in London. It is entitled 'As I See with Mine Own Eyes,' and begins thus:

They call thee false as thou art fair.

They call thee fair and free,

A creature pliant as the air,

And changeful as the sea.

In the same collection were two unpublished MS. stanzas by Keats on 'The Line in Beauty':

Beauty that must die, and Joy

Whose hand is ever at his lips.

UNUSUAL interest attaches to the following extract from an unpublished letter of Cowper, dated March 25, 1752:—

"The picture comes not, though I have learned from Johnny that he call'd on Romney, as he was commissioned to do, and gave him all necessary directions. Romney I know is neither idle nor unmindful when you are at all concerned, and perhaps he would not forget even me, but he has little leisure and therefore I must have the more patience.

Achilles and Hector, and Homer and all,
When your face appears shall come down from
the wall,

. etc.

How shall I thank you enough for the interest you take in my future Miltonic labors, and the assistance you propose me in the performance. I will some time or other, if I live and live a poet, acknowledge your friendship in some of my best verse, the most suitable return which one poet can make to another.

. . . You wish me warm in my work and I ardently wish the same, but when I shall be God only knows. My Melancholy, which seem'd a little alleviated for a few days, has gathered about me again with as black a cloud as ever. The consequence, is absolute incapacity to begin. The *The First Book of the Paradise Lost* is in truth so nearly akin to my own miserable speculations in the subject of it that I am a little apprehensive unless my spirits were better, that the study of it might do me material harm. If it be the will of God that I should ever labor in that field of fire and brimstone he will doubtless give me a frame

of mind, and in a proper time too, that shall fortify me to endure the steam of it."
etc., etc.

A CORRESPONDENCE has been going on in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* upon the subject of the smallest book in the world. The two following letters are of interest:—

SIR,—I venture to send for your inspection two small books which you may consider of sufficient interest to notice in your paper. The '*Bijou Almanac*' (1853) is about one of the smallest I have ever bound, and the difficulty of placing a morocco cover over it and gliding the edges was considerable. The second book [which is even smaller] is a copy of the '*Sacred Book of the Sikhs*,' and was obtained for me in a town of the Punjab by Lord Dufferin. In view of the recent correspondence on small books which has taken place in your journal I thought it might interest you to see these specimens. I must trouble you to return me the books, as, unfortunately, I have not second copies of them.—Yours obediently,

J. ZAEHNSDORF.

DEAR SIR,—Seeing mention of a small copy of the Koran in your columns, I enclose you a leaf of the smallest that I have ever seen, one of a few given to me by an officer of Egyptian Engineers, who was on my staff in Egypt in 1879. I had an entire bound copy; but all but this leaf (accidentally preserved in a cabinet of microscopic slides) must have gone astray in the troubles of that year. It is, you will see but a photograph; the letter-press measures 0.79 in. in height, and 0.41 in. in breadth.—Yours faithfully,
G. K.

—:O:—

AMERICAN NOTES.

THE *St. Louis Magazine* for February contains a very instructive illustrated article on China by Wong Foo Wick, of San Francisco; '*Public Charity*' is an able paper by Professor Lauron Hooper; Editor A. N. De Menil has articles on Will Carleton, Literary Periodicals, and others, and the bright, humorous '*Light Moods*' department; Dr. Page has a valuable paper on '*Health*'; and there are stories, poems and other features.

THE first thirteen books of Goethe's Autobiography will be included in a volume of the "*Knickerbocker Nugget*" series under the title of '*The Boyhood and Youth of Goethe*.'

THE J. B. Lippincott Co. announce as in press '*Old Country Life*,' by F. Baring-Gould, and '*Starlight Ranch*, and other stories of army life on the frontier,' by Captain Charles King. The '*Recollections of George W. Childs*,' published serially in *Lippincott's Magazine* are almost ready in book-form.

THE closing volume of C. A. Fyffe's '*History of Modern Europe*' is now in the hands of Cassell & Co. The volume embraces the period from 1848 to 1878, and throws, we understand, considerable light on the complex problems in European politics which led to the Franco-Prussian War.

MR. MOULTON of Buffalo announces 'Shadows and Ideals,' poems by Francis S. Saltus, in a limited edition of 1,000 numbered copies.

WORTHINGTON CO. announce as their next new volume in their "International Library," 'The Pastor's Daughter,' by W. Heimbürg, translated by Mrs. J. W. Davis with photogravure illustrations. It is stated to be an intensely interesting and touching story, presenting powerful sketches of character skillfully contrasted.

THE second part of Nathaniel Hawthorne's 'Elixir of Life' appears in the February number of *Lippincott's Magazine*. This is a version of the theme of 'The Bloody Footstep,' also treated by Hawthorne in 'Dr. Grimshawe's Secret,' 'Septimius Felton,' 'The Dolliver Romance,' etc. Mr. Julian Hawthorne, who edits the manuscript, by drawing attention to the similarities and discrepancies between this and other versions, presents an interesting study of the great romancer's methods of work, and, by paraphrasing such portions of the manuscript as are repeated in the published stories above named, imparts to the whole the character of a complete and rounded tale. The publication of the first part of this long-buried MS. in the January *Lippincott's*, giving, as it were, the history of an idea, created a wide-spread interest in the literary world. The eminent critic, R. H. Stoddard, in a review said: "It is a glorious fragment which the world will not willingly let die."

HARPER & BROS. have published Stanley's letters, telling the story of Emin's rescue, accompanied by illustrations and a map showing the traveller's route from the Congo to the coast. Sir William Mackinnon, chairman of the Emin Pasha Relief Committee, adds some interesting mate-

rial to the volume. It is of course understood that this book will not in any way trench upon Mr. Stanley's great work, which cannot possibly be published for several months.

THE *Detroit Journal* desires to receive, by postal card, the address of all living male and female descendants of Revolutionary officers and soldiers of 1776, and, when possible, the name and state of the ancestor.

SANFORD & Co., New York, announce for February a new book by Mrs. Florence Finch-Kelly, whose 'Frances — A Story for Men and Women,' aroused so much controversy last summer. Its rather puzzling title 'On the Other Side,' is partially explained by a remark of the heroine quoted on the title-page, "I wanted to get on the inside of life and see the wheels go round." In this work Mrs. Kelly has opened an entirely new field in American fiction.

DR. J. E. OLIVER, of Boston, well known as a careful and intelligent student of American history, has edited, says the *Boston Transcript*, "the diary of William Pynchon, of Salem, and his book will be published at an early day. This diary was written during the middle and latter years of the eighteenth century, and gives an accurate picture of Salem's social and political life in that interesting period. It will be issued by the Riverside Press."

ROBERT CLARKE & Co. announce the following important publications: 'Fort Ancient,' an account of the great prehistoric earthwork of Warren Co., Ohio, by Warren K. Moorhead, of the Smithsonian Institution; 'A History of the Girtys,' the curious record of certain "renegades" of the American revolution, by Willshire Butterfield; and 'Monographs of the Kentucky Geological Survey,' John R. Procter, Director.

AMONG recent biographical books 'A Study of Ben Jonson' by Algernon Charles Swinburne occupies the very front rank. It is a characteristic and at the same time brilliant essay by one of the foremost living English authors whose estimate of this great old dramatist will be received and read with due consideration by all lovers of English literature. Especially Swinburne's admirers will be delighted with it for it is written in the author's most picturesque and admirable style. The book is published by the Worthington Co.

MRS. ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS WARD has finished a novel entitled 'Come Forth,' which is described as a "love-story full of religious interest, and culminating in the rising of Lazarus." It will be published first

through the McClure newspaper syndicate. Her husband, the Rev. H. D. Ward, has nearly finished an historical novel depicting life in Ancient Babylon.

THE J. G. Cupples Publishing Co., Boston, have in press 'Vigilante Days and Ways; or, the Pioneers of the Rockies,' being side-lights on the makers and making of Montana, Idaho, Oregon, Washington, and Wyoming, by Nathaniel Pitt Langford. It will be in two volumes elaborately illustrated.

ROBERTS BROTHERS have published 'The Bagpipers,' by George Sand, translated by Katherine Prescott Wormeley, the translator of Balzac. They have now in preparation Miss 'Wormeley's translation of Balzac's Sons of the Soil.'

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FOREIGN NOTES.

AN announcement which will be welcome to literary and historical students is that made by Messrs. Speyer & Peters, of Berlin, of the forthcoming issue of Frederick Schlegel's 'Letters to his Brother August William' (the translator of Shakspeare's plays into German), in which we are promised some remarkable delineations of character. Amongst others we find Goethe, Schiller, Bürger, Fichte, the Humboldts, Jean Paul Richter, Körner, the Grimms and Niebuhr, the statesmen Freiherr von Stern, Metternich, Hardenberg, and others.

WHAT is probably the best guide extant to Greek paleography is M. Henri Omout's 'Facsimiles de Manuscrits Grecs datés de la Bibliothèque Nationale du IX^e au XV^e Siècle' recently published by E. Leroux of Paris. This is a quarto album containing 120 hollotype reproductions of Greek MSS. with explanatory text.

MESSRS. HARRISON & SONS announce as in the press a treatise by Mr. E. Gilbert Highton, M.A., Barrister-at-Law, Fellow and Secretary of the Royal Society of Literature, upon the scope and intent of Shakspeare's 'Macbeth,' accompanied by critical remarks upon its representation at the Lyceum Theatre, London, in 1888-9, and upon the general interpretation of Shaksperian drama. An elaborate Shaksperian frontispiece has been designed for the book by Mr. Philip Harry Newman.

THE "shilling shockers," as the better class of dime novel is nicknamed in England, appears to be in great vogue. No less than 346,000 copies of 'The Mystery of a Hansom Cab' have been sold during the last eighteen months and 147,000 of 'Madame Midas,' a book of the same class by the same author, in a twelvemonth. The company which publishes these books has in fifteen months sold near-

ly 600,000 of this kind of trash. Mr. Arrowsmith of Bristol has sold 350,000 copies of 'Called Back' and has issued upward of a million 25 cent volumes of the kind in the last four or five years. This is discouraging but, as the *Fortnightly Review* remarks, these books "meet the needs of a large number of people for whom it is unquestionably better to read exciting stories than to do what they would be doing if they were not reading.

MR. JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS, who for some time past has been an invalid, has, nevertheless managed to complete his 'Life of Boccaccio.'

MR. EDWARD DU CHAILLER, it is said, is thinking of writing a biography of Gustavus Adolphus.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. announce the 'Annals of Scottish Printing' from the introduction of the art in 1507 to the beginning of the seventeenth century. By Robert Dickson, L.R.C. S.E. and John Philip Edmond. Since the publication in 1785 of Herbert's edition of Ames's 'Typographical Antiquities,' no attempt has been made to write a history of Scottish printing, although expressions of opinion indicating the desirability of such a book are frequently met with. In undertaking the present work the authors have endeavored to produce a book that should be a fit companion to Dibdin's 'Typographical Antiquities, or the History of Printing in England.' The lives of all the Scottish printers to the beginning of the seventeenth century are given, together with an exact bibliographical account of each of their books, and occasional short notices of the writers. In nearly every case the descriptions are taken from the books themselves; but, where they are taken from a previous writer, the authority is given. The book, consisting of 546 pages, is printed on Dutch hand-made paper,

limited in number, as follows: 500 Demy 4to, each copy numbered, bound in buckram, £2 2s. 100 Royal 4to, each copy numbered, bound into 2 vols. in half Japanese vellum, £4 4s.

DR. WILLIAM KINGSFORD has just published, through Messrs. Trübner & Co., the third volume of his scholarly and elaborate 'History of Canada.' The new volume brings the story down to the Conquest of Canada and its Cession to Great Britain under the Treaty of Paris, 1762.

MR. J. T. NETTLESHIP sent to the printers some little while ago a new edition of his 'Essays on Robert Browning's Poetry,' published in 1868, and now out of print, which was, we believe, the first volume devoted to a serious study of the poet. The new edition is revised throughout, and has been enlarged to double its original size by essays on the poems that have appeared since its publication. It will be issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews, this month. There will be a limited number of large paper copies. The price of the smaller copies will be seven shillings and sixpence.

ENGLISH literature has lost in 1883: Robert Browning, Wilkie Collins, Charles Mackay, Joseph Barber Lightfoot, Laurence Oliphant, Martin Farquhar Tupper, Halliwell-Phillipps, William Allingham, J. G. Wood, S. C. Hall, Horatius Bonar, W. R. Ralston, S. A. Allibone, E. Hatch, Edward Bradley ('Cuthbert Bede'), Percy Greg, Eliza Cook, and Amy Levy.

MR. BROCKHAUS has recently completed, by the issue of the twelfth part, his newly revised German translation of Carlyle's masterpiece, 'The French Revolution.' The translator, Herr P. Feddersen, has succeeded in surmounting the difficulties presented by Carlyle's rugged, vigorous style, which loses nothing in the process of translation. Such a work should meet with the sale it so justly merits

in the land of Goethe and Schiller, so dear to the Sage of Chelsea.

LIBRAIRIE Victor Palmé publishes the 12th volume of Henri de Riancey's

'History of the World,' continued by Count A. de Riancey and A. Restoul, bringing this universal history down to the year 1814.

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GENERAL NOTES.

THE usually well informed London correspondent of *The Critic* writes: "It appears that the diary of Sir Walter Scott is in the hands of an Edinburgh publisher, who considers that its hour has come. Accordingly a part of it is actually in type, and the whole will extend, I am told, to two ample volumes. It is sure to be good of its kind. We shall have no studiously arranged fine sentiments, in full dress for the public eye, while affecting the seclusion of the closet; no wordy, wire-drawn introspections, too often suggestive of a mere morbid sentimentality exhaling itself for the sheer pleasure of the thing,—we shall have the healthy and wholesome record of a healthy and wholesome life. Perhaps we may have something more. Scott mixed in society which for brilliancy of interest and fire of wit could hardly have been surpassed. He was sought for and courted on all sides; every door was open to him; every breast unbosomed itself to him; no man had more friends or fewer enemies. In the leisure of his last years, during which the forthcoming diary was kept, it may be hoped that many a pleasant remembrance and merry anecdote recurred to him, and was entered therein."

A FINE new portrait of the late Robert Browning, detached and printed on plate paper, accompanies the January number of *Book News* (John Wanamaker Philadelphia). The magazine contains a sketch of the poet's life, and a review of his last work, 'Asolando,' which includes several of his new poems. There are

the usual number of reviews and articles of general interest to book lovers, one especially interesting on Miss Amelia B. Edwards, with her portrait.

Two more of Lord Tennyson's manuscripts have found their way into the market. The price which is asked for them—by Messrs. Robson & Kerslake—is \$200 and \$150 respectively.

MR. ANDREW N. LOVE, 28 Dunsmore Road, Stamford Hill, London, N., writes to say that at a recent sale at Sotheby's of the library of the late Mr. R. Love, the fine copy of the original complete collection of Wesley's Hymns, in 24 vols. 8vo, was *not* sold, and that the executors are open to receive offers. They consist principally of first and second editions, were collected with much labor extending over many years, and are a most desirable and valuable collection to secure, being in splendid condition and well bound.

CHARLES LEVER's works are at present greatly in vogue with English collectors. A complete set of first editions of the novels of the author of 'Harry Lorrequer' is now worth something considerably over five hundred dollars.

THOUGH Sir Percy Shelley (the son of the poet) who died at Bournemouth on December 5, gave Professor Dowden access to many documents at Boscombe Manor, there is reason to believe that some further material will be forthcoming when the papers of the late Baronet are examined.

From the *Library Journal* we learn that Miss Susan H. Yerkes, of the Arthur Winter Memorial Library, Edgewater, Staten Island, has undertaken a bibliography of American theatrical literature, an arduous task which we trust she will bring to a successful issue. The bibliography is one that is greatly needed and that will be of the highest value to students of the drama.

THE death of Mr. Browning has called forth the following In Memoriam from Michael Field:—

ROBERT BROWNING.

Slowly we disarray,
Our leaves grow few,
Few on the bough, and many on the sod:
Round him no ruining autumn tempest blew,
Gathered on genial day,
He fills, fresh as Apollo's bay,
The Hand of God.

THE following list of Browning's contributions to magazines will be of interest to collectors:—

'The Laboratory'	<i>Hood's Mag.</i>	1844, June
'Claret and Tokay'	" "	" "
'Garden Fancies'	" "	" "
'The Flower's Name'	" "	July
Sibrandus Schafnaburgensis	" "	" "
The Boy and the Angel	" "	" August
'The Tomb at St. Praxed's'	" "	1845, March
'The Flight of the Duchess'	" "	" April
'Hervé Riel'	<i>Cornhill Mag.</i>	1871, March

To *The Tribune* Mr. Smalley writes from London: "So Mr. Quaritch is going to set up a bookshop in America, if current stories be true. They seem to be told in his interest, and so I presume they are not false. Well, Mr. Quaritch is a bookseller who has a much larger stock of books than he has found a market for in England, and if he can induce the Americans to buy them, so much the better for him. He has rarities in great number, and if you are not too particular about the condition of a book—he says you ought not to be—or its price, you might do a good deal of business with the dealer whom his admirers delight to call the Piccadilly Napoleon." Judging from personal knowledge of

Mr. Quaritch, extending over a quarter of a century, we are of opinion that Mr. Quaritch would scorn to handle books in inferior condition and we are quite sure that American collectors are too well informed to be inveigled into purchasing rubbish even if the Piccadilly Napoleon vouched for it.

In the appendix to the Chandos edition of Gay, just issued by F. Warne & Co., Mr. W. H. K. Wright has noted one hundred and thirty different publications of the 'Fables,' and although this list comprises many which are not enumerated in the British Museum Catalogue it is still far from complete. Mr. Wright is preparing for publication a full and, as far as possible, complete bibliography of Gay's works, 'Fables,' 'Beggars' Opera,' 'Shepherd's Week,' 'Rural Sports,' 'Trivia,' and many other less known pieces. Bibliographers who may desire to aid Mr. Wright, and enable him to swell his list can address him at Plymouth, Devon, England.

MR. V. M. CORYELL, buyer and manager of the book department of the Western News Co., Chicago, for the past ten years, has accepted the management of Rand, McNally & Co.'s book publication department.

With the December number which concludes its tenth volume, the ever welcome *Le Livre* passes into that limbo which is sooner or later the abiding place of all purely bibliographical periodicals. The undeterred M. Octave Uzanne however has determined to found a magazine of his own under the title *Le Livre Moderne* a *Revue du Monde Littéraire et des Bibliophiles Contemporains*. The new venture will contain 64 pp. monthly, with an eight-page supplement containing a complete list of all books published in France during the preceding month. M. Uzanne has

adopted several novel features. In the first place the issue will be limited to 1,000 copies for which the subscription will be nine dollars per annum. In addition there will be 50 *de luxe* copies, 20 on Japanese paper at \$17, 15 on China paper at \$17, and 15 on Whatman paper at \$15. The magazine will be illustrated with etchings and engravings on steel and wood:

Quantin will print it but the proprietor is M. Uzanne himself to whom at 17 Quai Voltaire, Paris, subscriptions can be forwarded. The new venture has our heartiest good wishes.

A NUMBER of important letters of Luther and Melancthon have recently been discovered in the church library at Newstadt in Bavaria. These have been reprinted.

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BOOK AUCTIONS.

At a sale of autographs at the auction rooms in the Rue Drouot, Paris, a letter of Charles I., when Prince of Wales, addressed to the Duke of Savoy, brought \$105, a letter of Madame Roland, \$60, a letter of Robespierre, \$50. Autographs in Paris would seem to be declining in value, as they are in London, judging from some recent sales.

G. A. LEAVITT & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Feb. 1. Miscellaneous books.

Feb. 5. Modern paintings.

Feb. 7 and 8. Casey's 22nd Stamp sale.

Feb. 10. Boyert's 18th Stamp sale.

Feb. 12, 13, 14 and 15. Choice bric-a-brac. 800 lots.

Other sales in preparation.

BANGS & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Feb. 3, 4 and 5. A miscellaneous collection of books.

Feb. 6 and 7. A law library, U. S. and N. Y. reports, treatises, digests, &c.

Feb. 10 and 11. A library of English and French literature; valuable and scarce books.

Feb. 13. The library of the Dramatic Fund Association. Receiver's sale.

Feb. 14. Miscellaneous books.

Feb. 17 and 18. The celebrated Brock collection of postage stamps.

Feb. 19, 20 and 21. A collection of coins; rare and standard books.

Feb. 24. A fine collection of postage stamps.

Feb. 25, 26, 27 and 28. The notable library of the late James Carson Brevoort, of Brooklyn, comprising rare Americana.

In preparation. Catalogue of the library of the late Hamilton Cole.

Also catalogue of the law library of the late William H. Bradley of Newark, N. J.

C. F. LIBBIE & CO.'S ANNOUNCEMENTS.

March. Historical and antiquarian library of a late Boston collector. Early printed books comprising specimens from the Schoyffer, Koburger, Aldine and other celebrated presses, illuminated manuscripts, a very complete collection of New England local history, publication of the Mathers and other early American Divines, books of engravings, bibliography, Foster imprints and books relating to the art of printing, etc.

Feb. Manuscripts and autographs from the collection of Benson J. Lossing, LL. D. Historical Letters and Documents of the American Revolution, Singers of the Declaration of Independence, including rare letters written during 1775 and 1776, etc., etc.

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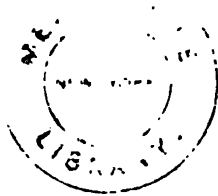
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THE BOOKMART.

VOL. VII.

MARCH, 1890.

Whole No. 82.

WITH PEN AND INK.

With pen and ink one might indite
A sonnet, or indeed might write
A billet-doux, or, eke to raise
The wind, a note for thirty days.

Not mine the poem; they'd send it back
Or crowd it into Bric-a-Brac.
My flippancy muse is never seen
Within the solid magazine.

And not for me the billet-doux
Indeed, whom should I write it to?
I would not thus employ my pen,
'Unless to woo my wife again.

Ah me! the while I stop to think
What Shakspeare wrote with pen and ink,
I wonder how his ink was made,—
If blue or purple was the shade;

His pen—broad-nibbed and rather stiff,
Like this, or fine? I wonder if
He tried a "Gillott," thirty-nine,
Or used a coarser pen, like mine?

Or was it brains? No ink I know
Will really make ideas flow,
Nor can the most ingenious pen
Make wits and poets of dull men.

So this the miracle explains,
He used his pen and ink with brains,
Mine is the harder task, I think,
To write with only pen and ink.

WALTER LEARNED.

ESSENCE OF PATER.

From Mr. Walter Pater's new work
'Appreciations' (Macmillans) we
make a few extracts:—

THE CLOISTRAL REFUGE OF BOOKS.

Different classes of persons, at different times, make, of course, very various demands upon literature. Still, scholars, I suppose, and not only scholars but all disinterested lovers of books, will always look to it, as to all other fine art, for a refuge—a sort of cloistral refuge from a certain vulgarity in the actual world. A perfect poem like 'Lycidas,' a perfect fiction like 'Esmond,' the perfect handling of a theory like Newman's 'Idea of a University' has for them something of the uses of a religious 'retreat.' Here, then, with a view to the central need of a select few, those 'men of a finer thread' who have formed and maintain the literary ideal, everything, every component element, will have undergone exact trial, and, above all, there will be no uncharacteristic or tarnished or vulgar decoration, permissible ornament being for the most part structural, or necessary. As the painter in his picture, so the artist in his book, aims at the production by honorable artifice of a peculiar atmosphere. 'The Artist,' says Schiller, 'may be known rather

by what he omits ; and in literature, too, the true artist may be best recognised by his tact of omission. For to the grave reader words too are grave; and the ornamental word the figure, the accessory form or color or reference, is rarely content to die to thought precisely at the right moment, but will inevitably linger awhile, stirring a long 'brain-wave' behind it of perhaps quite alien associations.

THE REMOVAL OF SURPLUSAGE.

The true artist will remember that, as the very word ornament indicates what is in itself non-essential, so the 'one beauty' of all literary style is of its very essence, and independent, in prose and verse alike, of all removable decoration; that it may exist in its fullest lustre, as in Flaubert's 'Madame Bovary,' for instance, or in Stendhal's 'Le Rouge et Le Noir,' in a composition utterly unadorned with hardly a single suggestion of visibly beautiful things. Parallel, allusion, the allusive way generally, the flowers in the garden—he knows the narcotic force of these upon the negligent intelligence to which any *diversion*, literally, is welcome, any vagrant intruder, because one can go wandering away with it from the immediate subject. Zealous if he has a really quickening motive within, of all that does not hold directly to that of the facile, the otiose, he will never depart from the strictly pedestrian process, unless he gains a ponderable something thereby. Even assured of its congruity, he will still question its serviceableness. Is it worth while, can we afford, to attend to just that, to just that figure or literary reference, just then? Surplusage! he will dread that, as the runner on his muscles. For in truth all art does but consist in the removal of surplusage, from the last finish of the gem-engraver blowing away the last particle of invisible dust, back to the

earliest divination of the finished work to be lying somewhere according to Michelangelo's fancy in the rough-hewn block of stone.

THE TWO ELEMENTS IN WORDSWORTH.

Nowhere is there so perplexed a mixture as in Wordsworth's own poetry, of work touched with intense and individual power, with work of almost no character at all. He has much conventional sentiment and some of that insincere poetic diction against which his most serious critical efforts were directed; there action in his political ideas, consequent on the excesses of 1795, makes him at times a mere declaimer on moral and social topics; and he seems sometimes to force an unwilling pen and write by rule. By making the most of these blemishes it is possible to obscure the true æsthetic value of his work, just as his life also—a life of much quiet delicacy and independence—might easily be placed in the false focus and made to appear a somewhat tame theme in illustration of the more obvious parochial virtues. And those who wish to understand his influence, and experience his peculiar savors must bear with patience the presence of an alien element in Wordsworth's work, which never coalesced with what is really delightful in it, nor underwent his special power. Who that values his writings most has not felt the intrusion there from time to time, of something tedious and prosaic? Of all poets equally great, he would gain most by a skillfully made anthology. Such a selection would show, in truth, not so much what he was, or to himself or others seemed to be, as what, by the more energetic and fertile quality in his writings, he was ever tending to become. And the mixture in his works as it actually stands is so perplexed that one fears to miss the least promising composition even, lest

some precious morsel should be lying hidden within the few perfect lines, the phrase, the single word, perhaps, to which he often works up mechanically through a poem, almost the whole of which may be tame enough. He who thought that in all creative work the larger part was *given* passively to the recipient mind, who waited so dutifully upon the gift to whom so large a measure was sometimes given, had his times also of desertion and relapse, and he has permitted the impress of these, too, to remain in his work. And this duality there—the fitfulness with which the higher qualities manifest themselves in it—gives the effect in his poetry of a power not altogether his own, or under his control, which comes and goes when it will, lifting or lowering a matter, poor in itself; so that this old fancy, which made the poet's art an enthusiasm, seems almost literally true of him.

THE TENDER SUBTLITIES OF CHARLES LAMB.

He was a true 'collector,' delighting in the personal finding of a thing, in the color an old book or print gets for him by the little accidents which attest previous ownership. Wither's 'Emblem,' 'that old book and quaint,' long-desired, when he finds it at last, he values none the less because a child had colored the plates with his paints. A lover of household warmth everywhere, of that tempered atmosphere which our various habitations get by men's living within them, he 'sticks to his favorite books as he did to his friends,' and loved the 'town' with a jealous eye for all its characteristics, 'old houses' coming to have souls for him. The yearning for mere warmth against him in another makes him content, all through life with pure brotherliness, 'the most kindly and natural species of love,' as he says, in place of the *passion* of

love. Brother and sister, sitting thus side by side, have, of course, their anticipations how one of them must sit at last in the faint sun alone, and set us speculating, as we read, as to precisely what amount of melancholy really accompanied for him the approach of old age, so steadily foreseen; make us note also, with pleasure, his successive wakings up to cheerful realities, out of a too curious musing over what is gone and what remains of life. In his subtle capacity for enjoying the more refined points of earth, of human relationship, he could throw the gleam of poetry or humor on what seemed common or threadbare; has a care for the sighs, and the weary, humdrum preoccupation of very weak people down to their little pathetic 'gentilities' even; while, in the human temper he can write of death almost like Shakspeare.



RARE BEN.

The criticism, as magical as poetry, which made us know and feel Marlowe with an intimacy and sympathy unexpected by any generation since his own, and which freed the dramatic genius of Chapman after its two hundred years of self-imprisonment in the knotty entrails of an oaken style, has again brought us into living contact with one of the old English giants. Mr. Swinburne's book, ('A Study of Ben Jonson.' Worthington Co., New York) is a history of Ben Jonson's genius; not one of its various and sometimes uninteresting manifestations is unconsidered, and yet the reader's attention never flags. This is not by any means due exclusively to the wonderful style, although that can lend a charm to the most commonplace of necessary details, as in the incidental meting out of condign judgment on preceding critics, or the

laughter expressed in words which may fitly immortalize the unreadable Master Joseph Rutter. The interest with which we follow Mr. Swinburne's dramatic narrative of this Titan's ambitious labors is akin to that with which we watch the trial scene in 'The Merchant of Venice.' The critic holds briefs both for and against the masterful dramatist, and has the right of Portia to pronounce judgment. The judgment, placing Jonson above Dryden and Byron at the head of the "giants of energy and invention," is pronounced at the outset; but, as each important work or group of works is examined, the arraignment and defence are pushed home with matchless eloquence; and—to change the figure—there gradually emerges, as if by incantation, a vision, not of Jonson as he was in the flesh, but of the spirit of Jonson, which even a careless and sceptical reader could not fail to see: a giant—Enceladus, Mr. Swinburne calls him—"heroic and magnificent in his life-long dedication of all his gifts and all his powers to the service of the art he had elected as the business of all his life and the aim of all his aspiration"; and a greater than Enceladus, for he could not be cast under Aetna, but held on storming the heaven of the "gods of harmony and creation," the gates of which are hardly closed on him.

Inclining to the opinion that chance presides over the world of letters, because, among other examples of caprice, thousands are aware of the existence of Bacon's 'Essays' who never heard of Jonson's 'Discoveries,' Mr. Swinburne does ample justice to the latter, and gives Jonson a higher place than he has hitherto held, if he can be said to have held a place at all, among prose-writers. In this matter it is possible to detect chance in one of its Protean shapes, that of

Bumble—for the culprit who asks for distinction in more than one kind rarely escapes the wrath of the literary beadle—officially arranging that Jonson's reputation as a dramatist is quite sufficient for one man, exactly as the German Bumble attempted to limit Shakspeare's supremacy to his comedies. Mr. Swinburne's hearty recognition of the many virtues of Jonson's prose makes amends in some measure for long neglect; and it may be hoped that the 'Discoveries,' fragmentary as they are, will now take something like their proper rank among the best of English essays.

With regard to one element in Jonson's drama, Mr. Swinburne points out that "he was too radically noble for a realist or naturalist of the meaner sort," and that in Face, Subtle, Volpone, Mosca, as

"in the most terrible masterpieces of Balzac, it is not the wickedness of the vicious or criminal agents, it is their energy of intellect, their dauntless versatility of daring, their invincible fertility of resource for which our interest is claimed, or by which our admiration is aroused."

Here we have concisely the just distinction between true realism and that which is unreal. The unreal, inartistic realism has simplified this complex world by once more making the discovery that man is a stomach, forgetting altogether, in the words of Sauerteigson, that, surely in some evolutionary frenzy, this stomach has provided itself not only with most unnecessary legs, hands, and arms, but with a curious and still more supererogatory organ which performs the unwarrantable functions of thinking and imagining. It is an old saying that what is seen is commensurate with the faculty of seeing. The world is as a mirror, in which every man beholds himself. When the realist says *en pleine platitude*, "This is real; that, ideal," he means, "Here I see myself; there a blank." He knows only one devil in man, Belial, the

least erected spirit that fell. Of Goethe's high-bred Mephisto, and Milton's archangel though in ruins, he has as little cognisance as he has of the athletic brains of Jonson's or Balzac's splendid villains.

In his study of Shakspeare Mr. Swinburne discovers the poet at work on Henry VI. "with his left hand of rhyme and his right hand of blank verse"—a just censure, which prompts a reflection equally unassailable, that in Mr. Swinburne we have a writer of poetry and prose as ambidextrous as Milton might have been but for the hurry of the sinister service in which his left hand, more potent than any other prosaist's right, became too facile for perfection. Although, like Milton's, Mr. Swinburne's prose is not poetical, but a better thing, "the prose of a poet," the method of his prose writings is the method of a poem; and they possess that spontaneity which is indispensable to the enjoyment of the composition and the study of prose as of poetry. Poetic spontaneity proceeds from the sovereign sway of passion; spontaneity in criticism is the crowning glory of the student: in place of painful references to notes and authorities he is enabled by perfect mastery to give an undivided mind to the pleasure of composition. 'The Study of Ben Jonson,' like the whole series of Mr. Swinburne's prose writings, has this rare quality, one element in which is an absolute trustworthiness as surely as envy endows a forthright and splendid style with a prodigal portion of carelessness, in matters of fact. Inaccuracy may be voluble, a lie may be glib; but neither can be spontaneous. Indeed, it may be said that spontaneity is the vesture of veracity: of that veracity which is clothed in mere accuracy of statement, as well as of the higher veracity of the imagination, which can never be invested

in the white light, the robe of truth, but must remain divinely discontented in its dazzling raiment passionately woven of many colors. And this is no grievance. We can best contemplate light as it decks itself in the green and golden land, the pearled and sapphire sea. The Gothamite who stared all day at the sun to sharpen his eyes on the celestial grindstone was blind when evening fell.

The determination, which is common, and the capacity, which is the dower of genius, to break through all impediments and reach the heart of the matter are the sources of the varied magnificence of Mr. Swinburne's prose. The chief hindrances in considering any matter are the thoughts of others. It is not so much a test of genius to think originally as to know what one actually does think. Some men upon most subjects have two judgments—a public one for daily use, and a private one which they deceive themselves into the belief they never held. There are decent, honest men who opine the opinions of others, persuaded that they are their own; Mr. Swinburne is of the few who can detach their proper thought from the mass of ideas. Not the mind alone is engaged in the study of his Studies. A physical pleasure accompanies the reading of his prose like that which gives zest to mountain-climbing. The virginity of the air, the certainty that not a breath here has been breathed before, exhilarates the blood; to disagree heightens the delight, as if the wind had freshened. The color, the sound, the movement, the vocabulary of strength, as of adamant and waves, of sweetness, as of flowers and stars, with pebbles from the brook for the unerring sling, the perfect knowledge, the Minerva-like birth of illustration, are all possible, because he will write what is true, transcribing with unsurpassed

fidelity his sense of the fact. And here, in the following passages, I think he will be found to pluck the heart from Jonson's mystery.

"And yet, even while possessed and overmastered by the sense of the incomparable energy, the impeccable skill, and the indefatigable craftsmanship, which combined and conspired together to produce this aesthetically blameless masterpiece ['The Alchemist'], the reader whose instinct requires something more than merely intellectual or aesthetic satisfaction must recognise even here the quality which distinguishes the genius of Ben Jonson from that of the very greatest of imaginative humourists—Aristophanes or Rabelais, Shakspeare or Sterne, Vanbrugh or Dickens, Congreve or Thackeray. Each of these was evidently capable of falling in love with his own fancy—or rejoicing in his own imaginative humour as a swimmer in the waves he plays with; but this buoyant and passionate rapture was controlled by an instinctive sense which forbade them to strike out too far or to follow the tide too long. However quaint or queer, however typical or exceptional, the figure presented may be—Olivia's or Tristram Shandy's Uncle Toby, Sir John Brute or Mr. Pegotty, Lady Wishfort or Lady Kew—we recognise and accept them as life-like and actual intimates whose acquaintance has been made for life . . . In all these immortal figures there is the life-blood of eternal life which can only be infused by the sympathetic faith of the creator in his creature—the breath which animates every word, even if the word be not the very best word that might have been found, with the vital impulse of infallible imagination. But it is difficult to believe that Ben Jonson can have believed, even with some half sympathetic and half sardonic belief, in all the leading figures of his invention. Scorn and indignation are but too often the motives and the mainsprings of his comic art. . . . The Nemesis of the satirist is upon him; he cannot be simply at ease; he cannot be happy in his work without some undertone of sarcasm, some afterthought of allusion, aimed at matters which Molière would have reserved for a slighter style of satire, and which Shakspeare would scarcely have condescended to recognise as possible objects of even momentary attention. His wit is wonderful—admirable, laughable, laudable—it is not in the fullest and deepest sense delightful. It is radically cruel, contemptuous, intolerant; the sneer of the superior person—Dauphine or Clerimont—is always ready to pass into a snarl; there is something in this great classic writer of the bull-baiting or bear-baiting brutality of his age."

If silence must be broken in presence of writing like this, it may be said that we have here at work a penetrative imagination of a quality never before applied to literary criti-

cism, and which in power has been seldom equalled. These passages are typical of how Mr. Swinburne knows; how he does not tax his memory; but how there spring up at once on all sides the right image, the right thought, the right illustration, the right word; and, again, all this is possible because, in Mr. Ruskin's phrase, he writes with his hand on the heart of the subject and is inspired.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

BOOK-LENDING.

One Act Comediettas.

I.

"I'll bring it back," said Easy Jack,

"I'll bring it 'safe and sound'."

And one fine day he brought its back:

The rest could not be found.

II.

"I'll take the greatest care: do PLEASE!

Lose it! Why no! My stars!"

(Six months later)

"What that old book! why how you tease

I lost it—on the cars!"

III.

"Careless! oh no! Papa's you know

So faddish, you can't think."

(Twelve months later)

"I knew you'd scold—I told him so,

Jack overturned the ink."

RODERICK THRADTHALL.

BOOKS, LIBRARIES, AND READING.

Everything in the world has had a book written about it, even glass phials, for in 1743 James Belgrado, the Italian mathematician, wrote a book entitled 'De Phialis Vitreis.' In 1781 a book appeared entitled 'Xsmwhdribunwhxy; or The Saucepan,' at 2s. 6d. Whether it taught the reader how to boil potatoes properly, or handled affairs of State satirically, as that strange first title might seem to warrant, I cannot say; but it all goes to establish the proposition that everything has had its book devoted to it. What the result has been

of such voluminous, perpetual, and ubiquitous book-writing, we need not investigate. We may rather ask where the volumes from so many industrious pens have bestowed themselves. No man reads them, no man hears of them, and they are only alluded to, if alluded to at all, as oddities—just as I refer to these now, that we may open our eyes wide with astonishment that print and paper were ever dedicated to such objects, and feel that superior sort of pity and tenderness with which mostly we contemplate the miscarriage of our less fortunate brethren. Men have written on 'Phials and Saucepans,' and such like subjects, ever since Solomon said that of "making of many books there is no end." But fortunately their leaves, like those of the oak of last autumn, have sunk into the earth and disappeared—let us hope with similar effect, that of enrichment to the soil, and the sprouting forth of as many more in the years that follow on. If there be no other use, it has kept the printer's devil moving to and fro between the machine and the author's house. This in modern days is a true emblem of progress, which for the most part works backward quite as far at least as it goes forward. It reckons both movements to be of equal advancement. Few persons object nowadays that it is a solecism to speak of advancement backwards, and I am not for splitting straws, so I say let the public, for whose benefit language was invented, use it for all the world just as it pleases.

Would it not now be a slur upon humanity at large were we to ask what is the good of all this learned concoction of books, causing book-megrimms to the writers, the running of devils, and the crashing of steam presses, and all to tumble into the pit with the oak leaves of the passing

season, to rot to pieces there, and grow again, and to commence the full repetition in six months later on? We know that when Isaac Casaubon visited the hall of the old Sorbonne at Paris they proudly told him that "disputations had been held there for four hundred years." "Have they," said he and pray what have they decided?" Why, if the truth be told, about as much as have the *phials and saucepans* for that matter, very likely.

I remember once being much struck with that question of Casaubon's. There is in it a naïveté and a wit that will always count for something. But as a man advances in life, or goes backward—which, as we have seen, is the same thing—he begins to entertain shrewdly in his mind an altogether other question. Why should anything be decided, and what is there that can be decided? Bacon talks of the *globus intellectualis*, and there is nothing in which it more resembles the globe than in never keeping to the same spot in space for a second of time. To decide anything is to fix it. What can be fixed in a moving ball, no particle of which is at a stand for a moment? Aristotle could fix nothing with his mighty apparatus of logic, his *Organon*; and Bacon with his *Novum Organum* had no other purpose than to unfix all that his colossal predecessor had affirmed. The schoolmen at the Sorbonne spun away at the Aristotelian Syllogisms forever and decided nothing; and the Baconians have since gone in for "fruit," and have gathered facts into heaps. When are they going to use them for decisions? They have a few show fruits, to the eye looking well enough, but in the mouth they prove to be the apples of Asphaltites, or dust in gay envelopes. The latest decisions in chemistry are atomic; their elements have ceased to be elements at all, unless it be elements of confusion.

Atoms are now said to be infinitely divisible, invisible, imponderable. So that matter has retreated through itself, or through substance, into an impalpable nothing that can only be reached, if at all, as an *idea*. When a chemist, who deals with matter alone, asks for an atom elementary, he begs for a metaphysical basis as the ground of science, and confesses tacitly that mind is the genesis of matter,—that he, at any rate, is out of court, and so must beg the question.

All this makes one ask what need we have of deciding anything? We may amuse ourselves with such questions and by the telephone lay music on to every house from a thousand miles away; and if we do this it is luxurious, it may be convenient, but it is not happiness, it is not knowledge, and it decides nothing. Man has not learned how to make man happy yet. Material discoveries and scientific direction of the powers of nature, are quite beside this point. The mind must be happy before the choicest gifts of nature can be appreciated by it. When the mind is happy, the wants of a man become astonishingly few. It is not by increasing wants that science may be able to supply, nor by supplying them to any man, that you can satisfy him. To decrease care, not to increase wants, is happiness; so that books and knowledge will not help, for they both do but increase trouble.

A library full of books is but a hospital full of fever unless you can introduce into it a reader, with a mind disabused of care and canker and heart-wearisomeness. Unless the soul and body are working healthfully and in harmony, knowledge becomes the curse that hounds them both from Eden.

Bacon has thought to give you fruit, but as yet nothing has come to man's hand but that which is forbidden; for

the conditions of man's life have not been happy, are in the main unhappier now than at any prior epoch of the world. Why is this? It is very simple of statement. All modern legislation, social, scientific, and political, is regulated to crush imagination. In this respect the mediæval superstitions were better than our vast agglomeration of facts and their "utilities": *they* fed, *these* starve the soul. Thought is dreaming, nothing else; there is no happiness to be got out of things as they are, but the joy lies in what they seem. Science aims at showing what they are; but it cannot do this for itself, it has not found out what they are, and yet it has spoilt all imagination for us totally.

A library has been called "a treasury for the diseases of the soul." It is nothing of the kind. There is a little truth in the statement, no doubt, or it would not look so pretty on paper as it does. But it is fundamentally a misdescription of what a library is. If a man whose heart and life are not at ease enters a library, and uses it to forget his woes, it is but as a drug he employs it to deaden pain. It is another method of opium-eating. He enters a fool's paradise, not paradise. Books are only soundly digestible to the healthy and happy, else they are as meat to the sick and the dyspeptic. This simple certainty is almost entirely lost sight of. We are so jaundiced with the yellow god, the bestial-stamped 'Pecunia,' that knowledge, education, science, art, and culture, are only valued for the gold they bring or represent. Viewed thus they fever the blood, but cannot feed it. Labor, reasonable daily labor, is the true zest-giver to books. The soul must be happy, or it cannot appropriate to itself *rightly* the nutriment prepared for it in books. Locke, Voltaire, Bentham, and thousands of

other men, have approached books wrongly. Whether they meant mischief or not matters little as to this point. The effect of books thus brought out by men who have consulted books wrongly will tend to wrong direction, as billiard balls with a wrong impetus first given to them must tend wrongly still.

Hobbes said well that he would have been as great a fool as others if he had read as much. This is true if you do not, cannot, approach books happy, healthful, in sincerity, and with the soul quiescent to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest them." This is true if you cannot bring to them a perfect candor, and search them with the whole intellect God gives you, to gather and maintain the truth that lies in them; or if His grace go farther with you still, to reach the truth against and beyond them, that you so studying can elicit. Books are full of error, full of false principles, full of false feeling, presumption, pride, ambition. They infuse poison, promising to teach the reader to see as gods see. From this subtle serpent-poison, only the humble-minded can escape. They teach a man to babble where silence is wisdom. Rousseau made a valid thrust at the majority of books when he said, "*Je hais les livres, ils n'apprenent qu'à parler de ce qu'on ne sait pas.*" On the other hand, Johnson said "No book is so bad that you cannot get something from it,"—but, like all Johnson's good things that rise at all above the level of felicitous conversation, this was said before him, and by Pliny. But what does it imply? Why, that the reader is above the book, and must select that which is good from it and let the rest burn out in Phlegethon, or he will quickly find himself in the morass indicated by Rousseau, and talking of what he does not understand.

Books are far from being an unmixed good. They are likely to be much over-valued in the immediate future, owing to the very high value now supposed to attach to education, the vulgar idea of which is the knowing a good deal of what is in many books. Such knowledge, if it be learning at all, is but learned ignorance,—knowledge that will do to talk on, and perhaps to excite the wondrous envy of others; but it will not do to work on, except for a penny-a-liner. It is knowledge without wisdom, and cannot guide the hand to do, in the least, what is needful should be done by it. It is knowledge like the disputations at Sorbonne, that can decide nothing in four hundred years; knowledge that busies the mind but can never make it happy.

To universalize, as we are doing, a faculty for the reading of books, must prove, like everything that has gone before it, a pursuit that eludes the pursuer. "Brutus," says Butler in his sermons, "always read to make himself a better man." That is an excellent moral position to take up; but it strikes me that if you had put Brutus into the Bodleian, Brutus would soon have retreated from that position by discovering how little the books gathered in that portentous store would furnish of inducement, to such a reader as he to stay there half an hour. I maintain that books to the unhappy are nothing but a nepenthe, as useful as opium or chloroform, no more; that for the multitude to be made into readers is to make them unhappy, and that the true prerequisite of all reading, rightly understood, is to set books before a happy man, not to try and make him happy by books. It is to begin at the wrong end, and it has made literature, books, and knowledge itself, unwholesome, and even unfit to be harbored in the human mind. If you could see the

contents of books, through a window in their back, you would find entire shelves where every alternate book contradicted its neighbor next it. Out of all this what can an ordinary reader arrive at but confusion worse confounded? John Norris, the great Platonist, used to say that if angels were writers we should have few folios; but we may be sure that if angels were writers most of the 8vos would disappear with the folios and quartos, because we should eliminate contradictions, or, in other words, nearly ninety-nine per cent of all literature extant.

C. A. WARD.

AN AUTHOR'S CRY.

Most people have heard of Mr. Washington Moon. He it was who wrote against 'The Dean's English,' when Dean Alford had published a work called 'The Queen's English.' Dean Alford's enemy has now, too late for the Dean, written a book, like the opponent of Job, and this book, 'With all my Worldly Goods I Thee Endow,' is a novel (Routledge). The novel is curious enough, but not so pathetic as the author's cry in the preface. Unlike Panurge, Mr. Moon does not praise the borrowers—at least, the borrowers of books. He does not speak as the book collector, whose treasures, once lent, are always lost or spoiled, but as the author. "I once knew a person," he says, and quotes Juvenal, "who was mean enough, and callous enough, to ask even an author for the loan of one of his works. If that person could have realized, and have been made to feel, the contempt which his request raised in the author's mind, his self respect would have been utterly withered by it." This is an old complaint—Martial made it near eighteen hundred years ago. He ad-

resses an epigram to a friend who, whenever they meet, asks leave to send his page and borrow Martial's latest little volume of verse. The poet answers that it is a long journey for the boy, a steep climb to his garret. But in the market place lives one Attrectus, a bookseller, from whom he can buy the Epigrams in their purple binding for ten cents. He says nothing about discount. As to whether the self-respect of the borrower "withered away" or not, literary history is silent. Mr. Moon argues the matter out with the wicked borrower. "Do you not think it strange, dear readers, that you, who fairly claim to be considered liberal and just, have hitherto held it to be perfectly allowable to borrow a book, notwithstanding that you were well able to purchase it?" "To me it seems," he goes on, "that if a book is not your own by right of purchase or of gift, you ought, in honor, to abstain from reading it unless it belongs to a public library." Mr. Moon depicts the labor that goes into a novel—the careful study of life and character, and of nature animate and inanimate, and all the rest of it. But whose house, what ducal palace, even, could hold all the novels a man may read? People prefer a constant flow of fresh books, for authors must make up their minds to this, that the literary class is very small. Only people who have a sincere love of literature will spend money and allot house room to books. Very few of them will do as much for novels. So English authors must supply lending libraries or remain unread. In America the case is different. But in America English novels can be bought so very cheap that people may, if they like, throw them away after reading them, like old newspapers. But for the sale of cheap English books, perhaps Americans would, ere now, have

been as great pillars of the lending library as Lydia Languish herself. Mr. Moon's new novel has, at least, a startling first sentence. "'It is a blasphemous lie,' muttered Ernest Aldam, as, with evident indignation and impatience, he rose and left the church." The nature of the blasphemous lie is too ecclesiastical to be discussed here, but the general reader will find much to astonish him, and will delight in a Mr. Thornton, who knocks down priests "like skittles." Whether he will purchase Mr. Moon's performance or not is between himself and his conscience.

THE LIGHTNESS OF BOOKS AND THEIR FORM.

An excellent thing in the beautiful edition of 'Boswell's Life of Johnson,' which Messrs. Harper & Brothers have lately published, is the lightness of each of the stately six volumes. We would by no means ignore the editorial labors of Mr. George Birkbeck Hill; these are worthy of the highest praise, from the first prefatory passage all through the army of foot notes to the last line of the most satisfying of indexes; and as for the chief of biographers, he has lived his way through the stupid disdain of generations of critics to a station far beyond the acclaim of any: the first of Interviewers survives in the immortality of his Interviewed, a perpetual example of triumphant self-sacrifice to all his kind. Delightful the book is, wherever you open it, and astonishing to any he that will consider how it is the work of a commonplace man about a writer singularly uninspired in his poetry, obtuse in his sense of beauty and of art, mistaken in his political economy, narrow and intolerant in his religion, mechanical in his morality, servile in his theories

of society; one who is no longer read now in his unwieldy and pedantic prose, and has been wholly superseded even as a lexicographer, but who is present here in the largeness of his heart, vastly and simply human; no poet, no critic, no philosopher, no *savant*, by the fine modern tests, but somehow immensely a man: a warm, huge bulk, living, breathing, not to say snoring, and simply biographied to undying fame. But all this, or the like of it, has been very much said before, and we were going to speak of that purely material property of the book which we have already hinted at, for we think it cannot be too highly commended. For our own part we hope for a time when no new book will be made larger than a volume of the Tauchnitz editions, or rather when every author worth reading shall be published in some such convenient form. Then the proud, who love to see large octavos and duodecimos in vain bindings on their shelves, may have their fancy's fill, while to every sincere lover of literature shall be given his little light bookling, to be read abed, or lounged with in an easy-chair, or to be unpocketed for a taste of its sweetness in city car or cab, or upon still country by-paths. No book too heavy to hold in one hand has any right to exist, to the exclusion of the same work in the ideal form; and we would have that form the original shape of publication; those who want books to furnish their libraries, not their minds, might wait. As it is now, half a dozen vested interests conspire to give the lover of literature his love first in a guise that makes it a burden. Certain works of science and of art, whose primary appeal is not literary, might take the shape their authors judged fittest; but there is no reason except the commercial reason why fiction,

poetry, travel, biography, history, should not always be offered us first as we have suggested. Most duodecimo books, even, are too thick and too heavy, though generally the weight is from the quality, not the quantity, of the paper used; so that the royal octavos of this new edition of 'Boswell's Johnson' are no more fatiguing to the wrist than half the duodecimo novels that issue from the press. A new book of the kinds we have mentioned should be heavier than a metropolitan Sunday newspaper, which it hardly exceeds in the number of its words, only by the weight of a very thin, flexible cloth binding. This might be as gay and costly, or as simple and cheap, as the taste and the purse of the purchaser allowed; but in an age when all things become more and more perceptibly transitory, the first appeal of a book should not be made from covers bespeaking perpetuity. That should be for the library edition, to come later, if at all. The ideal book should open easily, and stay open till the reader shuts it; and it should slip easily into a man's breast-pocket or a lady's shopping bag. In Plato's Republic (or if it was not there perhaps it was in Mr. Bellamy's 'Looking Backward' commonwealth) all new books were physically adapted to the strength of the delicate and ailing people—mostly delicate and ailing women—who have always done most of the reading in the world; and the library editions were awarded as prizes to the winners in the Olympian games, who generally could not spell, but who had the muscle to handle those athletic volumes, which snapped shut like steel-traps when you tried to open them, and were bound in thick, heavy, brutal boards, as unyielding as plate armor.—WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS, in the *Study of Harper's Magazine* for February.

A BATCH OF BINDERS.

The Boyer or Boyet family of binders flourished in Paris from 1670 to 1730. As compared with everything which had gone before, the style of binding adopted by them is distinctively their own. Many of the ornamental details were simply selected from the work of their predecessors; some were quite new, and the mode in which they were applied to the red or blue morocco coverings, manipulated with great skill, was fresh and elegant. It has been followed by the binders of all countries ever since, in spite of a few weak occasional attempts to substitute new methods. In the Boyer books, the backs of the volumes are more elaborately gilt than the sides; the surface of these being left to a large extent blank, without other decoration than the gold fillets and the corner-pieces of *dentelle* work. An elegant ornament is the figure of a vase, sometimes placed at the angles on the sides and in the panels on the back; but this had been used by contemporaries and followers of La Gascon before the first Boyer's time. The usual ornament was a flower on a bit of lace-work which, in combination with the corner-pieces in the panels on the back, left the morocco blank in lozenge shapes. The morocco lining is a characteristic of the better kind of Boyer bindings; it was usually plain with the exception of a *dentelle* edging of gold.

During the first twenty years of the eighteenth century, Augustin du Seuil, who had evidently been brought up in Boyer's house, became famous as a binder. His work is more ornate than that of his teacher, and shows a renewal of some of the fine and delicate methods of Le Gascon's time. He indulged in broad *dentelle* borders and preferred olive morocco for the production of his best effects. He

likewise affected leather linings more richly decorated than Boyer's. Du Seuil connected himself by marriage with the Padeloups, another great family of binders, whose chief member was Antoine Michel Padeloup. The artist, between 1730 and 1759, produced a number of fine bindings in red and blue morocco which have never been surpassed in symmetry and elegance. His style was usually that of Boyer; but he improved both on Boyer and Du Seuil by adding a number of small ornamental details which have been adopted or copied by all his successors. The first Derome was a binder of considerable merit who cut the margins of his book in a deplorable manner, and who evidently did not mean that they should be opened for reading. As a decorator, he was inferior to Padeloup but followed similar methods. The two binders usually classed together as one under Derome *le jeune* imitated Padeloup with great success between 1760 and the Revolution; but although superior to J. A. Derome, they never equalled the other master. The last twenty years of the eighteenth century witnessed the extinction of the Derome school and the utter debasement of French binding.

With Padeloup's Horace may be compared a fine specimen of contemporary English work applied to another copy of the same work. In the latter we see the best kind of English bookbinding which prevailed in the last century, and which is usually identified with the names of Elliott and Chapman. During about thirty years they bound books for the chief collectors of the time of George II., and some worthy successors inherited their skill in decorating volumes which passed into the famous Harleian Library.

It is time to mention a Scottish school of bookbinding which had

come into existence towards the end of the seventeenth century, and which disappeared about 1730-40. It made a very remarkable use of *petits fers*, and produced wonderfully bright and sparkling effects with tiny dots and leaves of gold. The design is usually somewhat stiff and over elaborate, but the execution always creditable and ingenious.

The renown of Roger Payne is great in England. No one can deny that he loved his art, and produced, with small means, some striking and characteristic examples of bookbinding. The favorite material on which he worked was russia-leather, and the methods of decoration which he employed were almost wholly his own. The grotesque accounts in his handwriting, which owners of books bound by him are fond of preserving, show how utterly illiterate was Roger Payne, and how defective must have been his knowledge of what had been accomplished by the binders of a former time; yet he had taste and skill of no common order. Besides the kind of work which he preferred, he also produced "pot boilers" of an ordinary sort for patrons who did not appreciate his characteristic methods.

When Roger Payne died in 1797, there were several craftsmen in London whose work was considered so good on the Continent that the Paris binders, Bozérien, Thouvenin, Simier, and others, revolting from the decay of native art, made strenuous efforts to imitate and adopt it. Benedict, Walther, Saggemeier, and Kalthoeber, were Germans who had imported from their own country only its earnestness and solidity, but not its style. They infused fresh vitality into English methods, and just enough of their native manner to produce an agreeable cross. Kalthoeber was the most prolific and elegant of them all. Some

of his work is coarse, gaudy, and tasteless, but he introduced *motifs* of decoration which had the charm of novelty, and he covered his books with a polished red morocco so exquisitely rosy in its tint as to fascinate the eye. Hering at the same time copied Roger Payne, but with modifications derived from the Germanic school. Next came Charles Lewis, tasteful, elegant, aristocratic in style, who was the chief English binder between 1802 and 1840; contemporary with him, Clarke, who was the first reproducer in our age of sixteenth-century models, but whose usual work was the respectable gilt calf of modern England. Bedford, who had worked with Lewis, continued his traditions, allied himself with Clarke, and reached the summit of his profession. He was the chief of English binders between 1850 and 1870, and produced splendidly dull bindings, all very much alike, except in a few instances when he copied Venetian-Saracenic patterns of the fifteenth century. He also imitated Veneto-Lyonese work of the end of the sixteenth century, French work of the present century, and many other styles, all copied with scrupulous fidelity. There was nothing original about Bedford; he was a mechanical artist of the highest order. As for the binders of to-day, it would be invidious to make allusions; but it may be said that there seem to be some prospects of a brighter future.

In France, about 1830, the book-binding world began to rebel against the Bozérian, Thouvenian, and Napoleonic fashions; and the tendency was to return to Boyer and Padeloupian methods. It was a wise and judicious revolution, and ought to have been the genesis of new excellence. Banzonnet, Simier *le jeune*, Duru, and Niedrée, led the way; and in the hands of several men of taste, the utmost perfection and delicacy of ex-

ecution have been reached. Trautz and his contemporaries, as well as several binders of to-day, have covered themselves with glory—in so far as glory can be won by imitation. No trace of originality can be discovered in the brilliant and beautiful accomplishments of modern French work. Everything which could be compassed by taste, skill, ingenuity, fullness of resource, earnest and conscientious painstaking, has been achieved. Only the vivifying spirit is absent—the one indispensable quality which would console us for the absence of the most exquisite neatness and regularity. The artist of the sixteenth century worked with a few simple and imperfect tools, used the rule and compass very sparingly, trusted to his eye and to his hand, in a sublime confidence that they would carry out his inspirations with sufficient accuracy and boldness.

CATALOGUING.

Mr. Wheatley has produced a sensible and useful book 'How to Catalogue a Library' upon a subject of great difficulty. Only those who have tried their hands know how hard it is to produce a really satisfactory catalogue of books. Those who have not tried are fully convinced that it is one of the easiest of easy tasks. It is perhaps cruel to undeceive them, but a study of Mr. Wheatley's book will show that there are pitfalls and dangers not dreamt of in their philosophy. The cataloguing codes of the British Museum, the Bodleian, the Cambridge University, and those devised by the Library Association, by Prof. Jewett, and by Mr. C. A. Cutter are examined and commented upon by Mr. Wheatley, who in this way gives the neophyte the benefit of the best advice, under the headings of

'Print and Manuscript,' 'How to treat a Title-page,' 'References and Subject-Index Arrangement,' 'Something about MSS.,' and 'Rules for a Small Library.'

With much that he says I cordially agree. His book is an excellent one for the young librarian, and a pleasant one for the older book-lover. I venture, however, to dissent altogether from the opinion that cataloguing codes drawn up for great libraries "are necessarily laid down on a scale which unfits them for use in the making of a small catalogue." This is a bibliographical heresy. A code inapplicable to a small library would be equally useless for a large one. Doubtless Mr. Wheatley's short code will be sufficient for many cases, but the first book to be catalogued in a small library might very easily prove to present a problem only dealt with in a fuller set of rules.

On the old controversy as to the printing of the British Museum Catalogue Mr. Wheatley quotes a remark made made by Mr. Bullen: "There were those in the Museum, Mr. Garnett and himself among them, who, long before the present time [1884], advocated printed, in contradiction to manuscript, catalogues." This is undoubtedly correct. In 1877, at the International Conference of Librarians, in advocating the printing of the British Museum Catalogue from the point of view of a lover of literature not resident in the metropolis, I ventured to say that

"the greatest help which the British Museum could give to national culture, alike in its metropolitan and its provincial form, would be by the issue of a printed catalogue."

In the discussion which followed, printing was opposed by Mr. G. W. Porter and Mr. Russell Martineau, but was cordially supported by Mr. Bullen, as it was by Dr. Garnett in his excellent account of the British

Museum shelf classification. Mr. Winter Jones, who was then principal librarian, said that "he would be glad to see a printed catalogue of the Museum," but pointed to some difficulties which he evidently thought were insuperable. The subject was renewed at the Oxford meeting of the Library Association, when Mr. Bullen and Mr. Garnett both again spoke in favor of printing. The General Catalogue is now actually in course of printing; but this, as Dr. Garnett has pointed out, is due to other considerations than those urged by Mr. Parry in 1849, by Dr. Crestadoro in 1856, and by Dr. Garnett, Mr. Bullen, myself, and others in 1877. When a MS. catalogue in 9,000 volumes appeared to be within "measurable distance," the prospect was too appalling; and printing was introduced—as a method of boiling down. While heartily grateful for what has been done, and making almost daily use of the printed portions of the British Museum Catalogue, I confess to a preference for the method indicated in my paper, 'Is a printed catalogue of the British Museum practicable,' read at the Oxford meeting of the Library Association, and endorsed by Dr. Garnett (*Sunday Review* ii. 206). It was in effect a combination of the plans of cataloguing suggested by Dr. Crestadoro and Prof. Jewett. Mr. Wheatley's brief reference to Dr. Crestadoro's 'Art of Making Catalogues of Libraries' does not, in my opinion, do justice to the system advocated in that remarkable and now rare little book, which all who are interested in the subject may be strongly advised to read, whenever they have the chance. Dr. Crestadoro's plan for the cataloguing of printed books is substantially that which is universally applied, without demur, to the calendaring of MSS. There is first an "inventory" of full title-entries, which

may be in any order, or in no order, so long as each title is numbered. Then there is a "finding index," alphabetical, of course, and containing a reference to every name or subject contained in the preceeding titles. Generally speaking, an author may be trusted to place on the title-page the subject of his book; and when he has not done so, the cataloguer should, in a note, supply the omission. The transcript of the title is the basis of operation, and every word in it likely to be a matter of inquiry by prospective readers is arranged so as to form a complete concordance of authors and of subjects. The objection raised at p. 196 does not outweigh the solid advantage presented by such a concordance, which can, where funds permit, be carried by means of cross-references to such an extent as to combine most of the advantages of a classification and a topographical index. Dr. Crestadoro's plan for a printed catalogue of the British Museum fell flat; but his system of index-cataloguing has been very largely adopted in municipal libraries, and undoubtedly has had a powerful and beneficial influence upon the methods of what may be called the educational bibliography of popular libraries. Prof. Jewett's suggestion was that titles should be stereotyped singly, and thus be capable of being used again and again in fresh combinations. The application of the principles laid down by Crestadoro and Jewett to the solution of the British Museum Catalogue would, in my opinion, have been a very solid gain to bibliographical science. Failing that, I rejoice at each fasciculus of the British Museum Catalogue that comes from the hands of the printer. Would that all public money were as well spent!

To indicate agreement briefly, and disagreement more fully, cannot un-

fortunately be avoided, even where, as in Mr. Wheatley's book, there is much to praise and little from which to dissent. WILLIAM E. A. AXON.

TASTE IN BOOKBINDING.

It is a disputed questions, among book-lovers of taste, whether the whole of a small collection should be bound in the same material and of the same color, or whether a diversity should prevail. There are valid reasons for either plan. A library where both morocco and calf bindings are adopted, in the various hues which are given to each leather, has a pleasant and lively appearance, and if glaring contrasts in hues be avoided in neighboring volumes as they stand upon the shelves an air of lightness and vivacity will characterize the apartment. But the contrast must by no means be too pronounced. Dr. Dibdin, a great authority on all such matters, warns us specially against the employment of either white vellum or scarlet morocco as a material for the jackets of our volumes. Both are too decided in appearance, and impart a 'spotty' look to the shelves. Of course, this objection applies only to single volumes or small sets in libraries of limited extent. If, for instance, a whole press, or set of shelves, could be appropriated to vellum-clad volumes of the Fathers and patristic theology, the effect would be good. The decision on the general question of uniformity *versus* variety must be left, in great measure, to individual taste.

Where the collection is small, say, sufficient to fill two ordinary book-cases (about 500 volumes), an excellent plan is to reserve one case for standard English authors, and bestow in the other works on science, art, travels, foreign books, &c. Let all

the bindings be of morocco, either 'whole' binding (the term used when the book is wholly covered with leather), or half binding (where the back and corners only are leather covered 'cloth,' of a similar color to that of the leather, being used for the sides), according to the value and importance of the book. If maroon morocco be chosen for the books in the first press, and an olive green for those in the second, the effect will be chaste and massive. Both these leathers 'throw up' the gilding of the back splendidly. Where expense is not a primary consideration, the back should not be scrimped in this matter of gilding, or, as it is technically termed, 'finishing.' A morocco-bound book should bear a good amount of gold on the back; but the patterns of the tools should be carefully selected.



ON THE FLY-LEAF OF MANON LES CAUT.

To you whose temperate pulses flow
With measured beat serene and slow,
The even tenor of whose way
Is undisturbed by passion's sway,
This tale of wayward love may seem
The record of a fevered dream.
And yet, we too have that within
To make us what our kind have been.
A lure more strong, a wish more faint,
Makes one a monster, one a saint;
And even love, by difference nice
Becomes a virtue or a vice.
The briar, that o'er the garden wall
Trails its sweet blossoms till they fall
Across the dusty road, and then
Are trodden under foot of men,
Is sister to the decorous rose
Within the garden's well-kept close,
Whose pinioned branches may not roam
Out and beyond their latticed home.
There's many a life of sweet content
Whose virtue is environment.
They erred, they fell; and yet, 'tis true,
They hold the mirror up to you.

WALTER LEARNED.

BROWNING'S SONNETS IN THE PALL MALL GAZETTE.

Mr. Browning had a rooted dislike to writing for magazines or newspapers. The *Pall Mall Gazette* was, however, privileged to publish for the first time two or three occasional verses by the poet. As these are little known we reprint them:—

ON GOLDONI.

The first of these was a Sonnet on Goldoni (*P. M. G.*, December 8, 1883), dated "Venice, November 27, 1883," and written for the Album of the Committee of the Goldoni Monument:

Goldoni,—good, gay, sunniest of souls,—
Glassing half Venice in that verse of thine,—
What though it just reflect the shade and shine
Of common life, nor render as it rolls
Grandeur and gloom? Sufficient for thy shoals
Was Carnival: Parini's depths enshrine
Secrets unsuited to that opaline
Surface of things which laughs along thy scrolls.
There through the people; how they come and go
Lisp the soft language, flaunt the bright garb—
see—

On Piazza, Calle, under Portico
And over Bridge! Dear king of Comedy,
Be honored! Thou that didst love Venice so,
Venice, and we who love her, all love thee!

A PARAPHRASE FROM HORACE.

A few days after the publication of this sonnet, a correspondent sent to the *Pall Mall Gazette* another impromptu by the poet, consisting of four lines written for Mrs. Moscheles, a lady famous for her musical soirées. In reference, as we may presume, to the susceptibilities and peculiarities of musical artists, somebody had written in the album the well known lines of Horace—

Omnibus hoc vitium cantoribus, inter amicos
Ut nunquam inducant animum cantare rogati
Injussi nunquam desistant.

To which the English poet, being asked to make the next contribution, promptly appended the following free translation:—

All singers, trust me, have this common vice,
To sing 'mid friends you'll have to ask them twice,
If you don't ask them, 'tis another thing,
Until the Judgment day be sure they'll sing.

'HELEN'S TOWER.'

A more interesting production, which also was first published in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, was a sonnet entitled 'Helen's Tower.' This was Browning's first sonnet and was written at the request of Lord Dufferin, having as a subject the memorial tower which Lord Dufferin had erected at Clondeboye, Ireland, to the memory of his mother, Helen, Countess of Gifford. It was first published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 28th, 1883, and ran thus:—

Who hears of Helen's Tower may dream perchance

How the Greek Beauty from the Scæan Gate
Gazed on old friends unanimous in hate,
Death doom'd because of her fair countenance.

Hearts would leap otherwise at thy advance,
Lady, to whom this Tower is consecrate!
Like hers, thy face once made all eyes elate
Yet, unlike hers, was blessed by every glance.
The Tower of Hate is outworn, far and strange:

A transitory shame of long ago,
It dies into the sand from which it sprang;
But thine, Love's rock-built Tower, shall fear no
change.

God's self laid stable earth's foundations so,
When all the morning stars together sang.

April 26th, 1870.

Lord Tennyson it will be remembered, also wrote some lines on the same occasion.

'WHY I AM A LIBERAL.'

In politics Robert Browning was, as is well known, a Liberal. In the following sonnet he gave the reason for the political faith that was in him. The sonnet appeared in the book compiled, under the above head, by Mr. Andrew Reid (Cassell):—

"Why?" Because all I haply can and do,
All that I am now—all I hope to be—
Whence comes it save from fortune setting free
Body and soul the purpose to pursue,
God traced for both? If fetters, not a few,
Of prejudice, convention, fall from me,
These shall I bid men—each in his degree
Also God-guided—bear, and gally too?
But little do or can the best of us:

THAT LITTLE IS ACHIEVED THROUGH
LIBERTY.

Who, then, dare hold—emancipated thus—
His fellow shall continue bound? Not I,

Who live, love, labor freely, nor discuss
A brother's right to freedom. That is "Why."

(Browning's sonnets have, we may remark, been collected, with a few critical observations added, by Mr. B. Sagar, in a pamphlet (Heywood, Manchester, Eng.)

WILLOBIE HIS AVISA.

The fact that books bearing, however remotely, on Shakspeare should be so eagerly sought for and carefully cherished is not surprising, when we consider how fragmentary and unsatisfactory our knowledge is respecting the man and his surroundings. Anything containing references to him or his works which owes its origin to a contemporary author, is bound to command appreciation from students and admirers alike, and the little volume whose title is quoted above, may not unreasonably claim the distinction of being the first printed book in which direct reference is made to William Shakspeare.

Apart from this interest, the history of the collection of poems is worth noting. It purports to be the production of "Henry Willoughby" or "Willobie," as phonetically spelt, and was first issued in 1594. The Dedication and Epistle to the reader in the first and subsequent editions are signed 'Hadrian Dorrell,' ostensibly the Editor, who gives some account of 'Henry Willobie' and also of 'Thomas,' his brother, whose name is appended to a poem in the book. In the edition of 1605 appears "The Apologie, shewing the true meaning of Willobie, his Avis," also signed Hadrian Dorrell, and giving further information as to the reputed author. Certain discrepancies in this, however, added to former suspicions, induce Mr. Ingleby, the editor of 'Shakspeare Allusion Books,' to believe that "Henry and Thomas Willobie" are but other

names for Hadrian Dorrell, who whether from excessive modesty or discretion, thus sought to veil his identity under a dual pseudonym.

Be that as it may the author was evidently acquainted with Shakspeare, and has left records of that fact in his pages. The first reference occurs in a prefixed commendatory poem signed 'Contraria Contrariis Vigilantius Dormitanus,' under which eccentric nomenclature it is not impossible the 'Editor' himself may be hid. The second verse of this poem runs as follows:—

"Though Collatine have dearly bought,
To high renowne a lasting life,
And found, that most in value have sought,
To have a faire and constant wife;
Yet Tarquine pluckt his glistering grape,
And Shakspeare paints poor Lucrece rape."

This then is the first printed mention of the Bard yet discovered. The second occurs on page 76 in a prose fragment numbered as "*Cant. XLIIII.*" the whole of which is highly interesting, although instead of the name at full length, initials only are used. Viewed, however, in connection with the former reference, there is probably little real doubt as to the person intended. "H. W." speaks of "his familiar friend W. S. who not long before had tryed the curtesie of the like passion (*i.e.* Love) and was now newly recovered," whilst he further says: "this miserable comforter (*W. S.*) . . . because he would see whether another could play his part better then himselfe, and in viewing a far off the course of this loving Comedie, hee determined to see whether it would sort to a happier end for this new actor, then it did for the olde player. But at length this Comedy had like to have growne a Tragedy. . . ." The introduction of these dramatic phrases in this connection is naturally highly significant and interesting. The further allusions, if such they can be termed,

consist in the initials "W. S." being prefixed to one or two short Cantos, forming a portion of a poetical dialogue between the author and this friend on the subject of the former's mistress, the Avisa of the Story. The composition is throughout from the same hand, and as poetry, offers nothing remarkable to the critical taste. However familiar "W. S." may have been with "Henry Willobie" he certainly lent him no assistance with his verses, but the Shakspearean interest in the little volume is sufficient to justify even the apparently extravagant price, \$240, for which a perfect copy has been sold.—*Jarvis's Fly-Leaf.*

A WORD ABOUT BOOKMEN (?).

In the *Publisher's Weekly* C. J. B. writes:—The funny things said by the ignorant bookseller or his ignorant customer have furnished food to scores of scribes, as foils for their more or less funny inventions. As a matter of fact, the exhibitions of conceit, folly, and ignorance seen by an intelligent bookseller are many and tiring. It is a well-known fact that cultured men in the book business are, so to speak, a minus quantity. Like master, like man. The clerks in bookstores, especially outside the great cities, are chiefly remarkable for their absolute ignorance of literature and of matters literary. Not long since I was employed temporarily in a bookstore just outside of New York. One day a customer came in and asked a fellow-clerk for some book the name of which I did not catch. After looking among a lot of *Seaside Libraries* in a vague, uncertain way, Master clerk came back to the writer and inquired despairingly, "*Is there a book published called 'Hamlet'?*" This young man, aged about twenty-one, had been three years in the same bookstore. Another day a lady want-

ed a book for a present to her husband. We suggested a set of Shakspeare's Works. "Oh!" said madam, "he read that when it first came out." She eventually selected half a dozen of E. P. Roe's books as being "nicer." We had in the store a young fellow, for whose ignorance there was some excuse, as his experience in books was only of some six months duration, but who imagined that in that period he had completely mastered the details and intricacies of a business that is never learned. He was serving a well known local politician, a man of means and standing in the community, when the latter took down a copy of the 'Inferno,' illustrated with Doré's design's. After a few minutes' inspection, his curiosity aroused by the wonderful pictures, he turned to the young man and asked, "What is it all about anyway—the bad things of life?" Delighted at being able to air his learning, the bookman(?) proceeded to give the funniest description of the 'Inferno' that has ever been given. "Well, yes, its what we see as we go through life, all what we are not to do and what bad people do." "Well, was he an American?" "Oh, no, German, I think—but he's dead now."

Then the pair moved on. It may be thought such examples of gross ignorance are rare. The reverse is a fact—they are only too common. How many book clerks—outside of Boston, of course, and say New York are there who could sit down and reply to an examination paper dealing with such questions as the date of the publication of Walton's 'Angler,' the circumstances under which the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was written, the date of the first complete edition of Shakspeare's Works and the value of a fine copy? How many could tell us what the 'Areopagitica' is, and by whom written?

Take any other profession and put parallel questions, and I will assert that the answers are 75 per cent. better than the book clerks'. Could not the great clubs of men—lovers of books—such as the Grolier, institute competitive examinations at periodical intervals, giving perhaps small prizes, or better still, certificates of competency, to educated book clerks who have proved their knowledge.

It would be a useful and beneficial work and one that would be fully appreciated and helpful to all book-buyers and book-lovers. Such examinations would have a stimulating and educating effect, which should raise in a marvellous way the whole tone of the trade. For, to give the poor clerks their due, they are really anxious to learn.

*MR. GEO. WM. CURTIS ON
THE CREERAR GIFT.*

The Chicago Commercial Club has been honoring the memory of John Creerar by a dinner. Mr. George William Curtis, in the course of a letter explaining his inability to attend the function, wrote, 'The wisdom of his (Mr. Creerar's, generosity is amply displayed in his munificent provision for a free library in Chicago, over which I trust that no litigation will arise, such as threatens to deprive New York of a similar blessing.

It is only of late years that the possibilities of such an institution have been revealed. The director of a great library is not a mere lover of books, or student, or jealous jailor: he is a trained expert, who not only comprehends the enormous resources at his command but also how to command them. Books in a great library are no longer prisoners to be carefully selected and kept fast; they are active agents, to be employed constantly in

the widest and most effective service. Under a skilled director such a library as that for which Mr. Creerar has provided should become a great, popular university by bringing books which are not easily obtained by individuals into the hands of those for whom they are really designed, students and scholars in every department, who in many studies are often not many in number, but to whom it is the highest public interest to furnish every advantage. A great library imposes a great duty upon those who control it.

In a country like ours they are charged with one of the most important trusts, which can be fulfilled efficiently only by careful consideration, for while a library, which by proper knowledge and skill is made accessible to the whole community, is a public blessing, a dead, inert, unused library, in the hands of ignorance or inefficiency or indifference, is a public reproach. Mr. Creerar, like every true benefactor, puts Chicago to the test. He has provided the means of self help, but he cannot provide the disposition. Yet he had lived long enough in the splendid metropolis of the West to know that the disposition existed, and to believe that the golden seed of his beneficence would fall into good ground. With your co-operation he will have built himself a monument which Kings might envy, but which Kings could not rear, for it is himself that he has given you. His gift is the result of his own sagacity devotion and thrift. Is it not also an act characteristic of Americans who have greatly prospered?

As wiser and humaner noblemen in other lands feel that *noblesse oblige*, do not Americans who have accumulated great fortunes often owe an obligation to share them in some signal form with the public? This, at least, was the noble desire of John Creerar, and the Creerar Library will say to

every man as fortunate as its founder was. Go thou and do like-wise.



ROUND ABOUT DOTHEBOYS HALL.

"And at about six o'clock that night he and Mr. Squeers and the little boys and their united luggage were put down at the George and New Inn."

So reads the ardent pilgrim who, after a beautiful walk from Barnard Castle by the wooded banks of Tees, and the stately demesne of Rokeby, finds himself leaning against the balustrade of the Greta Bridge, fired with a fresh perusal of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and bent on a pilgrimage in the footsteps of the great novelist.

But where is the George and New Inn?

Watling Street, or, to speak more correctly, a branch of Watling Street, called the Maiden Way, runs right and left, coming up from the South in a nearly straight line from Catterick Bridge, and proceeding westward by way of Bowes and Brough. There is not a human being in sight, and the only sound which breaks the stillness is the musical roar of Greta dashing over its rocky bed through the picturesque scenery of Rokeby Park on its way to join the Tees. But the pilgrim sees no George and New Inn. is unwilling to believe that the new-fangled Morritt Arms which he has just passed can be an old friend with a new face, and is beginning to feel a disappointment as great as he felt when he turned down Snow Hill before proceeding northwards to see the old Saracen's Head, when his attention is attracted by a large, rambling old house with a long range of stables and coach-houses, which he instinctively divines must have been at one time an inn.

A chance native coming upon the

scene confirms his opinions, and tells him that this was the identical Inn at which the party from the Saracen's Head alighted, and whence they started for Dotheboys Hall in the rusty pony-chaise and cart. Being an unusually intelligent native, he adds that the pleasant country house about half-a-mile down the road in a southerly direction, now known as Thorpe Grange, was originally, before the introduction of railways, built as an inn, and called the New Inn; which not only rivalled its elder brother by the bridge side, but took away its custom, so that its present owner claims for it the distinction of being the original hostelry celebrated by Charles Dickens. Our solution is that the novelist, not to be invidious, combined the titles of the two inns; and we may proceed with the rusty pony-chaise and cart along the old Roman road to Bowes, where is situated the immortal Dotheboys Hall.

In the brightest of weather it is a sad, desolate old road so that we can readily realise the chill which struck upon poor Nicholas as he drove along it that bitter, snowy night—a straight road, dwindling in some places to the proportions of a mere grass-grown cart track, running on a high bank, according to the invariable old Roman fashion, through a sparsely-inhabited, quarry-dotted country. And an appropriate termination to so sad and desolate a highway is the first aspect of the village of Bowes.

The first house in Bowes—that grim square building to the right, now known as Bowes Hall—was one of the Yorkshire schools crushed by the publication of 'Nicholas Nickleby,' and is moreover famous as having been for some time the residence of Richard Cobden. To the left goes the road to Gilmonby; from the right, by the railway station, comes another Roman road from Barnard Castle;

and in front stretches battered, decayed, deserted, Pompeii-like Bowes. Geese straddle over the uneven grass-grown footpaths; a savage dog growls and slinks away at our approach; a few women and children peer curiously at us from the patched-up windows of tumbledown cottages; a native giant swinging along with a pitch fork on his shoulder, pauses to have a look at us—otherwise Bowes seems to be a village of the dead.

But a hearty welcome is given us by the genial clergyman, who frankly tells us that a visitor from the metropolitan world—some one who has ideas above cattle and crops—comes like a ray of sunshine on a November day; and he directs us to Dotheboys Hall.

A word of advice here to intending pilgrims. Do not allude to Charles Dickens or to Squeers's School, except in the presence of those whom you know to be above common prejudices and animosities. These subjects may be said, to use an expression more forcible than elegant, to stink in the nostrils of your true Bowes man. He believes that the village owes its decay entirely to the abolition of Yorkshire schools in general, and of Dotheboys Hall in particular. He points to the fact that whereas half a century ago Bowes had close upon two thousand inhabitants, it has now short of four hundred. He has never read 'Nicholas Nickleby,' nor would he if a copy could be found in the place. If you question him about the school, he will either tell you flatly that he knows nothing about it, or will evasively refer you to other places infamous from their schools. If you mention the name of Dickens he will flush up and relate with glee the popular story that the great novelist, upon the occasion of a subsequent visit to Bowes, was pumped on and thrashed by the

infuriated inhabitants. Of course all Bowes folk do not share these prejudices, as we shall afterwards see; but the broad fact remains that Bowes, which was ruined in common with many hundreds of country-places standing on our great roads elsewhere by the withdrawal of the stage-coaches, must be humored if the visitor hopes to reap any profit from his exploration.

We pass by a grand old inn, once known as the George, now the Unicorn, whereat eight coaches changed horses daily on their road between London and Scotland—a typical inn of the old sort, with labyrinths of rooms, a huge kitchen, a large courtyard, and acres of outhouses—and, with the little Norman church and the grim keep of the old Norman Castle on our left, push on to Dotheboys Hall, which is the last house in the village.

"A long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling out-buildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining." So we read. The house itself is unaltered, save that it is now decidedly the pleasantest and most cheerful-looking dwelling in the village, with its creeper-embowered windows looking, on to a trim and well-kept garden. The stable and barn too remain; but the outbuildings, in which was comprised the school-house proper—the scene of the merciless thrashings, the starvation, the breaking of young hearts, the wrecking of young lives, the revolting misery and the bloodstirring barbarity—they have long disappeared.

A woman's face looks out from a lower window, and we are about to turn in at the front gate, but our guide stops us, saying—

"Not that way! No admittance there. You would be asked if you wanted to buy the house, and have the door slammed in your face."

So we follow the path, and turn in through the barn door. This leads us into a yard, where still stands the identical pump which, it may be remembered, Mr. Squeers discovered to be frozen on the morning after the long coach-ride from London.

From here we enter the kitchen—cautiously and silently, for the servant tells us that if her master discovered us we should assuredly be turned out with ignominy. There is nothing remarkable in the kitchen—a large, low heavily-raftered apartment; nor in the little room leading from it, which was the schoolmaster's study; but we linger a long while as we gaze at the marks on the wall by the modern cooking-range, where stood the coppers wherein were boiled the potatoes which formed a principal part of the "young noblemen's" food; and as we peer through the study window, which the boys were set to clean when they had satisfactorily spelt "*w-i-n-d-o-w*, winder," on to the garden, whither they were despatched to hoe and rake on the attainment of the word "bottiney," we ask if a great number of people do not come here bound upon the same errand as ourselves. The reply is that a great many come; but that as they go to the front door they do not get in at all, but have to content themselves with an exterior view of Dotheboys Hall, so that we may deem ourselves lucky to have seen even the little we have.

So much for Dotheboys Hall itself. Still more interesting is the information we managed to pick up from various sources concerning Squeers and his School.

All our informants—country clegymen, intelligent residents, "oldest inhabitants," and such natives as did not feel themselves in honor bound to keep their mouths shut—agreed on one point: that the system of York-

shire schools was monstrous and iniquitous to an incredible extent; that frightful cruelties were practised upon the boys—who were chiefly the illegitimate offspring of London parents—but that the school typified by Charles Dickens was the only one to which he could gain access, and was the best of the lot. There were two other schools at Bowes, one at Gilmombe, one at Cotherstone, and one at Barnard Castle; and the proprietors of these, suspecting the presence of a famous literary Londoner amongst them, refused him admittance; but at Shaw's he was made welcome, and shown over the premises.

But in other respects the evidence was so conflicting that we must simply give it without pronouncing any opinion on its value or the reverse. For instance, one woman, a native of Bowes, whose sympathies one would naturally imagine to be with the maligned Squeers, told us that she distinctly remembered the boys coming in summer-time to her father's fields to help get in the hay, goaded to the work of horses by ushers armed with whips. On the other hand a gentleman whose father, being a schoolmaster, used to go up to the Saracen's Head with and on the same errand as Squeers, declared that the one-eyed schoolmaster was an estimable man, who cared for his pupils properly, and was generally respected and liked. He further stated that his father related to him how he happened to be at the Saracen's Head with Squeers after the Dotheboys Hall number of 'Nicholas Nickleby' had taken the public by storm; that the crowd literally besieged the inn, with the intention of lynching Squeers; that the commotion had such an effect upon the schoolmaster as to deprive him of reason, and that Mrs. Squeers died of a broken heart.

Another gentleman—once in holy

orders—told us that he was at Bowes Grammar School contemporaneously with the existence of Shaw's School, that Shaw was known as the "King of the Road," because every half-year he hired a special coach to bring his pupils from London, and that the arrival of this coach at Bowes was the occasion of universal excitement and enthusiasm. He furthermore cited, as a proof that Shaw was maligned as to his treatment of his pupils, that great rivalry always existed between the Grammar School boys and those of Dotheboys Hall; that they played tremendous football matches together; and that every Easter Sunday it was a custom to appear in new suits and to pelt each other with Easter eggs. A fourth informant told us that the deaths at Shaw's School were frequent, that a large proportion of the boys were maimed by ill-usage, and that the neighboring cottagers were continually giving shelter to runaways. A fifth spoke of the prototype of Fanny Squeers as a woman universally beloved and respected, who did infinite good among the poor and sick of the parish.

All however spoke of Shaw as a man subject to fits of violent passion, and admitted that he was addicted to using the cane unmercifully when under these influence.

In other instances, when we ventured to propound questions to more illiterate folk, we found that without committing themselves to giving any definite opinion, they tried to evade the questions, and thereby tacitly admitted that there was a great deal more truth in what Dickens had written than their local patriotism allowed them to express.

The graves of "Squeers," his wife, "Fanny Squeers," and of young "Wackford," who died at the age of twenty-four, are to be seen in Bowes Churchyard. The late assistant sta-

tion-master at Barnard Castle, Mackay by name, was said to be a son of the original Nicholas Nickleby. John Browdie was one John Todd of Barningham, and died not very long ago; and the original of poor Smike is said to have died during the year 1885, aged seventy-four.

When we add that the "original" bowl and ladle with which Mrs. Squeers used to dispense brimstone and treacle to the boys were sold a short time back for ten pounds, and that many of Squeers's old pupils have done very well in life, and frequently come to revisit the old house at Bowes, we exhaust the information we were able to collect concerning Mr. Squeers and Dotheboys Hall.

There is much else that makes a visit to Bowes an interesting excursion. The little Norman Church, put into excellent order and well cared for by the present clergyman, Mr. Wardale, contains some curious old Saxon relics: and indeed there is a strong Saxon local color all about this neighborhood, as we may see in such names as Thorsgill, Wodenscroft, Baldersdale, and Romaldskirk. Under the west window of the Church, outside the wall, is a tablet erected to the memory of Roger Wrightson and Martha Railton, better known as the Edwin and Emma of Mallet's beautiful and pathetic ballad. Mr. Wardale told us that on Sundays it was quite amusing to note the number of rustic sweet-hearting couples who throng to this spot to vow love as true and lasting as was that of Edwin and Emma.

A curious stone in a cottage garden attracts the visitor's notice and becomes interesting when he is told that where it now stands was once Bowes market-place, and that during a long bygone period of pestilence the people from untainted districts brought their dairy produce and placed it on this stone, retiring to some distance whilst

purchasers from infected places took the goods away, placing the payment in a basin of water.

Of old Bowes Castle only the keep remains; but, mere shell as it is, the masonry is superb, being in places eleven feet thick, and in the days of catapults and archery must have made Bowes a awkward nut to crack.

Behind the Castle and Church are the intrenchments which mark the site of the important Roman station of Lavatræ, connected with Cataractum or Catterick Bridge on the one side by the camp behind the Morritt Arms Inn at Greta Bridge, and with Verteræ or Brough on the other by the earthworks at Spital. Here are the remains of the ubiquitous Roman bath, this one built by Valerius Fronto in A.D. 202; of an aqueduct connected with the Tees, which foams far below; and if funds were forthcoming doubtless other most interesting "finds" would be brought to light, although the site has been ransacked at a remote period.

There are probably few more utterly silent and desolate highways in Britain than this sturdy old Roman road upon which Bowes stands; but a six-mile tramp along it in a westerly direction is interesting. The road runs as it was laid down two thousand years ago, on a high-raised bank built up of the stone which abounds in this country; and on either side stretches a wild, picturesque moorland district, famous for its game, and with which are associated innumerable weird legends and traditions. At five miles distance is a large solitary old house standing amidst the only trees in the district, known as Old Spital, once a changing house for the coaches, and famous as being the scene of a dark tragedy related under the title of 'The Hand of Glory.'

Beyond this house the scenery if possible grows more wild and desolate,

and the pedestrian may on a winter's day walk for miles along the old road without hearing any sound but the "cluck. cluck" of the partridges and the detonation of the breechloader, and without seeing a human being but a stray beater stirring the birds to flight by a waving flag.

Beyond a lonely turnpike, long disused, the road rises until it gains the summit of Stanemoor. Here, amidst intrenchments of some grandeur, stands in a trough a stone, known as the Rey Roy or Rere Cross, once the boundary between the kingdoms of England and Scotland, now marking the border of Yorkshire and Westmoreland—and alluded to by Scott in 'Rokeby,'—

"And the best of our nobles his bonnet shall vail,
Who at Rere Cross on Stanmore meets Allen a
Dale."

It is also interesting as being the traditional spot where Malcolm Canmore and William the Conqueror met to decide by battle the boundary line of their respective kingdoms, but settled the dispute amicably, one of the articles of agreement being that "in the midst of Stainmoor there should be set up a cross with the King of England's image on the one side, and the King of Scotland's on the other, to signify that one is to march to England and the other to Scotland."

Beyond this we are not tempted to go, as a bitter wind is rising, and dark night is falling; so we make the best of our way back to Bowes, well primed for a re-perusal of 'Nicholas Nickleby' over the fire in the cosy parlor of the Golden Lion, Barnard Castle.

H. F. A.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

WE have received the recent numbers of *The Studio*, edited by Mr. Clarence Cook and published at No. 864 Broadway. The beginning of the fifth volume was marked by the appearance of *The Studio* as a weekly publication, "the only weekly art journal published in America." For 1890, which is the eighth year of publication, there is promise of criticisms, reviews, notes and letters covering the field of artistic activity at home and abroad. Among the etchings to be published in the course of the year will be plates by Messrs. W. M. Chase, Robert Blum, Otto Bacher and Sidney L. Smith, and it is hoped that Mr. Henry Marsh will furnish some wood engravings. Other artists have promised drawings. It may be noted that there is still an opportunity to obtain copies of *The Studio* of December 7, which contains Mr. Clarence Cook's review of the life and works

of Barye, illustrated with Mr. Bacher's etching of a Venus and Juno from the Montpensier candelabrum, two photo etchings of bas-reliefs, a portrait of Barye and seven engravings of the most important of his bronzes. In the February number Mr. Cook publishes an admirable review of the picture by Roger van der Weyden, entitled, 'St. Luke painting the Portrait of the Virgin.'

To be on intimate terms with one of the great dead and one of the great living is the rare privilege vouchsafed by *Harper's Magazine* for February. George Parsons Lathrop contributes 'Talks with Edison,' affording a vivid perception of "how an inventor invents," and preserving the kernels of many interesting conversations about Mr. Edison, his early life and his progress toward invention, James Hogg gives to the public, for the first time, his reminiscences of

his intimate friend De Quincey. Portraiture of another kind will be found in the article on 'The Standing Army of Great Britain'—the unconscious self-limning of the author, General Viscount Wolseley, K. P., etc. The fearless candor and vigor of his criticisms on English military administration, besides their intrinsic importance, have the added value of revealing the character of England's leading soldier. Mark Twain gives examples from the awful record of 'A Majestic Literary Fossil.' Lafcadio Hearn, the author of 'Chita,' concludes his new story, 'Youma,' which is sympathetically illustrated by Howard Pyle. The other fiction of the number consists of two short stories, 'A Platonic Affair,' by Hjalmar H. Boyesen, and 'The Twentieth of February,' by Brander Matthews. Among the other contents are the following elaborately illustrated articles: 'Benvenuto Cellini,' by Mrs. Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer; the second and concluding paper on 'Jamaica, New and Old,' written and illustrated by Howard Pyle; 'The Lake Dwellers,' by S. H. M. Byers; and 'The New York Banks,' by Richard Wheatley. This number is also notable for seven poems, one of which is by the Canadian poet, A. Lampman, whose work now compels recognition in England and this country. In the Editorial Departments, George William Curtis considers several timely metropolitan topics, as well as intercollegiate athletics and 'The Passing of Mother Ann'; William Dean Howells speaks of the form and binding of "the ideal book," and points to recent examples: and Charles Dudley Warner discusses the shyness of man in its relation to a possible social revolution.

To the book-hunter or book-collector the new volume of *The Book-worm*, (Armstrong, N. Y.,) offers abundant

entertainment. All sorts of subjects in the highways and byeways of literature are here treated in an amusing and gossiping fashion. Trade sales, Second-hand bookstalls, grangerites, book plates, bibliography, and other such matters are dealt with more or less exhaustively. The writer of 'Some Book-stalling Reminiscences' does not present the book-hunter altogether in an amiable light. Only a minority of the followers of a delightful and harmless pastime, it is to be hoped, are so mean as to depreciate the value of a find for the sake of getting it for less than its market value. The temptation doubtless is great, for none but the book-hunter himself can realise the joy of securing some rare tract or book out of the depths of a ten cent box. Even the artful purchaser, however, is a better customer than the lady who informed a certain bookstall keeper, here referred to as F., that she was "only looking over his books to kill time." Many, it is to be feared, act at times in the same way from precisely the same motive, but few would have the courageous frankness to avow it.

To the ineffable joy of the great majority of its subscribers the February *Century* contains the final instalment of the life of Lincoln which has doddered its dreary way through no less than forty numbers of the magazine. Subscription books are no doubt extremely profitable, but this method of "trying them on the dog" by running them through the pages of a popular magazine is likely if persevered in, to seriously diminish its circulation. In this number Mr. John La Farge commences his illustrated letters from Japan. In the illustrations Mr. La Farge has no opportunity to show his value as a decorator though he gives abundant proof of his weakness as a draughts-

man. This is an excellent number on the whole, though process work appears to be elbowing the wood-engraver out of the field.

PANAMA is, and will be, for all time an interesting place. Romance clings to it, even to this day, as do the scrubby plants that hug the cement of its ruined churches to their topmost heights. A pestiferous hole it is. As a Panama doctor says of it:—"First you have the wet season lasting from about the 15th of April to the 15th of December, when people die of yellow fever in four or five days. Next you have the dry or healthy season from December 15th, to April 15th, when people die of pernicious fever in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours." of this charming spot Dr. Wolfred Nelson has related his experiences in a readable volume entitled 'Five years at Panama' (Belford Co., New York). In twenty five chapters extending over 287 pages Dr. Nelson thoroughly exhausts the subject, relates his own varied experiences in a clear incisive and agreeable way, and discusses the climate, commerce, and laws of the republic. The 'Great Undertaker's last Ditch' is the subject of a chapter of very great interest. The book is copiously illustrated and is provided with an excellent map.

THE February number of Book News (John Wanamaker, Philadelphia,) has a portrait of R. W. Gilder, editor of the *Century Magazine*, with a sketch of his life at once minute and appreciative; reviews by eminent critics of Tennyson's new volume, T. B. Aldrich's new poem. Stepniak's novel 'The Career of a Nihilist,' etc. There is the usual admirable running commentary on the books of the month by Mr. Talcott Williams, and an interesting article on authors, 'First Books,' by G. A. Mendum.

Under the title of *Le Livre d'Amour* (Paris: Lemerre), M. G. de Barrique de Fontainieu has translated into prose stanzas the concluding portion of the *Kural* of Tiruvalluva, the national poet of Southern India, to which he has appended a fragment of another similar Tamil poem, the *Naladiyár*. In an interesting preface. Prof. Julien Vinson, of the *Ecole des Langues Orientales Vivantes*, discusses the authorship of the poem and erotic poetry in general. On the latter question his opinion does not materially differ from that of Dr. G. U. Pope in his elaborate edition of the *Kural*, with translation, &c., (1886). They both agree that the moral and allegorical element predominates over the sensual, as in the Song of Solomon.

LIBRARY NOTES.

OF the Gladstone library at Harwarden, *The Ball Mall Gazette* says:—Mr. Gladstone is not only himself selecting all the books and arranging them on the shelves with his own hands, but in each case he is marking those passages which seem to him most important and which have had most influence on his own mind and life. The library will thus

be an actual collection of books that have influenced him.

By the will of Mrs. Alexander T. Prendergast of Jamestown, N. Y., admitted to probate on Jan. 7, \$25,000 will be used in the purchase of oil-paintings for a library and art building nearly completed in memory of her son, the late Hon. James Prendergast; while \$5,000 will go for books.

MISS ANNA HAVEN PERKINS has left over \$100,000 to the New London, Town, Public Library. Her father Henry P. Haven left the library \$80,000.

THE library rate in Jersey City has yielded about \$7000. A temporary library will be opened. Dr. Leonard Gordon has our congratulations.

MR. AMOS R. ENO, of New York, has presented his native place, Simsbury, Conn., with a public library. At the opening a letter was read in which the donor reviewed the bracing early influences that surrounded those whose good fortune it was to be born in 'old Simsbury.' The books and the library building were both his gift but the running expenses are to be met by the citizens of the little town.

CAPT. ELIHU SPICER has given \$20,000 to the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn with which to found a library of books of reference.

THE Astor Library's income in 1889 was \$23,817.64 while its expenses were \$25,005.32. The number of books in the library, exclusive of pamphlets, is 331,984, some 2390 volumes having been added in the last year. The number of students in alcoves reached 10,226 while the total number of readers (64,210) greatly exceeded that of the previous year. The maintenance fund is \$411,550 and the endowment fund \$1,508,849.85.

HAVERFORD COLLEGE PA. has recently purchased the library of the late Dr. Gustave Bauer of Leipsic, containing about 8000 volumes, ecclesiastical literature, Hebrew, Syriac and many rare MSS.

DR. FRIEDRICH LEITSCHUL has just published a second edition of his Guide to the royal library at Bamberg, with illustrations in the text. This library possesses 2,000 precious MSS. on vellum or parchment, 2,180

on paper, 3,000 incunabula and 300,000 volumes of books in general.

THE library of the Lewiston Me. Manufacturers and Merchants Association was burned on June 7th last when the city building was destroyed by fire. It contained about 11,000 volumes.

AT Phelps N. Y. has been organized the 'Crown Library Association,' to which the stockholders of the Crown Manufacturing Co. have given \$10,000 as a permanent library fund for the benefit of the town.

JOSEPH SCHOFIELD has left \$11,500 to the Boston Public Library.

THE late Dr. Littledale bequeathed his extensive theological library to the diocese of Capetown.

MR. PASSMORE EDWARDS has presented the Bethnal Green, (London) Free Library with 10,000 volumes and a cash gift of \$250.

THE trustees of the British Museum have given orders to prepare a Tudor Exhibition to be shown in the King's Library. The collection will consist of manuscripts, prints, and books relating to the subject.

THE friends and colleagues, at the British Museum, of Mr. Geo. Bullen, F. S. A., keeper of the department of Printed Books, are setting on foot a testimonial, which will be presented to him on his retirement after fifty years of active and assiduous service in the library.

THE library of the late Mr. Wilkie Collins was sold on January 20th. The books were modern, and for the most part in bad condition; but they sold well. The library Edition of Dickens's Works, with autograph letter in one from the author, fetched \$70, the first edition of 'Great Expectations,' \$46.25; the first edition of 'Pickwick,' \$18.75.

THE first of the two generous gifts offered to Pittsburgh and Allegheny City by the prince of donors, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, has been completed. The Allegheny City Library building, Music Hall and Art Gallery, a handsome granite structure, with an imposing tower, containing a large clock, is situated corner Federal and Ohio streets, Diamond Square. The dedication took place Thursday, February 20. Among the invited guests who attended were His Excellency Benjamin Harrison, President of the United States, Beaver, Governor of Pennsylvania and Mr. Enoch Pratt, Baltimore's library benefactor. In an appropriate speech Mr. Carnegie presented the library to the city, handing over a golden key to Mayor Pearson, who accepted the gift in the name of the city. Then followed addresses by President Harrison, Governor Beaver, Hon. John Dalzell, Mr. Enoch Pratt, and Dr. Riddle. The cost of the structure will reach a quarter of a million of dollars.

The offer to Pittsburgh greatly exceeds this generous gift, as it is now increased to over one million dollars and reliable intimations are abroad that the amount will be farther augmented, as Mr. Carnegie desires one main library building in central part of the city and four others at suitable points.

The city of Pittsburgh has accepted the offer as tendered by Mr Carnegie.

A HANDSOME offer has just been made to Streatham, Eng. Mr. Henry Tate, a Liverpool merchant, has intimated his intention of giving \$25,000 to establish a Free Library. The ratepayers have agreed to accept it, promising of course to maintain the institution when it is founded.

THERE is no truth in the rumor of the proposed dispersion of Earl Spencer's library at Althorp, Northamptonshire. It is a splendid collection, numbering over 50,000 volumes, and comprises some rare and curious books. There are unique specimens of Caxton and Wynkyn de Worde, a Mazarin Bible, and specimens of the finest work from the famous printers and bookbinders of England and the Continent.

AMONG MY BOOKS.

Oh draught of sweet forgetfulness,
That deadens all my pain,
Let me to-night drink deep, then bless
That power thrice again

That takes me from the heavy care—
The madding thirst for gold—
Which drives so many to despair,
And turns a warm heart cold.

Let me again drink deep; the joy
That from thy fountain flows
Has not of dross or base alloy,
As the book-lover knows.

JOHN CARBON.

February, 1889.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

THE following not very brilliant epigram appears in the February *Harper*:—

A CORRESPONDENT of the English *Nonconformist* sends it a letter from a lady who, believing herself to be dying, thanked Mr. Browning for the spiritual aid she had derived from his poems, and expressed her satisfaction that so highly gifted a man of genius

should hold to the great truths of religion and to a belief in immortality. In the course of Mr. Browning's reply, he said: "All the help I can offer, in my poor degree, is the assurance that I see ever more reason to hold by the same hope—and by no means in ignorance of what has been advanced to the contrary; and for your sake I would wish it to be true that I

had so much of 'genius' as to permit the testimony of an especially privileged insight to come in aid of the ordinary argument. For I know I myself have been aware of the communication of something more subtle than a ratiocinative process, when the convictions of 'genius' have thrilled my soul to its depth, as when Napoleon, shutting up the New Testament, said of Christ: 'Do you know that I am an understander of men? Well, He was no Man.'

WILLIAM HOWITT in the recently published fragment of his autobiography mentions his work on a struggling London paper *The Constitutional*, and in connection therewith gives a glimpse of Thackeray as a young man:—

"One day Major Carmichael Smyth, the active manager told me that he had sent for his son-in-law, Mr. Thackeray, from Paris, where I understood that he was correspondent for a London daily, I think *The Morning Post*, to come and take the editorship of the paper. Just as I was going out of the office, which was in Fleet-st., I met on the stairs a tall, thin young man in a long dark blue cloak, and with a nose that seemed some time to have had a blow that flattened its bridge. I turned back and had some conversation with him, anxious to know how he, Thackeray, proposed to carry on a daily paper without any funds and already deeply in debt. He did not seem to know any more than I did. I thought to myself that his father-in-law had not done him much service in taking him from a profitable post for the vain business of endeavoring to buoy up a desperate speculation. How much longer *The Constitutional* struggled on I know not. That was the first time I ever heard of, or even saw, William Makepeace Thackeray."

A STORY is told of a gentleman who is now and has been for some

years past engaged in rearing an elegant mansion of stone a dozen miles or so out of Boston. Much care has been taken and no expense spared in its erection. The other day he went out to see how the work was progressing and visited the library. It is a noble room, and it had been surrounded by bookcases of carved oak in elaborate design. The owner gave one glance about the spacious and beautiful apartment and then exclaimed to the contractor "What made you build the bookcases so high? Cut them down two feet and put cupboards underneath! Do you think I am going to buy books for all those shelves?"

WILKIE COLLINS, who was Charles Dickens's dear and close friend, made some interesting memoranda in his copy of Forster's 'Life' of Dickens. Concerning 'Oliver Twist,' Collins writes that "the one defect in that wonderful book is the helplessly bad construction of the story. The character of Nancy is the finest thing he ever did." As for 'Barnaby Rudge' Collins calls it the weakest book Dickens ever wrote.

THERE is in the Howitt's book, an outline portrait easily filled up, of Mr. Tennyson, of six-and-forty years ago: He was a retiring and meditative young poet, who spent a Sunday night at their house, and talked till 3 in the morning, reciting his poetry the while.

AMERICAN NOTES.

THE article in the February *Atlantic* by Pres. Walker of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, on 'Mr. Bellamy and the New Nationalist Movement,' has created a great stir. It is undoubtedly the severest criticism that Mr. Bellamy's scheme has received. It is interesting to note the fact

just here that the three hundredth thousand of 'Looking Backward' is announced.

More 'Looking Backwards' are on the press, the three-hundredth thousand being announced. The crop of imitations promises to be large, but pitiable as to quality.

MR. W. M. MOOREHEAD, of the Smithsonian, spent last summer, with a staff of assistants, in surveying and exploring Fort Ancient, the prehistoric earthwork of Warren County, Ohio, and is about to bring out an illustrated volume on his discoveries. This book was written in the field, and is in no sense a compilation. In the course of his explorations Mr. Moorehead has found evidences of two distinct races of aborigines: and has, moreover, discovered a large village site in the Miami River bottoms, five feet below the present surface.

LOVERS of real poetry will cordially welcome the little book by George E. Woodberry, entitled 'The North Shore Watch, and other Poems,' which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce. It is doubtful if any recent first volume of poems has contained so much good poetry as this. Only two or three of the poems have been printed.

LAFKADIO HEARN's translation of France's novel, *The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard*, recently published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, has aroused considerable curiosity as to the age of the author who could create such a sympathetic picture of old age as the character of lovable old Sylvestre Bonnard. Anatole France was a young man when he wrote this novel some years ago. He was born in 1844, the son of a publisher. He early displayed a taste for poetry.

MOTLEY's 'Correspondence' has gone into a second edition in England.

AN exhaustive 'History of Printing in the City of New York' is in course of preparation by Mr. W. W. Pasco, Librarian of the Typothetæ and editor of *Old New York*. The narrative will begin with unsuccessful attempt of Governor Lovelace to procure a printer from Boston, and will be handsomely illustrated. It is

to appear in two quarto volumes, the edition being limited to 500 copies, at \$20 each. The work will be delivered in parts.

GIORDANO BRUNO, who usually brings tears of pity to the eyes of one class of thinkers, and tears of rage to another, is discussed at length in the March *Atlantic*. Mr. William R. Thayer, who writes the article which he devotes to the 'Trial, Opinions and Death of Bruno,' quotes largely from his examination before the Inquisition, and shows very fairly his claims to be remembered. 'Bruno,' says Mr. Thayer, "did not prove that his convictions were true, but he proved beyond peradventure that he was a true man."

ONE of the most promising new books from the *Riverside Press* is Mr. W. W. Story's 'Conversations in a Studio,' which is said to discuss in a delightful way many questions in literature and art.

REV. W. W. NEWTON's *Life of Dr. Muhlenberg*, shortly to be published, is the third volume in the Series of American Religious Leaders, which bids fair to be one of the most valuable of the many good series of books on American subjects.

THE two volumes heretofore issued under the titles of 'American Whist' and 'Whist Universal,' which have gained great favor, are to be superseded by a volume entitled 'American Whist Illustrated.' It is from the same competent hand, treats the whole subject scientifically, and includes all the decisions and points settled in regard to this noble game, so that it will be perfectly indispensable to whist players.

THE long looked for papers, entitled 'In the Footprints of Charles Lamb,' will soon appear, beautifully illustrated, in *Scribner*.

PEOPLE with a mania for scribbling

should not read Dr. Holmes's March instalment of 'Over the Teacups,' for he gives some hard knocks at the class of people, (alarmingly on the increase, he thinks,) who believe themselves to be poets because they try to write verses. He says in some lines at the end of his essay that if the sea were changed to ink, and all the tribes did nothing but write

Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round its brink
Call for more pens, more paper, more ink,

HJALMAR HJORTH BOYSEN has written for *Harper's Young People* a Scandinavian story in two parts, entitled 'The Child of Luck.' The first instalment appeared in the number published February 4th. The story has been illustrated by W. T. Smedley.

Harper's Weekly celebrated the Judiciary Centennial by publishing, on February 5th. portraits of the present judges of the Supreme Court and of all the predecessors of Chief-

Justice Fuller. Elihu Root contributed the accompanying article. Four of the portraits of the Chief-Justices have been engraved from the paintings in the Capitol which have been loaned to the New York Bar Association for exhibition at the centennial.

THE New Orleans *Times-Democrat* thinks that 'A Little Journey in the World' is the first successful story of "metropolitan plutocracy," and that it entitles the author, Charles Dudley Warner, "to take high rank among American novelists."

Two Americans contribute to the February *New Review*, Mr. James and Miss Harriet W. Preston. Mr. Hamilton Aidé discusses the 'Deterioration of English Society' and there is a paper on recent plays and books by Mr. L. F. Austen, Henry Irving's private Secretary.

MR. PARNELL is the subject of a trenchant but courteous character study in the February *New Review*.

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FOREIGN NOTES.

MESSRS. JARVIS & SON have recently published 'Robert Browning, chief poet of the age, addressed chiefly to beginners in the study of Browning's poems, by William G. Kingsland, revised with the addition of biographical notices, and personal recollections of the Poet. There has been added a new portrait by photo-gravure from the last photo taken, and a facsimile of an autograph letter of the late Mr. Browning.

THE next volume of the series of 'Historic Towns' edited by Mr. E. H. Freeman and Mr. Hunt, will be 'Winchester' by Mr. G. W. Kitchin, the Dean of Winchester, who declares that the place teems with picturesque tradition and anecdote, and thinks it

the most historic of English cities. The book will be published immediately by the Longmans.

MR. RIDER HAGGARD, is producing a new story in collaboration with Mr. Andrew Lang.

SMITH, ELDER & Co. announce an illustrated edition of Thackeray's 'Vanity Fair' at twenty five cents.

MR. WEMYSS REID is progressing with his biography of Lord Houghton (Morckton Milnes) and it will probably be published in the spring. The poet is said to have kept letters from his friends to the number of 20,000.

MR. WALTER J. CLUTTERBUCK, one of the authors of 'Three in Norway' has written an account of a voyage on the waters between Iceland, Green-

land and Spitzbergen a region hitherto neglected. 'The Skipper in Arctic Seas' will be published here at once by Longmans, Green & Co.

A NEW piece of fiction by M. Jules Verne will shortly be published. It contains a satire on modern mining speculators. The author makes his

hero purchase mining rights at the North Pole, in a country so much frozen that it cannot be developed. The company is formed to turn the world around, bringing the North Pole into the region of the tropics and turning the universe upside down.

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GENERAL NOTES.

A NUMBER of men of letters have presented to Mr. Charles Estreicher librarian of the University of Cracow a medal in acknowledgment of his services to Polish bibliography. Mr. Estreicher's 'Polish Bibliography of the 16th to the 19th century' forms no less than ten large volumes: it cites in 15th century 200 Polish imprints, 7,250 in the 16th century, 21,000 in the 17th century, 44,000 in the 18th century and 70,000 in the 19th century.

In the last number of *Le Livre* is given an interesting account of the meeting at which the officers of the Bibliophiles Contemporains were elected. M. Octave Uzanne is the president. M. Charles Cousin, author of the 'Racontars illustrés d'un vieux collectionneur,' and M. Beraldi whose charming 'Bibliothèque d'un Bibliophile' is to all bookmen an abiding joy, are the Vice Presidents. M. Alfred Piat is Secretary and M. B. H. Gausseron assistant secretary. The three first works to be issued by the society will be 'La Légende de Saint Julien l'Hospitalier,' by Flaubert, with illustrations by L. O. Merson; 'L'Abbesse de Castro,' by Stendhal (Henri Bèyle), illustrated by Eugene Courboin; and 'Les Débuts de César Borgia,' by Richepin, with illustrations by Rochegrosse. In addition the society will publish an annual of which a few copies will be placed on sale. This will be in two divisions, the first relat-

ing to the acts and deeds of the society, the second being devoted to illustrated articles, on bibliographical subjects, by the members.

Yet another bibliographical magazine has given up the ghost. Mr. W. E. Benjamin the proprietor of *The Book Lover* announces in the January number that its publication is suspended 'at any rate for the present,' and that the venture "has not been a paying investment:" we are sorry to hear it. The Book Lover has been carefully and conscientiously edited by Mr. Ingersoll Lockwood, and Mr. Benjamin was both wise and liberal in his expenditure, but the result has been, as usual, a dead loss from the start. Bibliography, like virtue, is its own reward.

M. ANDRAL, to whom M. de Bacourt left the unpublished Talleyrand memoirs, died lately, and we have not yet learned what disposition he has made of these precious manuscripts. They would not, he once declared, have made up less than from twelve to fifteen volumes. Some years ago, a Leipzig publishing firm proposed to issue an edition secretly of the half of the manuscripts, without disclosing the person who had given them up, and not to remonstrate if they were declared to be forgeries. M. Andrel naturally refused this, to say the least of it, peculiar offer.

ABOUT \$10,000 was realised at the sale of the Thibaudeau books, prints,

and drawings. One of the lots embracing a series of catalogues went to the bid of a German purchaser. These catalogues are very valuable. Some drawings by Madame de Pompadour were disposed of at the same sale.

The St. James's Gazette thinks that Mr. Lowell's hoped-for 'Hawthorne,' should be 'a very good book—a book on a great American master by a great American critic.' It adds:—

Mr. Lowell's essential judgment of Hawthorne the world knows already, as of 'the greatest ideal artist of these later times.' The critic could have no more congenial theme. He too, like Hawthorne, is of the New England type. He has the tradition of European culture, and sympathy with it, while remaining distinctively American. There is none of the aggressiveness of another type of Americanism; his humor is too true to be forever beating the drum of democracy. And with a congenial theme, there is among English-speaking men no literary *causeur* like Mr. Lowell. And let all young critics mark, that as with Sainte-Beuve, so with Mr. Lowell, criticism is never lost in *causerie*. Pleasant talk it is, but always and essentially critical talk.

EDWARD BELLAMY the author of 'Looking Backward,' will contribute

to the March number of the *North American Review* a reply to General Francis A. Walker's criticism of his theories in the February *Atlantic*.

We have received from James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., his *Floral Guide*, which in beauty of appearance and convenience of arrangement surpasses anything in this line which we have ever had the privilege of seeing before. It is a pamphlet eight by ten inches in size, and contains nearly one hundred pages. It includes as full a list and description of both flowers, vegetables and also small fruits as could be brought within the compass of a book of this size. This catalogue contains nearly three hundred illustrations, which are intended to give the reader a correct idea of the plant or flower illustrated. We advise all our readers who are interested in gardening to send ten cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., and receive his Guide for 1890.

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BOOK AUCTIONS.

FIRST EDITIONS OF STANDARD BOOKS.

Valuable books have been sold by Bangs & Co. recently at prices calculated to encourage book-lovers who have no designs upon Mr. Quaritch's ten and twenty-five thousand dollar volumes. The Americana in the William F. Johnson library was put on sale and disposed of at prices far from prohibitive. John Eliot's 'Tears of Repentance,' 1653, brought \$27; and Philip Freneau's Poems, printed by himself, 1795, \$11.50. Cotton Mather's 'Late Memorable Providences,' London, 1691, brought \$19; and his 'Johannes in Eremita,' Boston, 1695, \$14. 'The Glorious Throne' and 'The Valley of Baca,' \$7 each; 'Psalterium Americanum,' \$14, and 'Christian Loyalty,'

\$8. Increase Mather's 'Illustrious Providences' went for \$29; his 'Mystery of Israel's Salvation' for \$13.50; 'Discourse Concerning Comets' for \$12; 'Parentator,' \$10.50; and 'Now or Never,' \$7. Other works by these two Mathers and Sermons and discourses by others of the Mather tribe were sold at even lower figures. First editions of the Brownings fared not very much better. Those of Mrs. Browning went at the prices following: 'An Essay on Mind, and other Poems,' 1826, \$16.50; 'The Seraphim,' 1838, \$7.50; 'Casa Guidi Windows,' 1851, \$3; 'Aurora Leigh' 1857, \$3.75. Robert Browning's 'Paracelsus,' 1835, brought \$11.50; 'Strafford,' 1837, \$8.50; 'Sordello,' 1840, \$9.50; 'Dramatis Personæ,' 1864, \$4.50; 'Rifine at the

Fair,' 1872, \$4; 'Red Cotton Night-Cap Country,' 1873, \$9; 'Aristophanes' Apology,' 1875, \$4; and 'Parleyings,' 1887, \$5.75. The other books went for still lower prices. The first edition of Bryant's Poems, 1821, brought \$7.25; the first part of Butler's 'Hudibras,' 1663, \$25; Byron's 'Hours of Idleness,' 1807, \$13, and 'English Bards,' 1809, \$10; Coleridge's 'Poems on Various Subjects,' 1796, \$9.50, and 'Wallenstein,' 1800, \$10. There was a fine lot of Cruikshanks sold, including 'Rookwood,' \$28.25; 'Jack Sheppard,' \$16; 'Tower of London,' \$31.50; 'Guy Fawkes,' \$21; 'Greenwich Hospital,' \$16; 'Falstaff,' \$17, and 'Table-Book,' \$26. Robinson, Crusoe,' 2 vols., 1831, brought \$22; 'German Popular Stories,' 2 vols., 1823, \$170; 'The Humorist,' 4 vols., 1819-22, \$180; Dr. Syntax's Life of Napoleon, 1815, \$28; 'Demonology and Witchcraft,' 2 vols., 1830, \$16; 'The Scourge,' 12 vols., 1811-16, \$39; and 'The English Spy,' 2 vols., 1825, \$62. Three Crusoe volumes of 1719-20 brought \$42. Then came a number of Dibdins, some of the prices being as follows: 'Bibliomania,' 1842, \$22; 'The Bibliographical Decameron,' 3 vols., 1817, \$81; 'Bibliotheca Spenceriana,' 4 vols., 1814, \$48; 'Tour in France and Germany,' 5 vols., 1821, \$80. Dickens's 'Village Coquettes,' 1836—an uncut copy of a very scarce book—brought \$105. A set of first editions of George Eliot was knocked down for \$112.50. *The Dial*, 4 vols., 1841-44, brought \$96. A first edition of Hamerton's 'Etching and Etchers' went for \$35; and a third for \$28. Hawthorne's 'Grandfather's Chair,' 1841 (first edition), brought \$11.50 and the first edition of his 'Liberty Tree,' 1841, \$26. Chapman's 'Homer,' London, about 1616 (first complete edition), went for \$80. A set of first editions of Leigh Hunt was sold in one lot at \$4 per volume, the total being \$264. Irving's *Salma-*

gundi (Jan. 24, 1807, Jan. 25, 1880, brought \$10, a first edition of 'Knickerbocker's History,' 2 vols., 1809, \$15, and a first edition of Johnson's 'Rasselas,' 1759, \$18. An uncut copy of the rare first edition of Keats's) 'Endymion,' 1818, went for \$22, and the second collection of his poems, 1820, for \$22.50. 'Blank Verse by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb,' 1798, was run up to \$28, and other first editions of Lamb to the following figures: 'John Woodvil,' 1802, \$19; 'Adventures of Ulysses,' 1808, \$20; 'Elia,' 2 vols., 1833, \$52; and 'Satan in Search of a Wife,' 1831, \$21; while the poem, attributed to Lamb, 'Beauty and the Beast,' undated ('only three copies known, of which this one is the best in condition'), was knocked down for \$162.50.—(Critic)

THE JOHNSON LIBRARY.

Some notably high prices were paid for books and autographs on the last two days of the sale of the Johnson library by Bangs & Co. A set of first editions of Charles Lever brought \$321.75. First editions of Longfellow also sold well, 'Coplas de Don Jorge Manrique' bringing \$9. 'Poems on Slavery' \$17.50, 'The Spanish Student' \$11.25, 'Evangeline' \$24.50, 'The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri' \$18.75, and 'Christus' \$11.25. First editions of Lowell went as follows: 'A Year's Life' \$13.50, Poems (first and second series) \$15, and 'The Biglow Papers' (second series) \$10. 'Paradise Lost,' 1759, brought \$10.50; Hazlitt's 'Life of Napoleon,' extra-illustrated, Lippincott, 1876, \$48; Paltock's 'Life and Adventures of Peter Wilkins,' 1751, \$34; John Payne's translation for the Villon Society of 'Arabian Nights' tales not included in the English editions, 1884, \$16.50; Pyne's

'Royal Residences,' with 100 colored plates, 1819, \$46.50; 'Satirical Facetiæ,' being a collection of pamphlets, portraits, etc., relating to Queen Caroline and George IV., \$72; Table-Talk of Samuel Rogers, with 43 portraits inserted, 1856, \$14; Rowlandson's 'Dance of Death,' \$49.50; his 'Scarborough,' \$22; and his 'Real Life in London,' \$22. Nine volumes containing Ruskin's 'Stones of Venice,' 'Seven Lamps of Architecture' and 'Modern Painters,' 1849-60, were sold for \$324. 'Paul and Virginia,' with 330 illustrations, London, 1839, fetched \$10.50. Twenty-seven volumes of G. A. Sala found a purchaser at \$70.75, and 48 of Scott's Novels, together with 12 of his Poems, at \$82.50.

The most striking feature of the sale was the dispersion of an exceedingly valuable collection of first editions of Shelley. 'Queen Mab,' 'printed by P.B. Shelley' (1813), with a letter in the poet's handwriting inserted, and bound by Matthews, was knocked down for \$150. 'Alastor,' 1813, for \$65; the 'Six Weeks' Tour,' 1817, \$14; 'Laon and Cythna,' 1819, \$110; 'The Cenci,' 1819, \$32; 'Adonais,' Pisa, 1821, cut down to octavo size, \$35, and 'The Masque of Anarchy,' 1832, \$10. But the rarest of these gems was an uncut copy of 'Adonais,' in its original paper covers, with a ten-line poem of commendation written on a fly-leaf over the signature of David Constable. This was run up to \$215. A first edition of Sterne's 'Sentimental Journey,' 1768, brought \$30; of Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' 1852, \$17; of Swift's 'Tale of a Tub' and 'Battle of the Books,' 1704, \$22; and of 'Gulliver's Travels' \$33; Swinburne's Works, from 'The Queen Mother,' and Rosamund,' 1860, to 'Miscellanies,' 1886, all first editions, 33 vols., were sold for \$111.37.

The highest price of the sale (\$310) was paid for Thackeray's 'Flora et

Zehhyr,' 'par Théophile Wagstaff,' a series of humorous designs in tints, bound by Tout, dated London, March 1, 1836. Other Thackerays went as follows: 'Essay on Cruikshank,' with illustrations, from *The Westminster Review*, \$18; 'Paris Sketch-book,' 1840, \$56; 'Comic Tales and Sketches,' 1841 \$84; 'The Second Funeral of Napoleon,' with four wood-engravings, 1841 \$162.50; 'Irish Sketch-Book,' 1843, \$50; 'L'Abbaye de Penmarch,' Paris, 1846, \$75; 'Cornhill to Grand Cairo,' 1846, \$14; 'Mrs. Perkins's Ball,' 1847, \$30; 'Our Street,' 1848, \$21; 'Book of Snobs' 1848, \$38; 'Vanity Fair,' 1848 \$80; 'Henry Esmond,' 1852, \$34.50; 'English Humorists,' 1853, \$8; 'The Newcomes,' 1854, \$26; 'The Rose and the Ring,' 1855, \$16; 'Ballads,' 1855, \$10; 'Major Gahagan,' 1856, \$8; 'A Little Dinner at Timmins's,' 1856, \$6; 'Barry Lyndon,' 1856, \$7.50; 'Burlesques,' 1856, \$6; 'Sketches and Travels in London,' 1856, \$9; 'Yellowplush,' 1856, \$15; 'Fitz-Boodle Papers,' etc., 1857, \$16.50; 'The Virginians,' 1858, \$24; 'Adventures of Philip,' \$13.50; and 'English Landscape Painters,' \$15. Walt Whitman's 'Leaves of Grass,' first edition, Brooklyn, 1855, brought \$15, and Whittier's 'Mog Megone,' first edition, 1836, \$10. Wordsworth's and Coleridge's 'Lyrical Ballads,' 1798—the first appearance of 'The Ancient Mariner,'—went for \$15, and Wordsworth's Poems, 1807, for \$18.

The Autographs were sold on Jan. 30, \$205 being paid for the 'Articles of Agreement' drawn up by Charles Dickens, on Feb. 3, 1868, for a walking-match between George Dolby, the novelist's manager on his lecture tour in America, and James R. Osgood, the Boston publisher, the document being signed also by Dolby, Osgood and James T. Fields. A series of recipes in Dickens's handwriting for making cider cup, claret

cup, and other kinds of 'cup,' brought \$60; and a letter (August 4, 1866), \$13. A document signed by Robert Burns (Dumfries, Oct. 27, 1789), went for \$70; a letter from Elizabeth Browning for \$18, and one from Robert (Jan. 14, 1862) for \$4.50; one from Hawthorne (Oct. 21, 1862) fetched \$10, one from Emerson \$3.25, and 'The Last Leaf' of Dr. Holmes (dated Sept. 5, 1880) \$20. For a letter from Franklin (July 6, 1785) \$21 were paid, and for one from George Eliot (June 13, 1879) \$24. Other letters went as follows: Thomas Jefferson (April 2, 1802), \$11.50; Charles Lamb, \$30; Abraham Lincoln \$26; Longfellow (June 10, 1880), \$17.50; Sir Walter Scott, \$17.50; Mary Shelley, \$7; Zachary Taylor (April 12, 1848), \$22; Tennyson, \$12; Gov. Rip van Dam of New York, written in Dutch, \$10.75; and Wordsworth, \$16. One letter from Washington (Oct. 10, 1773), brought \$56.50, and another (March 6, 1796), \$42, while a four-line receipt brought \$26. A three-page MS. of Thackeray, 'A State Dinner,' was sold for \$85, and a little note for \$11. There were 1423 'lots' disposed of on the four days of the sale, and the sum realized was \$12,300.—(*Critic*.)

THE BARLOW SALE.

The sale of the library of the late S. L. M. Barlow occupied the entire week ending Saturday February the 8th. The prices obtained were, on the whole, high; and should be encouraging to collectors, more especially of Americana. Unfortunately the books were catalogued by a bric-a-brac dealer with the result that might have been expected. Calling attention to this *The Critic* remarks:—"It is a matter of regret that a collection so famous should not have been more carefully catalogued. Many of the rarest books were not collated at all,

while more or less elaborate notes were made on some that were unimportant. Repeatedly, during the sale, the auctioneer had to call attention to imperfections not mentioned in the catalogue, though the preface said, 'The chief care of the writer has been to elaborate defects.'

Some of the prices obtained were 'Almon's Remembrancer,' \$220; Alsop's 'Maryland,' \$410, 'Ho Preste Joam,' black letter, \$210; Alvaco's 'Ymago Mundi,' \$120; 'Babylon's Fall in Maryland,' \$265; Basanier's 'Florida,' Paris, 1586, \$305; Anne Bradstreet's 'Tenth Muse,' \$130; Budd's 'Good Order Established in Pennsylvania and New Jersey,' \$400; De Vaca's 'Relacion,' etc., \$185; Carolind Described,' \$130; 'Champlain's Voyages,' Paris, 1613, \$250.

Brereton's Relation of the Discoverie of the north part of Virginia, 1602, \$1,125, Child's 'New England's Jonas Cast up at London,' 1645, \$165 (Boston Public Library); 'Cato Major,' B. Franklin, 1744, \$300; Clark's 'Ill Newes from New England,' London, 1652, \$170 (Boston Public Library); Cobbet's 'The Civil Magistrates' Power,' London, 1653, \$52.50; 'Columbus's Letter,' Rome, 1493, \$2900 (Boston Public Library); Columbus's Letter, third edition, Rome, S. Planck, 1493, \$2200 (Brayton Ives). Pietro Coppo da Isola's 'Portolando,' Venice, 1528, \$320 (Lenox Library); Cortez's Letter, the first edition of the second letter, Seville, 1522, \$1650 (Brayton Ives). Mr. Ives also paid \$1100 for the first edition of the third letter, Seville, 1523, and for the first edition of the fourth letter, Toledo, 1525, \$1500. Cotton's 'Bloudy Tenent Washed,' London, 1647, brought \$40; Crafford's 'Carolina,' Dublin, 1683, \$105 (Lenox Library). Lord De La Warre's 'True Relation, 1611, \$135; De Bry's Collection, \$780; Denton's New York, \$525, (Ives); Eliot's 'Glorious Progress,'

\$1010; Martyr and Oviedo's *Historia de l' Indie Occidentali*, 1534, \$105; Mohawk Prayer-Book, London, 1787, \$92.50; Nathaniel Morton's 'New England's Memoriall' 1669, \$280; Morton's 'New English Canaan,' \$100, Mourt's 'Proceedings of the English Plantation in Plimouth in New England,' 1622, \$360; 'New England's First Fruits,' 1643, \$180; 'New England's Faction Discovered,' \$100; 'News from New England,' London, 1676, \$210; Pynchon's 'Meritorious Price of Man's Redemption,' 1655, \$480; 'A Brief Account of the Province of East New Jersey' \$120; 'A Bill in the Chancery of New Jersey etc.,' \$150; Pastorius's *Geography of Pennsylvania* (in German) \$350; Pownall's 'Remarkable Views,' 1761, \$105; Rosiers 'True Relation of the Most Prosperous Voyage Made this Present Yeere 1605,' \$1,125, (Lenox Library); Reynard and Lodowick's 'Journal of the Late Actions of the French at Canada,' \$155; Schouten's *Journael*, \$100; The 1508 edition of Ptolemy, containing the first engraved map of the New World known, was bought by Mr. Ives for \$105. Mr. Hildeburn paid \$310 for the editions of 1511, 1522 and 1524. The edition of 1513 went to John Pierce, \$150. Later editions of the same work were sold for about \$20 apiece. Purchas's 'Hakluyt' went to the Newberry library for \$65. Other works were disposed of as follows: "Kurtze Wunderbare Beschreibung," a description of Raleigh's travels, \$220; Roman's 'Natural History of Florida,' \$85, Ruchamer's 'Neue Unbekannte Laudie,' \$90, Sagard's 'Le Grand Voyage,' \$100, and Savage's 'Account of the Late Action of the New Englanders,' \$180; Simcoe's *Journal*, original edition, \$155. Captain John Smith's 'Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles' \$1,900; Smith's 'True Relation of Such Occurrences and Ac-

\$300; Eliot's 'Christian Common wealth,' \$115; Eliot's 'Progress of the Gospel,' \$250; Eliot's 'Indian Testament,' \$610; Foxe's 'North West Fox,' 1635, \$95; George Gardyner's 'Description of the New World,' 1651, \$140; Gortons, 'Simplicities Defence,' \$40; Gomora's 'Historia General de las Indias,' 1553, \$125; 'Gospel Order Revived.' Bradford, N. Y., 1706, \$95; Hakluyt's 'Principale Navigations,' 1589, \$160; Ralph Hamor's 'A True Discourse of the Present State of Virginia,' 1615, \$300; Haywood's 'Tennessee,' 1823, \$70; Hennepin's 'Description de la Louisiane, Paris, 1683, \$62.50; Hernandez's 'History of Peru,' Seville, 1571, \$90; Higgeson's 'New England's Plantation,' 1630, \$205; Hooke's 'New England's Tears,' 1641, \$85; Horsmanden's *Journal*, N. Y., 1744, \$310; Hulsius's *Collection of Voyages*, 11 vols., \$308.

The Jesuit Relations which occupied 52 numbers in the catalogue, were offered separately and brought a total of \$1300. Johnson's 'History of New England' fetched \$115; John Josse-lyn's 'New England's Rarities Discovered in Birds, Beasts, Fishes, Serpents &c.,' 1672, \$50; Lederers 'Discoveries in three several Marches from Virginia to West Carolina &c.,' 1672, \$265; Lescarbot's 'Histoire de la Nouvelle France,' \$220; "Les Veritables Motifs de Messieurs et Dames de la Societe de Nostre Dame de Montreal," \$310; "A Letter from a Gentleman of the City of New York," etc., New York 1698, \$320. 'Lettre Circulaire,' etc., \$265; Linschoten's *Voyages*, 1598, \$315; Cotton Mather's 'Epistle to the Christian Indians in their own Language,' \$300; Increase Mather's 'War with Indians,' 1676, \$77.50; Cotton Mather's 'Tryals of Divers Witches,' 1692 \$95; Massachusetts Laws and Liberties, Cambridge, 1672, \$270; Massachusetts Psalter, \$175; Peter Martyr's 'Opera Legatio Babylonica &c.,' 1511,

cidents of Noate as Hath Hapned in Virginia Since the First Planting of That Collony,' 1608 \$570; Smith's 'Advertisements for the Unexperienced Planters of New England, or any where,' \$310; Smith's 'Sea-Mans Grammar,' 1653, \$32.50; Strachey's 'For the Colony in Virginea Britania,' \$280, Thomas's 'Account of Pensilvania,' 1698, \$190; 'The Trial of William Wemms,' \$65, Underhill's 'News from America,' \$70.

De Cosco's Latin Version of Columbus's letter 'De Insulis nuper inuentis Epistola Christopheri Colom (cui etas nostra multa debet; at quas perquirendas octauo antea mense; auspicio & ere inuictissimi Fernandi Hispaniarum Regis missus fuerat)' M.CCCC.XCIII, brought \$490.

Four copies of the 'Mundus Novus,' by Americus Vespucius, 1502-8, were keenly contested. Mr. Ives bought two of them for \$1,200 and \$270, and the other two, brought \$870 and \$825. The same writer's 'Paesi Nouamente Retrouati,' went to the Boston Library for \$570. Of the 'Cosmographia Introductio,' by Vespucius and Hylacomus there were four copies. Mr. Ives bought the edition supposed to be the first for \$650, and the Strasburg edition for \$210. The other two copies fetched \$270 and \$110 respectively.

'A True Declaration of the Estate of the Colonie in Virginia,' brought \$210, 'A Perfect Description of Virginia,' \$115, 'Virginia's Cure,' \$80. 'Some Observations Made Upon the Virginian Nutts,' \$100, 'A Good Speed to Virginia,' \$85; 'Virginia Richly Valued,' \$85. Vincent's 'True Relation,' \$110; John White's 'The Planters,' Plea,' \$120; Roger Williams's 'Key into the Language of America,' \$160; Williams's 'Bloody Tenant,' \$220, and 'Experiments of Spiritual Life and Health,' \$140; Winslow's 'Hypocrisie Unmasked,' \$140, and his 'Danger of Tolerating Levellers In a Civil State,'

\$130; Wood's 'New-England's Prospect,' \$320. Another copy of 'Good Newes from New-England' by Winslow, went to the Lenox Library for \$350. Whitaker and Crashawe's 'Good Newes from Virginia,' \$175; Waterhouse's 'Declaration' \$110; De Vries's 'Korte Historiae,' \$130; Wolley's 'A Two Years' Journal in New-York,' \$240; Zarate's 'The Discoverie and Conquest of the Provinces of Peru,' \$105; and 'A Brief Narrative of the Case and Trial of John Peter Zenger, Printer of 'The New York Weekly-Journal,' \$110.

The Massachusetts records brought the highest price of the sale, \$6,500; (The Boston Public Library). The log-book of the Serapis brought \$1,200. The Chalmers Papers in twenty-one large volumes sold for \$2,310.

Mr. Sabin bought Benedict Arnold's Journal of the Quebec Expedition for \$405. Other manuscripts which sold high were a petition addressed by Columbus to Ferdinand and Isabella, \$325, bought by the Brown library of Providence; a letter from Charles II. to John Indicott requiring him to stay proceedings against the Quakers, \$27.50, Boston Library; 'Erection del Arzopispado de Mexico,' \$210; 'Virginia Council Letters,' \$120, and New-York 'Letters and Documents,' 1684 1773, \$190, Lenox Library. 'The Livingston Correspondence' was sold for \$1,920 to Mr. Rice, who also bought the 'Secret Journal of the Society of the Cincinnati,' 1784, for \$105. The orderly book of Colonel Benjamin Tallmadge, an officer of the Revolutionary War, sold for \$140.

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March 17 and 18. The Brock collection part III of Postage Stamps.

March 18. A miscellaneous collection of Books.

March 19. A large sale of *Stereotype plates* of valuable Books.

March 19 to 21. A collection of Standard Literature in desirable library editions.

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ark N. J. and John P. Jessup of N. Y.

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Wed. 5	TRAVE	Bremen	8.00 A. M.
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	FRIESLAND	Antwerp	2.30 P. M.
Thu. 20	OB DAM	Rotterdam	3.00 A. M.
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	ISLAND	Christiania	3.00 A. M.

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MARCH.	STEAMER.	DESTINATION.	CLOSING.
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	DEVONIA	Glasgow	5.00 P. M.
Wed. 26	GERMANIC	Queenstown	6.30 A. M.
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Forgive me if his dream, unborn
Then, but now adult, moves my scorn:
Would He too not forgive?

XIII.

For where both Crown and Cowl defied
Sue for the ruth they once denied,
What would he find instead?
A fiercer despot, fouler creed,
The rule of Gold, the rites of Greed,
And a bittier cry for bread.

XIV.

Wake, poet! and retune your strings.
The earth now swarms with petty kings,
Seated on self-made thrones,
And altar-tables richly spread,
Where Roguery consecrates the bread,
And Opulence atones.

XV.

Here Shelley prayed that War might cease
From earth, and Pentecostal Peace
Descend with dovelike breath.
Look round this bay! each treeless gorge,
Each scarred ravine, incessant forge
The instruments of death.

XVI.

From Salterbrand's unfreezing peaks
To sunny Manfredonia's creeks,
Have alien satraps gone;
But guarding Italy the Free,
Her murderous mammoth-monsters, see,
Come grimly wallowing on.

XVII.

Yes, here He dwelt and dreamed: and there,
Gleams *Porto Venere* the fair,
The mockery of a name.
Where fervent Venus once was Queen,
Hot Mars now ravishes the scene,
And fans a fiercer flame.*

XVIII.

Fair Maiden with the English brow,
Although from me, who shortly now
Must tread life's downward slope,
Illusions one by one depart,
Still foster in your virgin heart
The embryo of Hope.

XIX.

The hills remain, the woods, the waves;
And they alone are dupes or slaves
Who, spurning Nature's breast,
Too high would soar, too deep would sound,
And madden vainly round and round
The orbit of unrest.

* The Bay of Spezia is now one vast arsenal, and one of the chief anchorages of the Italian Ironclad Squadron.

XX.

Pity, too, lingers. As I speak,
The teardrops tremble on your cheek,
Too silent to deceive;
And with assuaging hand you show
How tenderness still tempers woe,
And none need singly grieve.

XXI.

Yes! sweet it were, with you for guide,
To float across that dimpling tide,
And, on its further shore,
To prove if Venus still holds sway,
And, wandering with you round the bay,
Tempt back one's youth once more.

XXII.

But, child! it is not Shelley's world.
Fancy's light sails had best be furled,
Before they surge and swell.
What helm can steer the heart? or who
Keep moored, inspired by such as You?
Heaven prosper you! Farewell.

ALFRED AUSTIN.



FORTHCOMING BIBLIO- GRAPHIES.

As to these the *Library Journal* states: "The announcement of the American Catalogue volume of 1889-90 is not the only "bow of promise" in American bibliography. Much work that is being done is unknown, but enough is already intimated to show that the next decade will do much to systematize and make accessible our books. It will see, at its present rate of publication, the conclusion of Sabin's 'Dictionary of books relating to America' which with the promised elaborate index volume will be a work no library can do without. Mr. J. L. Whitney will print this year a list of bibliographies on all subjects. Mr. A. P. C. Griffin has his list and index to the printed volumes of our historical societies almost ready for printing. Mr. C. R. Hildeburn has made such progress in his collection of the titles of N. Y. imprints before 1774, that a volume on that subject, supplementary to his 'Issues of the Philadelphia Press'

1685—1781, may soon be expected. Dr. B. Weeks has prepared a list of North Carolina imprints before 1800, which will be printed this year. Prof. A. B. Hart and Mr. P. L. Ford have a bibliography of the U. S. Constitution well under way. Mr. W. R. Weeks is preparing a bibliography of New Jersey. Mr. J. H. Hickox has a list of books relating to state constitutions and conventions already completed. The American Historical Association will soon print a list of the historical writings of its members, which will include some 3000 titles, and will be supplemented yearly. The Bureau of Ethnology, under the care of Mr. Pilling, will continue the special brochures on Indian languages. The U. S. Geological Survey has in preparation lists of works on Geology and Mr. Goode has one on Ichthyology. Mr. Blackwell announces a list of Welsh books which is to be most inclusive in its nature. And we know as well of many smaller though important works now in preparation, such as Mr. Edmands's Junius, Mr. Foster's Constitution in the Civil War, and Mr. Nash's Long Island. In short, the production of these lists is only limited to the ability of the work to obtain a sufficient number of subscribers to pay the cost of manufacture, but unfortunately this is seldom realized."

[It is a great pity that that much talked of person "the wealthy amateur" cannot be interested in this matter. For instance cannot Mr. Kalbfleisch be induced to guarantee the expense of a Long Island bibliography or Mr. Hoe of some such work as Mr. Hildeburn is compiling? There are few people who take less interest in bibliography than your mere book collectors. Their interest in books is mere vanity and no doubt if they were approached on that side they might be induced to spend a little of

their wealth to a more useful purpose than the amassing of books in languages which they do not understand and binding them in jackets which they are half timorous to touch and wholly afraid to open.—Ed. BOOKMART].

FANNY BURNEY.

'The Early Diary of Frances Burney,' 1768 1778. With a Selection from her Correspondence and from the Journals of her Sisters, Susan and Charlotte Burney. Edited by Annie Raine Ellis. 2 vols. (Bell & Sons, London).

A century ago Fanny Burney was the most popular of living novelists, but her 'Diary,' published in 1842, has proved of yet more service to her fame. The extraordinary enthusiasm excited by 'Evelina,' a novel which kept Reynolds up all night and which Dr. Johnson pronounced to be charming, has long ago died away. How Sir Joshua said he would give fifty pounds to know the author, how the famous Mrs. Cholmondeley cried out she would go all over the town to discover him, how the "great Cham of letters" took Boswell to task for not knowing what a Brangton was, and how the sayings and doings of Madame Duval, Sir Clement Willoughby, and Mr. Smith became the talk of the town—all this is now more a matter of surprise to us than of sympathy. Frances Burney, who met Prior's Duchess of Queensberry in her youth and lived long enough to read and to praise Disraeli's 'Contarini Fleming,' has been superseded by novelists of a higher order; and although her novels even now are far from being dead books, and have frequently been reprinted, they are familiar chiefly to students of literature, and are not much in demand at the circulating libraries.

Mrs. Ellis, who has produced the the best recent editions of 'Evelina' and 'Cecilia,' has expended no small

amount of labor on the production of Fanny Burney's 'Early Diary,' which is now printed for the first time. That it should have been so long retained in manuscript is surprising, for it almost vies in interest with the well-known diary that begins with the date at which these earlier pages end. It is a work deserving all the care Mrs. Ellis has bestowed upon it and, as she truly says, shows the character of the writer on every leaf, "even as the story of her first youth tells itself as we turn them."

There is no pleasanter figure among the men and women who belonged to Dr. Johnson's circle than that of Fanny Burney, and there is no literary lady of the period who can boast of the personal characteristics which make Mr. Crisp's 'Fannikin' attractive to readers who care little for 'Evelina,' and cannot tolerate 'Camilla.' The ladies who in those days belonged to the "Bas bleus" were in a state of semi-antagonism to society, and sometimes acted like women who after escaping from its trammels find themselves in a false position. When Johnson taught his "dear little Burney" Latin, she was pleased and flattered, but regretted the time spent in the acquisition of what she should "always dread to have known." The humble, unaffected girl, whose chief fear was of publicity, was no rival to Mrs. Montagu, Mrs. Carter, and Mrs. Cholmondeley. No young woman ever received more praise or more of the pleasure that praise yields than Fanny Burney gained from 'Evelina,' and no woman of any age ever bore the burden of popularity more graciously. Like her father, she was eminently modest and sweet tempered; like all the members of her family with whom we are acquainted, she was blessed with good sense, a warm heart, and a keen faculty of enjoyment. Nature had been singularly

kind to the Burneys, who were as gifted as they were affectionate. The 'Early Diary' gives the reader a wider acquaintance with the cheerful circle than he had before. Fanny has warm words of praise and affection for every member of it: for James, the future admiral, who is "quite happy and quite good, and full of humor, mirth, and jollity"; for Charles, afterwards famous as a Greek scholar, who is also "full of spirits and good humor"; for Hetty, the beauty of the family, who had the sweetness of disposition common to the race, and whose exquisite skill as a musician her sister could admire, but did not share; and for "Susette, the most engaging creature living," of whom Owen Cambridge said, "She cannot even move, she cannot get up or sit down, but there is something in her manner that is sure to give pleasure." But Fanny Burney's love of her brothers and sisters—and we have named but a few of the large double family, for Dr. Burney married twice—was as nothing when compared with her devotion to her father, who possessed in her eyes every virtue under the sun. It was surely with no growling condescension, as Macaulay intimates, that Johnson expressed his high estimate of a brilliant and versatile man, who possessed the Doctor's own unquenchable thirst for knowledge. "My heart," he said, "goes forth to meet Burney. I question if there be in the world such a man altogether for mind, intelligence, and manners." Next to her father came Samuel Crisp, Fanny's friend and counsellor from her earliest years. Macaulay draws a vivid picture of Crisp as a disappointed man, who in revenge for his failure as a dramatist shut himself up in a lonely country house. But Crisp although disappointed, was so far from

being a gloomy misanthrope that some of the happiest, merriest days of the Burney family were spent in the rambling old house at Chesington, to which, by the way, he did not retire until ten years after the representation of his 'Virginia.' No man had a warmer heart, no man a cheerier laugh, and Fanny's "ever charming beloved daddy Crisp" added not a little to the joyousness of her life at its most brilliant period. Garrick, too, when the girl was just estaping from childhood—she is sixteen when the 'Early Diary' begins—loved to look in upon his friend and his delightful family at all seasons, and sometimes before they were up in the morning. "He seems, indeed," writes the diarist, "to love all that belong to my father, of whom he is really very fond. As he went out he said, with a very comical face, 'I like you. I like you all. I like your looks, I like your manner.' And then opening his arms with an air of heroics, he cried, 'I am tempted to run away with you all, one after another.' We all longed to say 'pray do!'"

Of Garrick's early morning visits and the mirth they caused we hear more than once; and Charlotte Burney, a younger sister of Fanny, records in the slang of the period her disappointment when the great actor was expected and did not appear:—

"I entirely depended upon it, and for four mornings was up at 7 o'clock and at the trouble and fatigue of washing face and hands quite clean, putting on clean linen, a tidy gown and smug cap, and after all we were *choused*, for he *nicked* us entirely and never came at all."

This rather fast young lady, upon being greeted by Garrick at the theatre, borrows a phrase from Sheridan, and exclaims, "*Split me* if I'd not a hundred times rather be spoken to by Garrick in public than His Majesty: G—d bless him!"

Fanny was self-educated. Some of her sisters were sent to Paris, but

she was left at home much to her own devices. She taught herself French and Italian, read Roman history and Middleton's 'Life of Cicero,' admired Pope's letters, and appreciated Spenser; but it was not chiefly through books that her genius was developed. The instinct that made her, to quote Johnson's phrase, a "character-monger" was stimulated in the society, as varied as it was brilliant, to which she was accustomed under her father's roof. Everybody of note came to Dr. Burney's family concerts, and Fanny, shy, silent, and in a measure unheeded, was probably the shrewdest observer in the room. Men and women—or rather their external peculiarities—were her books; and so amusing are her comments in this 'Early Diary,' that although we have little in it of Johnson and Mrs. Thrale, and nothing of George III., Queen Charlotte, and Madame de Schwellenberg, the volumes are very nearly as entertaining as the journal begun ten years later. The diary is written crudely at first and in a very girlish style; but by degrees the entries gain in liveliness and force, and the future novelist stands confessed. Moreover, Fanny Burney's observation was not limited to what she saw at home. Like her own Evelina she went to Ranelagh, to the Pantheon, to dances and the opera, and to a masquerade ball; and like her, too, she was brought into contact, both at home and abroad, with people almost boisterous and vulgar enough to remind us of Madame Duval and Capt. Mirvan. It was a coarse age. With two or three notable exceptions, even the celebrated ladies with whom Fanny became acquainted were not particularly ladylike. Mrs. Thrale used naughty words, Mrs. Montagu was ostentatious and affected, and Mrs. Cholmondeley upon discovering the

author of 'Evelina' treated her at Sir Joshua Reynolds's with a want of delicacy that would be regarded in our days as intolerable. "Come, come, Mrs. Cholmondeley," said Sir Joshua, "I won't have her overpowered here"; upon which the lady, turning to him with quickness and vehemence, exclaimed, "Why, I ain't going to kill her! don't be afraid;" and, despite, the gentle host's remonstrance, the persecution continued.

Some of Fanny Burney's experiences with men might well have suggested the coarser or more foolish scenes in which Sir Clement Willoughby and the once famous Mr. Smith bore a part. A certain Mr. Twiss talks to the girl in her father's presence in a way that would have justified Dr. Burney in turning him out of the house. At Teignmouth an elderly gentleman, remarkable, according to Fanny's half-sister Maria, "for agreeability, pleasantry, and good breeding," acts the part of her lover with such "particularity" as to put her out of countenance. "He has lived so long abroad," is the young lady's comment, "that I suppose he thinks it necessary to talk nonsense to the fair sex." Then she visits the house of a Dr. Wall, who "romped most furiously and forcibly, and made so many attempts to be rather too facetious that I was fain to struggle most furiously to free myself from him." In this instance she managed to keep off caresses, but was not always so successful. A young man who is pronounced "very well bred, good-tempered, and sensible," met her one evening at a tea party, fell in love on the spot, and suddenly gave her "a most ardent salute." "I wonder," she writes, "so modest a man could dare be so bold." The man's modesty did not hinder him from plaguing Fanny with his addresses after she had refused his

offer in the plainest language; and that he was well bred and sensible will not be apparent to the reader of the love letters written by the forlorn swain. One of them, "by no means so highflown as the first" in the lady's judgment, begins as follows:

"Madam, I have somewhere seen that powerful Deity, Cupid, and the invincible Mars habited in a similar manner, and each have in their train several of the same dispositioned Attendants; the propriety of which Thought I own pleased me, for when drawn from the allegory, it is acknowledged, both Love and War are comparative in several particulars; they each require Constancy, and the hope of success stimulates each to Perseverance, and as the one is warmed and encouraged by the desire of Glory, so the other is much more powerfully fired and transported by the charms of the Fair Sex."

The letter, which might have been transferred to 'Evelina,' continues in the same strain, and there is no indication that Fanny Burney, despite her quick sense of humour, was struck by its absurdity. Her rejected lover's constancy leads her to exclaim, "Ah! will any one I can love ever thus love me?"

Some highly amusing passages in these volumes are from the pen of Susan Burney, who seems to have possessed much of her sister's faculty as a chronicler. So delighted is she with the success of 'Evelina' that she writes the most elaborate account for Fanny's benefit of everything which she heard upon the subject before the authorship was known. One lady is sure it must have been written by a person used to high life; another conjectures it is a woman's writing, as there is such a remarkable delicacy in all the conversations, and exclaims, "It is the sweetest thing, I do declare, that ever I read in my life."

Dr. Burney declares, "I wish I may die if I do not believe it to be the best novel in the language, Fielding's excepted"; and there is an elaborate account of his reading the story to his wife in bed, while Susan, hearing

loud laughter, creeps to the door and listens to their comments. The "dear father's energy of delight" makes him swear, while Susan and her younger sister Charlotte stand till they are "cramped to death, not daring to move and almost stifled with laughter." Then we read that Mrs. Thrale is "mortal fond" of the book: and when she writes saying that Dr. Johnson protested there were passages in it that might do honor to Richardson, Susan can make no comments upon the letter but by jumping, laughing, and almost crying. "I had thought before," she writes,

"that you had reached the *summit of grandeur* in Mrs. Thrale's, Mrs. Cholmondeley's, and my father's warm approbation:—but Johnson's raises you so many degrees higher, that you may now certainly rest secure on your literary throne, for no one can ever shake it."

Mrs. Thrale's letter produced the same delirious effect on Fanny, who told Sir Walter Scott nearly fifty years afterwards, that on receiving it she danced with delight round the mulberry tree in the garden at Chesington—"to the no small amazement and diversion of Mr. Crisp," she wrote in her 'Diary' at the time.

Then Susan has to tell Fanny of a visit to Streatham, when Mrs. Thrale rose to meet her "very sweetly":—

"Dr. Johnson, too, rose. 'How do, dear lady?' My father told him it was not *his* Miss—but another of his own bantlings. Dr. Johnson, however, looked at me with great kindness and not at all in a discouraging manner. . . . 'Come, come here, my little dear,' said he, and took my hand as I sat down, I took then courage to deliver your respects. 'Aye—why don't she come among us?' said he. I said you were confined by a sick sister, but that you were very sorry to be away. 'A rogue,' said he, laughing. 'She don't mind me! And then I *up and spoke vast fine* about you' for Dr. Johnson looked so kind and so good humoured I was not afraid of the sound of my voice."

During the same visit the Doctor put his arm around her, saying:—

"Now you don't expect that I shall ever love you so well as I do your sister?" "Oh, no, sir," said I, "I have no such hopes, I am not so presumptuous." "I am glad you are so modest," said he

laughing,—and so encouraged by his good humor (and he kept see-sawing me backwards and forwards in his arms, as if he had taken me for *you*) that I told him I must make an interest with him *through you*. He again said he was glad I was so modest, and added, 'But I believe you're a good little creature. I think one should love *you* too, if one did but know *you*.'"

We close these interesting volumes with regret, for Fanny Burney's companionship is always pleasant, and the men and women to whom we are introduced exhibit a state of society that has passed away for ever. Miss Burney has, perhaps supplied the most life like picture of it we possess, and Mrs. Ellis's copious illustrations of the text will not only afford amusement to the general reader, but may be of service to the student of the period.

THE 'NEW ENGLAND PRIMER,' A.D. 1690.

In America there never was printed a work, without any claim to inspiration, whose influence in its day, was so extended as that of the 'New England Primer,' which for a century and a half was in these parts the first book in religion and morals, as well as in learning and in literature. The earliest notice we find of this famous 'Primer' is gleaned from an advertisement in an almanack for the year 1691, announcing the publication of a second edition. The date of the first may, therefore, be assigned to the previous year. Compiled by ministers of the Gospel for the children of Puritan parents, it was familiarly known to them as the 'Little Bible of New England.' Being so small, and from constant use so destructible, the originals for a period of half a century have totally disappeared, as the earliest yet discovered was printed in 1737, and of this date only one copy is now known. In the days of Whitfield, fathers of families laid

the 'Primer' on the same shelf with the Bible and the almanack, and pious mothers assembled quarterly to refresh their memories from its pages. Containing certain favorite forms of prayer, it was daily used by President John Adams throughout his long career.

The copy of the 'Primer' that suggests my theme is a reprint of the Boston edition of 1777. Here we find the alphabet rudely illustrated and written in scriptural couplets ("In Adam's fall, we sinned all"; "Peter deny's his Lord and cry'd." &c.) Then comes "Spiritual Milk for American Babes," in copious draughts. Next is a picture of the martyrdom of John Rogers in 1554. Further on is the Shorter Westminster Catechism of 1644, and towards the end a 'Dialogue between Christ, a Youth, and the Devil.' Mighty indeed must have been the sombre influence of lessons such as these.

Contemporaries assure us that from its inception copies of the 'Primer' were multiplied by printing presses in every village and town in New England. Impressions by thousands were struck off in New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. Its popularity even spread to Old England, as it was reprinted in London in 1771, and also in Glasgow in 1784. Early in this century it came into requisition in a revised form, and 100,000 copies were distributed by a single society in Massachusetts.

Mention has already been made of the extreme rarity and value of early dated copies, nor is their value over-estimated. Being an "open secret" it may here (without intrusion) be told, that at the Brinley sale in New York, a few years since, six of these little primers, commencing with the year 1737, were purchased for Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt for the munificent sum of 630 dollars. It is pleas-

ant to be enabled to add that these precious and unique colonial primers were superbly bound in levant morocco and enclosed in a velvet casket.

Apart from its historic associations, the prediction may now be hazarded that the 'New England Primer' will be for ever embalmed among the curiosities of Anglo-American literature.

C. FERGUSON, Portland, Maine.

N. & Q.

MY LADY APRIL.

Dew on her robe and on her tangled hair,
Twin dew drops for her eyes, behold her pass,
With dainty step crushing the young, green
grass,
The while she trills some high, fantastic air,
Full of all feathered sweetness: she is fair,
And all her fresh, young beauty, as a glass,
Mirrors out hope and love, but still, alas,
Traces of tears her languid lashes wear.
Say, doth she weep for very wantonness?
Or is it that she dimly doth foresee,
Athwart her youth, the joys grow less and less,
The burden of the months that are to be —
Autumn and withered leaves and vanity,
And winter bringing end in barrenness?

ERNEST DAWSON.

A MODERN BIBLIOGRAPHER.

MR. W. CAREW HAZLITT.

Bibliography has within the past few years been reduced to a science, and, as such, its importance cannot be over-estimated. Dibdin and Lowndes, who may be regarded as the fathers of bibliography, did a great deal of admirable and useful work, but as a general rule their methods lacked a concise and accurate principle which is the life and soul of bibliography. The temper of the time in which they lived probably accounts for their acceptance of many things upon trust; and besides this the subject itself was essentially a labor of love. The number of enthus-

iasts who, like the late Mr. Henry Bradshaw, would travel hundreds of miles to settle points which many people regard as insignificant, is, and always has been, very small—not because they under-estimate the importance of minor points, but from the expense which a consistent acting up to this principle involves. The State has constantly ignored the claims of the bibliographer. It has squandered thousands of pounds upon such miserable poetasters as Shadwell, Cibber, Pye, Whitehead, and others; and it still pays a large sum every year to a Poet Laureate, whose poems bring him in thousands annually—the “State aid” to whom is consequently little less than a public scandal.

Of late years, however, bibliography has been taken in hand by a few men who do not need State assistance, and whose enthusiasm and industry have placed all true students and collectors under obligations of the deepest and most enduring character. It would not be possible to name one of these who has contributed so much to the elucidation of bookish matters as Mr. W. Carew Hazlitt, who, it may be mentioned, is the fourth generation of a literary family. It is rare indeed that the literary faculty is transmitted from father to son without a break for over a hundred years. William Hazlitt, the famous critic and essayist, was the grandfather of the subject of the present article.

Mr. William Carew Hazlitt, who was born on August 22, 1834, was educated at Merchant Taylors School, entered the Inner Temple as a student in 1859, and was called to the bar in November, 1861. A literary career offered many more attractions to Mr. Hazlitt than that of the law, and whilst yet a student he published, in 1860, a ‘History of the Venetian Republic: its Rise, its Greatness, and

its Civilization,’ in four volumes. His first labor in the way of bibliography was ‘Old English Jest-Books, 1525–1639,’ which appeared in three volumes in 1864–66. The ‘Handbook to the Early Popular, Poetical and Dramatic Literature of Great Britain,’ which was published in 1867 (over 700 pages in double columns), was the first of an exhaustive set of books by which he will be perhaps best known to posterity. This volume is practically the forerunner of the three volumes of ‘Bibliographical Collections and Notes,’ which are the result of over thirty years’ continuous labor. The titles of about 30,000 more or less rare books are here described, and to the bibliophile they are absolutely indispensable. Each volume is alphabetically arranged; and in the introduction to the second series the compiler observes:—

“The objection to the multiplication of alphabets by the sectional treatment, which I have adopted since the appearance of the Hand-book in 1867, is a very valid objection indeed from the point of view of the consulter. But as this has been, and remains a labor of love, and as the cost of production was a grave problem, I simply had no alternative; and to the suggestion which I offered in a prior Introduction, that, after all, these serial volumes might be regarded in the same light as so many catalogues of public or private collections, I have now the gratifying announcement to add, that a complete Index to the Handbook and the three Series of Collections and Notes is in preparation by Mr. Gray, of Cambridge, who has most generously volunteered to do the work, and will form a separate volume, to be published by Mr. Quaritch, when it is completed. I have incorporated (generally with additions and corrections) in my volumes by degrees nearly the whole of

the *Bibliotheca Anglo-Poetica*, Corser's *Collectanea* (excepting, of course, the lengthy and elaborate extracts and annotations), the British Museum Catalogue of Early English Books to 1640, the *Typographical Antiquities* of Ames, Herbert, and Dibdin, the Chatsworth, Huth, Ashburnham, and other private cabinets, and the various publications of Haslewood, Park, Utterson, and Collier."

A mere cursory glance through these volumes will afford a slight idea of their comprehensive and exhaustive character. In the second series, for example, there are fifty-four closely-printed columns relating to Charles I., and ten and a half columns to 'London,' from 1541 to 1794. 'Scotland,' again, has over twenty-one columns, whilst much space is devoted to James I., Ireland, England, Elizabeth, and France. The third and final series appeared in 1886, and this is now followed by 'Supplements to the Third and Final Series.' In a brief preface to the third series, Mr. Hazlitt makes the following cogent remarks:—

"The England in which we dwell is one with the England which lies behind us. So far as the period which I comprehend goes, it is one country and one race; and I do not think that we should precipitately and unkindly spurn the literature which our foregoers left to us and to our descendants for ever, because it may at first sight strike us as irrelevant to our present wants and feelings. . . . The considerer of modern opinions and customs is too little addicted to retrospection. He seems to be too shy of profiting on the one hand by the counsels or suggestions, on the other by the mistakes of the men who have crossed the unrepassable line, who have dealt with the topics and problems with which we have to deal." These are stirring and sensible words,

and we should much like to see them more widely distributed than the limited issue of this volume will allow. Mr. Hazlitt's bibliographical works are published by Mr. Quaritch, who will shortly issue 'A General Index' of the complete 'Collections,' which has been prepared by Mr. G. J. Gray, of Cambridge. *The Antiquary*, in reviewing the second series, remarks—the words are applicable to the entire series—

"The titles of every book or tract are given in full, having been transcribed by Mr. Hazlitt himself; and there is often appended to the entry interesting information about the condition, history, and, above all things, the present locale of the book. Such work as this requires labor, and skill, and knowledge of no ordinary kind. Now that Mr. Bradshaw is dead, there are few indeed who possess these qualities, and apparently only one who puts them at the service of his fellows. It has been often said of late that the bibliographer and indexer are more needed than the book-writer; and if this is true as we are inclined to think it, Mr. Hazlitt's work must, in relation to the age in which it is produced, be awarded a very high place. It enables us to ascertain what has been done in English literature, and therefore ought to enable us to do our work so much the better. Almost all departments of study are now occupied as much with a reconsideration of old facts as with the discovery of new, and for this purpose such books as Mr. Hazlitt's are indispensable."

As we have already observed, Mr. Hazlitt's bibliographical works will be regarded by posterity—as they are regarded by his contemporaries—as his most important practical publications. But he has done much excellent work in a somewhat bewildering number of ways; and has dis-

played a remarkable width and variety of culture. Up to the present moment his distinct books number thirty-five, and many of these are in two, three, or four volumes, and one—'Dodsley's Select Collection of Old Plays'—is in fifteen volumes, and another—Shakspeare's Library—is in six. The greater number of these consist of standard books edited and revised by Mr Hazlitt.

It is only natural that the grandson of the famous William Hazlitt should possess some interesting literary relics. The substance of most of these has been made public at one time or another by the fortunate possessor. But the originals still remain in his hands, and, among other things, there are thirty-five letters from Charles and Mary Lamb to the Hazlitts, besides a number of unprinted letters by the great critic. An edition of Samuel Daniel's works, given by Lamb to Coleridge, bears numerous MS. notes by both, and a copy of Lamb's works, 1840, contains an autograph presentation from Mary Lamb to Mr. Hazlitt's father. He has also an extensive series of letters from Collier, Halliwell-Phillipps, and many others, which it is to be hoped will be published in the near future.

Mr. Hazlitt has a remarkably simple—and enviable—method of keeping his vast series of notes and memoranda in order. The system demonstrates most clearly that a few minutes of initial labor prevents a great amount of loss of time, temper, and patience. The notes and memoranda are clearly and carefully written on slips of paper, and they are then pasted in books on subjects to which they are immediately related. This is, however, principally done in the case of his own works, or of works of which he contemplates a new edition.

A BOOKHUNTER.

The Bookworm.

HORACE.

Written for the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of the Harvard Club of New York, Feb. 21, 1890.

I.

He who would echo Horace' lays
Aspires to an Icarian fame;
And borne on waxen wings essays
A flight—may give some sea a name.

II.

My fate perchance! But as I write
I see through Time's reverted glass,
In fleckered mists of shade and light,
The phantoms of the ages pass.

III.

I see an infant tired with play
Sleep sweetly in Apulia's wild,
And doves bring myrtle leaves and bay
To cover the courageous child.

IV.

A stripling walks the streets of Rome,
With slate and satchel on his arm;
His life abroad, his ways at home,
A loving father's care and charm.

V.

Fulfillment of his boyhood's dream,
Greece welcomes now the Freedman's son;
He haunts the groves of Academe,
And quaffs the springs of Helicon.

VI.

Light of the World! the central seat
Of wit and wisdom, art and lore,
In Athens patriot exiles meet
Where bards and sages met before.

VII.

No athlete, and no warrior he,
With Brutus on Phillippi's field.
The darling of Melpomene,
Not bravely throws away his shield.

VIII.

Her fleets dispersed and tempest-tost,
Her armies crushed, their leaders slain;
Now is the great Republic lost,
Lost never to revive again.

IX.

The Julian star ascends the sky,
It shines on groups of learned men,
Law clips the wings of Liberty,
And Horace wields the Empire's pen.

X.

Names, only names!—the brilliant throng
That crowd the poet's pictured page;
Still lives in his immortal song
The soul of the Augustan age.

XI.

No longer through the Sacred Way
The pontiffe lead the vestal train;
Thrones crumble, dynasties decay,
Of Alaric born, or Charlemagne—

XII.

Saints, Soldiers, Presbyters, and Popes
In legions rise and disappear,
And bards with glowing horoscopes
Oblivion garners year by year:

XIII.

But on strong wing, through upper air,—
Two worlds beneath, the Old and New,—
The Roman Swan is wafted where
The Roman eagles never flew.

JOHN O. SARGENT, of the Class of 1830.

—*—

*MOUNTING FOR EXTRA
ILLUSTRATIONS.*

The binder is often called upon to insert photographs in books as extra illustrations; but does he ever mount them to his own or his client's satisfaction? It has been said over and over again that a photograph cannot be mounted so that it shall lie quite flat; this "cockling" of the mount, be it of paper or cardboard has hitherto been a constant bugbear to the binder. Here are a few hints that may guide him as to the proper means of mounting.

A silver-print photograph should never be placed on a very white mount, because the high lights of the print are never pure white, and a bright white margin round the print spoils its beauty by killing its delicate half-tones. Lay the print on paper of various tones, and select the tint that harmonises with it best. Next, pay attention to the mixture you use to fasten it; let us call this the mountant. This cannot be too pure.

If you use STARCH, which is employed, we believe, more than any other paste, make it fresh every day, and in this way: take a teaspoonful of best starch in a large cup, add just enough cold water to break it up, but don't put in more than is quite necessary, pour boiling water on it, stirring the while, until it is quite transparent; when cold it may be used.

Or, if you wish to use PASTE, take a teaspoonful of corn-flour, beat this well up in a teacupful of water till it is quite smooth and there are no lumps; place this in a porridge saucepan (that is, a double one), and let it boil, stirring it continually; it will turn to a delightfully thin and transparent paste that will be easy to work with and very adhesive. GELATINE dissolved in water—say a half-ounce to a teacupful—is also a very good mountant. It must be of the best quality and ought to be used hot.

Now for the difficult part of mounting. We will give three methods—

I. After trimming the print all round, moisten it slightly (the object being to have it limp, without stretching it), by placing it between sheets of damp paper over night, and it will be about right next morning. Damp the mount, also slightly, paste your print very carefully all over (using no more paste than is just necessary), lay it carefully on the mount, cover it with a piece of clean paper and rub it down well, and then place it in the standing press, between pieces of blotting paper and allow it to dry under pressure. It may be perhaps necessary to take it out of the press and change the blotting paper. If all this be done properly, the photograph and its mount will lie quite flat.

II. Another plan is to paste the back of the print all over and allow it to dry; damp the mount, lay the print on the damp mount and pass them through the rolling machine, or place them in the standing-press, under strong pressure.

III. Take a piece of lithographic stone or a thick piece of glass; glue this all over with the gelatine, place the photographic print quickly down on the glued stone, rubbing it smartly all over, then pick it up and lay it down on the mount. All these actions must be rapid, and if done properly

by this method, a photograph may be easily mounted even on thin paper without cockling.

There are other methods, but with any one of these a binder may easily, cleanly and properly mount a print of any size; the chief object being to get the print on to the board or mount before it has any time to stretch. As a final warning, see that the mounts are not boards made from wood pulp.—*The Bookbinder*.

ÆSOP.

There is much doubt concerning Æsop and those who have reproduced the fables attributed to him. The date of Babrius is conjectural. The authenticity of Phædrus has been questioned. The collection made by Maximus Planudes is untrustworthy. His life of Æsop is declared to be false. But it is too much to say that no production of Æsop is now extant. It is far more reasonable to say that what appears now under his name is a compilation of fables by himself conjointly with other authors, before and after his age. I believe that we have still amongst us the original fables of Æsop, mixed with many that are spurious. Fables depending on tradition, are, next to proverbs, the compositions most easily transmitted from generation to generation. And it would be indeed strange if the productions of the most eminent fabulist had sunk into oblivion. It is too much the fashion to try to deprive the great authors who lived long ago of their glory. The fables narrated by Horace and most of those in Phædrus may surely be thought to be Æsop's; and there is one especially pronounced by Aulus Gellius to be his, whilst Aristotle has vouched for one or two. Many others may be doubtful, and a

few may be considered to be of mediæval origin. Though a few of the compositions of Lokman may be found amongst those given to Æsop, the Oriental fables are for the most part quite distinct. The fable of 'The Horse and the Stag' is said to be an invention of the poet Stesichorus, who was a contemporary of Æsop. This fable is related both by Horace and by Phædrus. 'The Belly and the Members' is so well known in history that perhaps the poets preferred not to relate it again. 'The Proud Frog' is told by Horace and by Phædrus. 'The Country Mouse and the City Mouse,' 'The Fox and the Sick Lion,' 'The Mouse and the Weasel,' have been told by Horace, who also tells 'The Mouse and the Weasel' very naturally, if we allow the reading *nitedula* instead of *vulpecula*. It is the mouse that creeps into the hole, and fills itself so with corn that it cannot get out. But Pope, whilst imitating Horace, alters the position of the animals. He makes the weasel creep into the hole and stuff itself with corn, and he makes the mouse the critic of its proceedings. La Fontaine does the same. It is possible that Pope was remembering the French poet instead of examining the Latin poet. He has certainly mistranslated Horace. Allusion is made by Horace to other fables besides those which he narrates at length. In the line "*Parturiunt montes nascetur ridiculus mus*" there is, of course, reference to 'The Mountains in Labor,' which is in Phædrus. The phrase "*nabis sine cortice*" may or may not refer to the fable—really by Lokman, but included amongst those of Æsop—where the schoolmaster flings the corks to the boy who has foolishly ventured out of his depth. In the charming ode beginning '*Rectius vives, Licini, neque altum,*' there

appear to be reminiscences of the fable concerning 'The Oak and the Reed' and of that concerning Æsop at play, which is narrated by Phædrus; and there may be other resemblances between Horace and Æsop which I do not at present recall. It would be superfluous to enumerate the fables in Phædrus. Most of the best and most renowned fables of Æsop are to be found there. But a few equally celebrated are not there. 'The Young Man and his Cat' has the authority of Babrius, and apparently of no one else. There is a fable by Bidpai concerning a mouse which, like the cat, was changed into a girl, and then reconverted, but in other respects his fable is quite different. The fable of 'The Young Man and the Lion' does not seem to bear great marks of antiquity, and yet it is derived from classical sources. The dream which comes true is quite in harmony with pagan superstition. Horace bears witness to the belief in the truth of morning dreams:—

Vetult me tali voce Quirinus,
Post mediam noctem visus, quum somnia vera.

But the young man is shut up in a castle, and scratches himself with a nail in a picture; and these incidents look rather modern. La Fontaine has versified the fable, and the note to it refers to Herodotus and Ælian for the original. But there is nothing about the picture of the castle in Herodotus. There is only the dream, or rather prognostication, which comes true. The story in Herodotus is of Croesus and his son; and Æsop lived at the court of Croesus. The fable of 'The Lion, the Bear, and the Fox' is evidently the same as that to which Chaucer alludes in the 'Knight's Tale.' But different animals, two hounds and a kite, are mentioned by Chaucer. In the 'Reve's Tale' Chaucer seems to allude to another fable of Æsop. This has been told

more than once, and with different names, in the Middle Ages; and La Fontaine has given two versions of it. Chaucer, in alluding to the fable, has the lines:—

The greatest clerke ben not the wisest men,
As Whillom to the wolf thus spake the mare.

In the 'Roman de Renard,' Renard, the fox, says to Isengrin, the wolf, after Isengrin has been kicked by the mare, who held out her hoof to him in order that he might read what was written on it: "I understand now that the best clerks are not always the wisest people." The wolf, it may be noticed, had previously been boasting that he had been educated at several universities. Chaucer seems to have transferred the remark of the fox to the mare. But there must be many versions of the story. Tyrwhitt, in a note to Chaucer, gives the tale from another mediæval work. There is but a slight difference in the details. The story that Tyrwhitt quotes is related of a mule. The mule pretends that his name is written upon the bottom of one of his hind feet. The wolf attempting to read it, the mule kicks him on the forehead and kills him. La Fontaine has a fable to the same effect concerning the fox, the wolf, and the horse. The other form of the fable may also be given. In Croxall's 'Æsop' the lion sets up as a physician in order to get beasts more readily into his power. The horse pretends that he has got a thorn in his hind foot. Whilst the lion appears to be examining the foot, the horse kicks and stuns him. La Fontaine's rendering of this form of the fable concerns a horse and a wolf; and a note to this and to the other version says that the original of the fable is one in Æsop concerning an ass and a wolf. It seems well known that some lines by Lord Byron in his 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' are an imitation of others by

Waller. But perhaps it is not so well known that Waller's lines are a reproduction of Æsop's fable of 'The Eagle and the Archer.' These are the lines:—

That eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
Wherewith he went to soar so high.

And this is La Fontaine's rendering of the fable:

Mortellement atteint d'une flèche empennée
Un oiseau déplorait sa triste destinée
Et disait, en souffrant un surcroît de douleur,
Faut-il contribuer à son propre malheur ?
Cruels humains ! vous tirez de nos ailes
De quoi faire voler ces machines mortelles !

Marie, a French mediæval poetess, made a collection of Æsopian and other fables. 'The Cock and the Fox,' which Chaucer has manufactured into a Canterbury Tale, is one of these. It has been remarked that no such fable can be found either in the Greek Æsop or in any of the Latin compilations circulated in the dark ages under the name of Æsop. But there is a fable similar to it in L'Estrange's 'Æsop,' called 'A Fox and a Divining Cock'; and there are other fables called 'The Cock and the Fox,' but they are quite different from that of Marie and Chaucer. Marie said that she translated all her fables from the Anglo-Saxon version of Æsop by King Alfred. But that version is no longer extant. One of Marie's fables is that which formed the subject of Prior's poem 'The Ladle,' and is better known by the name of 'The Three Wishes.' We may be sure that this fable, at least, is not Æsop's. A fable by La Fontaine very like it, though not quite the same, is said to be derived from an Eastern source. In the story of Don Rafael in 'Gil Blas' Don Rafael narrates how, when he became a renegade and embraced Mohammedanism, he buried a dead dog in the Mohammedan manner. This action was re-

ported by his companions to the Cadi, who summoned Don Rafael before him to account for his impious action. Don Rafael assured the Cadi that the dog had died a good Mussulman, and had bequeathed a legacy to the Cadi; and the gift was immediately handed over to the legatee. This pleasantry saved the renegade from evil consequences. Without doubt, Le Sage, deliberately appropriated this story. For the same tale, slightly varied, has been told by Poggio; and it is to be found amongst Roger L'Estrange's collection of the fables of Æsop and other authors. Hence we can see what strange additions have been made to the old fables.

E. YARDLEY.

PARAGRAMS FOR BIBLIO- PELTS.

What is binding? Few things. One certainly is not. A bookbinder's promise is never binding.

The "forwarding" of most modern work looks as though it had been done by—an Express Company.

TO THE HOI POLLOI OF MARGIN- CROPPERS.

Your stores are shambles; and with murderous knives
Our books ye slash, and make their margins
"bleed."
With ruthless glee ye take our dear ones' lives
Binders God wot! Butchers ye are, indeed.

In the bookbinding, as in the agricultural implement trade, binders and reapers are in indissoluble partnership.

The Eves were very great binders. It ran in the family. Our common mother bound herself in fig-leaves.

Cataloguers are too much addicted to ascribing bindings to Roger Payne. Take notice. True happiness is exemption from Payne.

In what material should you bind

a book as a present for your best girl! In the bonds of matrimony. You'll find them pretty binding.

White calf is an error. In two years you cannot tell it from yellow dog. It takes a stain as easily as a woman's reputation.

It is a trade slang phrase to speak of a book's binding as its "jacket"—Looking to the garish quality of most modern work a better word would be "blazer."

Why fly-leaves? Is it because they so often take to themselves wings, and fly.

Don't send your books to Paris to be bound. Encourage home industry. Be patriotic. Emulate the noble sportsman who said to his bookseller, "Have it bound in Russia! No Sir! Not much! I want my books bound in New York."

Few books one can with patience read
The modern press affords;
Calf nor morocco do they need;
Their rightful garb is "boreds."

Law books ought to be bound in shark's skin.

"Would you like this book half-bound, madam?" said the obliging bibliopole to the lady from Chicago. "For the land's sake man!" she smartly replied, "what should I want with a book half bound. Have it finished."

By the way. Too much attention is paid now-a-days to the "finishing" of books to the neglect of the "forwarding." The worse the binder the more likely he is to "finish" your book for you.

"Full bound" is a term that some ignorant cataloguers permit themselves to use. What it means I know not. But there is a good deal in it if means that a book looks as though it had been bound by a man that was "full."

There are Goths who handle books in such fashion that they can be properly described as bibliorapers.

Books on books old Peltius buys,
Yet never opens one:
"More books I need," the duffer cries,
And buys them—by the ton.

As to the proper way of treating the erotic novel now in vogue—muslin's in order.

"Oppressed Greece" was all very well. Crushed levant is very well but when "Greek joined Greek" and your Greece stuck to your Levant, it was very ill.

"Divinity calf" is a term we often see. Divinity calf is surely a "silk-stocking" binding.

"Unopened" books should invariably be bound in violet.

How would you bind a 1623 folio, or a Mazarin Bible, or a Fust and Schoeffer Psalter? "Safe bind" them all.

The esoteric meaning of most of these wheezes will be "caviare to the general"—not Rush Hawkins, I'll be bound.

There are a few books that are bound to be read; but there are many more that are bound so that they cannot be read.

I lent a book: he lost my book:
I then declined to lend.
My company he then forsook:
I lost both book and friend.

"Go a borrowing—go a sorrowing." Bosh. Your borrower don't sorrow. Sorry a sorrow. An apropos proverb would be "Book lending is heart rending."

To have things "in a concatenation accordingly" worm eaten books should be clad in whole morocco.

Would you like to know of a binder whose forwarding is careful and workmanlike, whose finishing is tasteful and graceful, whose charges are moderate and who is always "on

time"? Would you? No doubt. So should I. Credat Judæus.

A good binder like a poet is born not made. Most binders are not to be borne.
HALKETT LORD.

THE 'DICKENS' GALLERY.

Within the town of Weissnichtwo
This famous building stands,
And there the picture-lovers go
From all adjacent lands;
And once I also chanced to stray,
Among the rest, to see
This Exhibition of the day,
The Dickens' Gallery.
And first the face of little Nell
Smiled on me from the wall,
And many a maiden-form as well
Around the spacious hall.
There little Dorrit's weary face
Recalled the Marshalsea;
And child wife Dora filled with grace
The Dickens' Gallery.
Sweet Dolly Varden stood beside
The Pecksniff sisters twain,
And little Dot and Florence vied
With Kate and Madelaine:
And Sairey Gamp the next I found
With Betsy Prig at tea,
And spreading scandal all around,
The Dickens' Gallery.
And opposite a motley crew,
Smike, Toots, and Marley's ghost,
Micawber, Squeers, and Pickwick too,
And others, quite a host.
And Captain Cuttle, walking out,
With thoughtful face, we see,
Engaged in 'making notes' about
The Dickens' Gallery.
And fraternising in a row
Sit Wegg and Carrier John,
And Scrooge, and Trotty Veck, and Jo,
No longer 'moving on':
And Barkis, 'willin', waitin'' still
Upon the wall, we see,
And many more whose portraits fill
The Dickens' Gallery.
And last, within a tarnished frame,
A face well known to me,
And, written underneath the name,
'I spell it with a we.'
Then homeward wended I my way,
Across the Northern Sea,
In hope to find, some other day,
The Dickens' Gallery.

—Longman's.

M. J. FARRAH.

'LE TESTAMENT ROUGE.'

There is no novelist, after all, like M. Xavier de Montépin. In France he addresses, in the *Petit Journal*, the largest of all audiences, though, when published in books, his works are not so popular as those of subtler authors. For this excellent and admirable writer is not subtle, nor reflective, nor analytic, nor theological. He knows exactly what his public wants, and it would be curious and interesting to compare its tastes with those of the large English public which takes its novels in newspapers. In a recent article on newspaper novels, Mr. Westall describes the most popular of English romancers, Mr. David Pae. A story of his, about a mill-girl, was published with applause in a Glasgow journal, whose subscribers demanded that it should be repeated in its columns again and again. There could not be a more perfect and gratifying success. The young heroine of Mr. Pae's imagination was 'kept out of her own' by villains, who possessed sumptuous subterranean palaces and torture-chambers in her 'own romantic town,' Glasgow. Now, this appears to be one essential feature in a really popular tale, namely, that there should be an *ingénue* as pure as poor, who is debarred by conspiracies from the enjoyment of a prodigious fortune. M. Xavier de Montépin usually provides this central and overmastering interest for the readers of the *Petit Journal*. He adds the latest things in scientific murder, and the only fault one has to find with him is that his murderers are a little too indelicate in their slaughter. Thackeray well observes, that in the *Waverley* novels, a vast deal of killing is done without causing any pain to the most sensitive reader. M. Xavier is not so gently successful in 'Le Testament Rouge,' otherwise a delightful

and instructive romance.

* * *

M. de Montépin is always on the side of Virtue; no mortals were so passionately pure as his young lass and lover. Nor did any ever fall in love with such vigor and earnestness at first sight, except Medea when she saw Jason, in Apollonius Rhodius. By the way, though it is a digression, what an extraordinary and original writer Apollonius was in his love-scenes. He appears to have invented the love story, and written at once the best and most passionate that ever has been furnished to the circulating libraries. His Greek is not easy, for, living in a late and literary age, he imitates Homer, and adds many odd affectations of a fashionable style. But when he comes to his great love-scene he leaves his imitator, Virgil, far behind him, and is not even excelled by Shakspeare in 'Romeo and Juliet.' Yet Apollonius was probably the inventor of this chapter in romance. There is nothing like it in Homer, of course, and the love of Phædra, in the 'Hippolytus,' is far from being 'the maiden passion for a maid.' Apollonius has been little read in England, but this excursion has been made for no other purpose than to recommend the new prose translation, by Mr. E. P. Coleridge, of Oriel, published by Messrs. Bell & Sons. Here is an extraordinary advance in style and readability on the old 'cribs' to poetry in Bohn's Library of Classical Authors. There is a good deal in Apollonius to skip, but the third book, with the falling in love of the passionate daughter of Æetes, will be skipped by nobody who begins it, and may with profit be studied by either novelists or novel-readers.

* * *

It is a long way from the banks of Phasis to the banks of Marne, but hu-

man nature was the same on both. The milliner who weeps over the lives of Paul and Martha in 'Le Testament Rouge,' is at one with the lady of Alexandria or Syracuse who cried over the first edition of Apollonius Rhodius. However, in other respects, setting young love aside, M. Xavier de Montépin is modern, is of to-day. What a noble plot, to be sure, he has invented, a plot that might last him through far more than his stint of six poor volumes. And, with all his enthusiasm for virtue, what an extraordinary crime does he make his most virtuous character commit!

* * *

You are to know that the Comte de Thonnerieux was a widowed and childless nobleman, of vast wealth and benevolence. His wife dead, his daughter dead, he spends his great fortune in the interest of the race. But his method of bequeathing it is not only odd, but wrong, though the full horror of the deed has not struck the author. The Count makes a will, dividing his fortune into his known and his hidden assets. The acknowledged wealth he leaves to hospitals, night refuges, to make public parks, and so on. But the unknown wealth he has hidden beneath the seventeenth flagstone in the pavement of a certain chapel. It is about £200,000, and is to be given to the six children who were born in his quarter of Paris on the same day as his daughter. Each child gets a large gold medal, inscribed with three words, and the medals, when all are brought together, declare the secret of the hiding-place. They are to be presented on the Count's death, or when the legatees come of age. This is all very well, but the Count leaves another indication of his secret, and here comes in his crime. He goes to the Bibliothèque Nationale, asks for the first edition of a rare political tract, 'Le Testament

Rouge' (Amsterdam, 1674). He underlines, in red ink, letters and words on pp. 22-24, which reveal his secret, and goes away, stained with the inexcusable misdeed of marking and spoiling a work in a national library! Then he makes his will, directing his lawyer to go to the "Bib. Nat.," read the underlined words in 'Le Testament Rouge,' and unbury the specie. Then he dies—unconfessed!

* * *

Two villains (*chenapans de la pire espèce*) steal the will, and of course hurry to the Bibliothèque Nationale. They ask for 'Le Testament Rouge'; it is brought; but there are no words underlined in red! The copy is of the wrong edition. They ask for the true edition. It is not to be found. It has been stolen from the library, with other rare and valuable books. The police are on the track, and finally discover the thieves, who succeed by using sham tickets, like those which readers get in the British Museum—but in our Museum, I think, the arrangements would not permit the trick to be played more than once. However, 'Le Testament Rouge' is gone, the villains find the bookseller in whose hands it is, take him into the country, and murder him in, I fear it must be said, circumstances of anything but good taste. Next day they visit his shop; it is occupied by the police, and the 'Testament' is lost to them again. Any other villains would have waited till it is returned to the Bibliothèque Nationale, but this pair of scoundrels prefer to kill all the owners of the medals, rich and poor, man and woman, and discover the secret by comparing the inscriptions. Does this not a little lack probability? In any case, the hunt for the medals is sure to be exciting. But the philosophic interest lies in seeing what kind of novel really pleases the widest public, the public

of French newspapers. Clearly what they wish for is the triumph of immaculate virtue over the machinations of crime, in the search for enormous amounts of ready money. But the bibliophile, too, is interested in this fiction, and one only hopes that he will not be so destitute of true delicacy as to employ the dodge for robbing the public libraries.

ANDREW LANG.

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF CARLYLE.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

The most important paper in the January *Fortnightly Review* is an article of twenty-eight pages in which Professor Tyndall jots down some personal recollections of Thomas Carlyle. The article is quite as interesting for the glimpses it gives of Professor Tyndall as for the light it throws upon Mr. Carlyle. The net impression is distinctly pleasurable. The imposing figure of the great teacher stands forth with its rough angularity softened, and a certain mild radiance about the features which is familiar enough to all of us who knew the real Carlyle as he lived, but which is almost unbelievable to those who have estimated him solely from the 'Latter-day Pamphlets' or the bitter self-reproaches with which his 'Reminiscences' were filled. Professor Tyndall knew Mr. Carlyle for many years, and in these pages he describes, with the loving fidelity of a disciple, the impression produced by the presence and teaching of the master. He says, very truly, that Carlyle wrote his 'Reminiscences' when he was but the hull of the true Carlyle. The lurid atmosphere of personal suffering, physical and mental, in which they were written, defaced, blurred, and sometimes invert-

ed, like mirage, his coastline of memory. Hence the figure of himself quivering on that dissolving shore has suffered more from the false refraction than anything else. With no intention of contributing more than a few memorial notes to the voluminous literature which has grown up round the memory of Carlyle, Professor Tyndall publishes these 'Recollections,' which, as he says, are but as "a pebble dropped on the summit of a tor."

THE INFLUENCE OF "PAST AND
PRESENT."

He begins his narrative by describing the effect which the perusal of 'Past and Present' had upon him in the year 1843. He was then living in the midst of Poverty-stricken Lancashire. He says:—

It was far from easy reading; but I found in it strokes of descriptive power unequalled in my experience, and thrills of electric splendor which carried me enthusiastically on. I found in it, moreover, in political matters, a morality so righteous, a radicalism so high, reasonable, and humane, as to make it clear to me that, without truckling to the ape and tiger of the mob, a man might hold the views of a Radical.

He read the book through three times, and then wrote out on some old sheets of foolscap an analytical summary of each chapter. This finished, he tied up the loose sheets and stowed them away among his papers, from whence they were exhumed more than a quarter of a century afterwards. Professor Tyndall was then superintendent of the Royal Institution, and one day, after explaining to Mr. Carlyle the experiments which demonstrated the fact that there was no such thing as spontaneous generation, he read to him the old analysis of 'Past and Present.' When it was finished, Mr. Carlyle said, "What greater reward could I have than to find an ardent young soul, unknown to me, and to whom I was personally unknown, thus influenced by my words?"

ALAS, NO BOSWELL IS HERE!

Professor Tyndall says that it would require gifts greater than those of Boswell to reproduce Carlyle. He does not make the attempt. The 'Recollections' abound with vivid pictures of Mr. Carlyle in his daily life. We see him walking down Albemarle-street, "his tough old arm encircling mine," or drinking a tumbler of claret in front of a bright fire, or smoking a churchwarden, or seating himself in the Brompton 'bus, "where, when he was inside, every conductor knew that he carried a great man;" or galloping wildly over the country at such a rate that his companion described the motion as "tantamount to being shot like a projectile through space." But there are very few of Mr. Carlyle's recorded sayings. Professor Tyndall tells us that he denounced homœopathy; that he loved to hear Professor Tyndall hold forth on the undulatory theory of light, and displayed in all his intercourse that piercing, long-sighted intellect which justifies his friend's remark when, after describing his death and burial, he exclaims: "So passed away one of the glories of the world!" Of the actual sayings of Mr. Carlyle in this article, here is few. When he stood before the portrait of Bloody Mary, he remarked: "She is a very well-abused woman,—not a bad woman; I rather think a good woman acting according to her lights." On another occasion he said, "Frederick was the greatest administrator the world had seen, but I could never really love the man." Of Goethe, Professor Tyndall says the majesty of his intellect seemed, in Carlyle's estimate, to dissolve all his errors, both of intellect and conduct. It will surprise no one that Mr. Carlyle enjoyed and admired Browning, but it will be news to many that, notwithstanding all his denunciations of

Darwinism, he once met the author of the 'Origin of Species,' and declared that "a more charming man I had never met in my life."

WE HAVE ABOLISHED HELL-FIRE!

Here is a very vivid picture of Mr. Carlyle and Professor Tyndall one stormy day finding refuge in a clearing in the heart of the New Forest:—

It was a solemn spot, perfectly calm, while round the wood sounded the storm. Dry dead fern abounded. Of this I formed a cushion, and placing it on one of the tree stumps, set him down upon it. I filled his pipe and lighted it, and while he puffed conversation went on. Early in the day, as we roamed over the pastures, he had been complaining of the collapse of religious feeling in England, and I had said to him, "As regards the most earnest and the most capable of the men of a generation younger than your own, if one writer more than another has been influential in loosing them from their theological moorings, thou art the man!" Our talk was resumed and continued as he sat upon the stump and smoked his placid pipe within hearing of the storm. I said to him, "Despite all the losses you deplore, there is one great gain. We have extinguished that horrible spectre which darkened with its death-wings so many brave and pious lives. It is something to have abolished Hell-fire!" "Yes," he replied, "that is a distinct and an enormous gain. My own father was a brave man, and, though poor, unaccustomed to cower before the face of man; but the Almighty God was a different matter. You and I do not believe that Melchett Court exists, and that we shall return thither, more firmly than he believed that, after his death, he would have to face a judge who would lift him into everlasting bliss or doom him to eternal woe. I could notice that, for three years before he died, this rugged, honest soul trembled to its depths at even the possible prospect of Hell-fire. It surely is a great gain to have abolished this Terror."

Most people would have thought that that was the last consolation Mr. Carlyle would have taken to his soul. Half of his writings were devoted to a passionate attempt to impress upon his generation a lively sense of the reality and the truth of the great doctrine of retributive justice which found theological expression in the doctrine of "hell-fire."

THE DEATH OF MRS. CARLYLE.

Professor Tyndall describes, with keen sympathy and much delicate humor, the difference there was be-

tween Mr. Carlyle after a good sleep' and Mr. Carlyle when his rest had been broken and troubled. After nine hours' uninterrupted slumber, Carlyle's countenance glowed with seraphic happiness, and there was "a boundless blessedness in his eyes and voice." The visit to Edinburgh University, the triumph of his inaugural address, the subsequent banquetting, and then the terrible blow which shattered his life, are all described sympathetically and well. After Mrs. Carlyle's death Professor Tyndall hastened to Chelsea.

The door was opened by Carlyle's old servant, Mrs. Warren, who informed me that her master was in the garden. I joined him there, and we immediately went upstairs together. It would be idle, perhaps sacrilegious, on my part to attempt any repetition of his language. In words, the flow of which might be compared to a molten torrent, he referred to the early days of his wife and himself,—to their struggles against poverty and obstruction, to her valiant encouragement in hours of depression, to their life on the moors, in Edinburgh, and in London,—how lovingly and loyally she had made of herself a soft cushion to protect him from the rude collisions of the world. Three or four times during the narrative he utterly broke down. I could see the approach of the crisis and prepare for it. After thus giving way, a few sympathetic words would cause him to rapidly pull himself together and resume the flow of his discourse. I subsequently tried to write down what he said, but I will not try to reproduce it here. While he thus spoke to me, all that remained of his wife lay silent in an adjoining room.

MR. CARLYLE AS A HUSBAND.

Of the much disputed and debated question of the rights and the wrongs of their matrimonial differences, Professor Tyndall speaks wisely.

They had had their differences,—due probably more to her vivid and fanciful imaginings than to anything else. He, however, took the whole blame upon himself. It was loving and chivalrous, but I doubt whether it was entirely just. I think it probable that in the lamentations which have reached the public through the 'Reminiscences' he did himself wrong. His was a temper very likely to exaggerate his shortcomings: very likely to blame himself to excess for his over-absorption in his work and his too great forgetfulness of his wife.

There was, he tells us in a foot-note, "a fund of tenderness in Mrs. Carlyle, but her sarcasm could on occasion

bite like nitric-acid." After her death Professor Tyndall carried Mr. Carlyle off to Mentone, away to the sunlit South. In packing for the journey a curious wrangle arose. Mr. Carlyle insisted on packing his pipes *more suo*, turning a deaf ear to Professor Tyndall's warnings. As a result, only three out of fifty arrived unbroken, while not one of the fifty packed by Professor Tyndall were broken in transit.

HIS USE AND DREAD OF SCIENCE.

This is but a brief indication of a narrative full of intense human interest, characterized as much by tenderly reverent personal feeling as by rare literary skill. We will close with one more extract. After pointing out the extraordinary accuracy of Mr. Carlyle's metaphors derived from science, and the extent to which he used the whole body of the sciences, "grinding them into paint wherewith to paint his marvellous pictures," Professor Tyndall says:—

Worship he defined as "transcendent wonder," and the lifting of the heart by worship was a safeguard against moral putrefaction. Science, he feared, tended to destroy this sentiment. I may remark here that, as a corrective of superstition, science, even when it acts thus, is altogether salutary. But preoccupation alone could close the eyes of the student of natural science to the fact that the long line of his researches is, in reality, a line strung with wonders. There are freethinkers who imagine themselves able to sound with their penny twine-balls the ocean of immensity. With such Carlyle had little sympathy. He was a freethinker of wiser and nobler mould.

DON QUIXOTE.

Behind thy pasteboard, on thy battered hack,
Thy lean cheek striped with plaster to and fro,
Thy long spear leveled at the unseen foe,
And doubtful Sancho trudging at thy back,
Thou wert a figure strange enough, good lack!
To make wiseacredom, both high and low,
Rub purblind eyes, and (having watched thee go)
Dispatch its Dogberrys upon thy track.
Alas, poor knight! Alas, poor soul possess!
Yet would to-day, when courtesy grows chill,
And life's fine loyalties are turned to jest,
Some fire of thine might burn within us still!
Ah! would but one night lay his lance in rest,
And charge in earnest—were it but a mill.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

AFRICAN BIBLIOGRAPHIES.

Readers of 'Travels in Tunisia,' by Alexander Graham and H. S. Ashbee (1887), will remember that one of the features of that altogether admirable book was a bibliography, which covered the entire period from the times of Carthage down to the French protectorate. This bibliography has now been reissued by Mr. Ashbee, in handsome large octavo (Dulau), with an appendix augmenting the number of titles by about one-third, and a copious index to facilitate reference. To show how wide is the field covered, we may quote from the preface the following classification of the contents:

"(1) books on Carthage and Utica, with their history and archæology; (2) books on Tunisia, or on towns or separate districts of that country; (3) books partly on Tunisia; (4) books on the Barbary States (when Tunisia is included) and their piracies; (5) articles in Societies' Transactions, collections of travels, encyclopædias, magazines, and other periodicals; (6) dictionaries and manuals of conversation in the Arab language; (7) a few books not specially on Tunisia, but illustrating indirectly the religion, customs, antiquities, or language, ancient or modern, of that country; (8) Consular reports; (9) some works of the imagination—novels, dramas, and poems."

It is curious to note the favorable treatment which Northern Africa has received from bibliographers. To take only English works—Prince Ibrahim Hilmy has compiled two large though by no means exhaustive volumes of the literature relating to Egypt and the Suodan. For the Barbary States, Sir R. Lambert Playfair, our indefatigable Consul-General, published a bibliography of Algeria two or three years ago through the Royal Geographical Society, and has just finished a companion work on Tripoli; while we understand that Dr. Robert Brown is well advanced with his bibliography of Morocco. What would not the student of Indian history give for similar help, even in detached portions of his vast subject?
—*Athenæum*.

**WIT AND WISDOM OF
SCHOPENHAUER.**

Conversation between a man of genius and a nonentity is like the casual meeting of two travellers going the same way, the one mounted on a spirited steed, the other on foot. Both will soon get heartily tired of each other, and be glad to part company.

Brainless pates are the rule, fairly furnished ones the exception, the brilliantly-endowed very rare, genius a *portentum*. How otherwise could we account for the fact that out of upwards of eight hundred millions of existing human beings, and, after the chronicled experience of six thousand years, so much should still remain to discover, to think out, and to be said?

What most directly and above everything else makes us happy is cheerfulness of mind, for this excellent gift is its own reward. A man may be young, well-favored, rich, honored, fortunate, but if we would ascertain whether or no he would be happy, we must first put the question, Is he cheerful? Cheerfulness is the current coin of happiness, and not, like other possessions, merely its letter of credit.

Poverty is the scourge of the people, *ennui* of the better ranks. The boredom of Sabbatarianism is to the middle classes what week-day penury is to the needy.

Could we prevent all villains from becoming fathers of families, shut up the dunderheads in monasteries, and provide every girl of spirit and intellect with a husband worthy of her, we might look for an age surpassing that of Pericles.

Thinkers, and especially men of true genius, without any exception, find noise insupportable. This is no question of habit. I have ever been of opinion that the amount of noise a

man can support with equanimity is in inverse proportion to his mental powers, and may be taken as a measure of intellect generally. If I hear a dog barking for hours on the threshold of a house, I know well enough what kind of brains I may expect from its inhabitants.

Mere clever men always appear exactly at the right time.

Genius produces no works of practical value. Music is composed, poetry conceived, pictures painted, but a work of genius is never a thing to use. Uselessness is its title of honor.

Mere acquired knowledge belongs to us only like a wooden leg or a wax nose. Knowledge attained by thinking resembles our natural limbs, and is the only kind that really belongs to us.

No sooner does evening come and lights are lit, than the understanding, like the eye, sees less clearly. For this reason morning is the proper time for thought, as, without any exception, it is propitious to mental or bodily exercise. Morning is the youth of the day. All is then cheerful, fresh, and easy; we feel strong, and have all our faculties at command. We are wrong to fritter away the morning in late rising, idle pursuits, or chit-chat, rather we should regard it as the quintessence of life, and hold it sacred. Night is the old age of the day, towards evening, we are exhausted, disposed to idle conversation or amusement. *Each day is a little life*, each awakening and up-rising a lesser birth, each morning a lesser youth, and every night's lying down to sleep a miniature death.

We only learn between whiles, we are forgetting all day long.

The physician sees the weak side of human nature; the lawyer, the perverse; the theologian, the stupid.

What the address is to a letter,

should be the title of a book. A title should be short, concise, laconic, pregnant, and, where it is possible, indicate the contents. Ambiguous, neutral, discursive, inappropriate, or absolutely unsuggestive titles, are apt to inflict upon a book the fate of a misdirected letter. The worst titles of all are those that are stolen, mere barefaced plagiarisms; or those that are absolutely wanting in originality; since a writer who does not possess originality enough to put something new into the name of his work will hardly have any novelty to bestow upon its contents.

The more a man possesses in himself, the less he needs of others, and the less they can teach him. Such supremacy of intellect leads to unsociableness. Aye, could the quality of society be compensated by quantity, it might be worth while to live in the world! Unfortunately, we find a hundred fools in the crowd to one man of understanding. The brainless will have companionship and pastime at any price. For, in solitude, when all of us are thrown upon our own resources, what a man has in himself will be made manifest. Then sighs the empty-pated in his purple and fine linen, under the burden of his wretched *ego*, while the richly-endowed fills and animates the dreariest solitude with his own thoughts. Accordingly, we find that any one is sociable and craves society in proportion as he is intellectually poor and ordinary. We have hardly a choice in the social world between solitude and commonplaceness.

I found a wild flower one day, and, wondering at its beauty and perfection in every part, cried: "This lovely flower then, and myriads of others, blooms unregarded, oftentimes unseen by human eye." "Thou fool," I

seemed to hear the flower reply, "thinkest thou I bloom in order to be seen? I bloom for myself, not for others, because it pleases me. Therein, because I exist, is my joy and contentment."

The presence of thought is like the presence of a beloved one. We believe that we can never forget that thought, can never become indifferent to that beloved one; but out of sight, out of mind! The finest thought runs a risk of escaping our memory unless we straightway write it down, just as the object of our worship may become another's unless we hasten to secure her by a betrothal.

How significant and full of meaning is the language of music! Take the '*Da Capo*' for instance, which would be intolerable in literary and other compositions, yet here is judicious and welcome, since, in order to grasp the melody, we must hear it twice.

How æsthetic is Nature! Every corner of the earth, when left alone, adorns itself in the tastefullest manner, proclaiming by natural grace and harmonious grouping of leaves, flowers, and garlands that Nature, and not that great egoist, man, has here held sway. Neglected spots straightway become beautiful.

Only one lying creature exists on the face of the earth—man. Every other is upright and true, behaving as it feels, and without pretence to be what it is not.

He who never goes to the theatre is like one who performs his toilette without a looking glass; in worse case still is he who arrives at decisions without consulting a friend. For a man may arrive at the soundest judgments in all affairs but his own; here the will hampers the intellect. He ought to be advised, just as a physician goes to others instead of seeking to cure himself.

The English have a peculiar contempt for gesticulation, regarding it as undignified and vulgar. This seems to me a mere bit of fastidiousness, for gesticulation is the language Nature gives to all, which all understand.

The pen is to thought what the staff is to age! The lightest step has no need of staff, and the most robust thought no need of the pen. Only when a man begins to grow old is he thankful to grasp both the one and the other.

No more bracing exercise is to be found for the mind than the perusal of the classic writers of Greece and Rome. If a volume is taken up, say for only half an hour, we feel straightway refreshed, enlightened, purified, upraised, and strengthened. It is as if we had just bathed in a clear stream. Does the charm lie in the ancient tongues and their perfection, or in the might of those master spirits whose works have come down unblemished to this day? Perhaps in both.

The wig is an exact symbol of the pedant. Just as his head is adorned with a rich mass of hair that does not belong to him, in default of his own, so is his learning a superabundance of other people's thoughts which do not become him, or sit so naturally as the wig.

No money is more profitably invested than that of which we have allowed ourselves to be cheated. We have thereby attained wisdom.

Beauty is an open letter introductory.

Unwilling as we are to admit it, distance and long absence are injurious to friendship. For those we do not see, were they our dearest friends, become, in the course of years, abstract ideas, and our sympathy for them will sink into mere tradition.

Our liveliest and deepest feelings are called forth by those around us, even our pet animals. So true is Goethe's aphorism—

"Mighty is the goddess of propinquity."

M. B. E.

MR PATER'S ESSAYS.

Appreciations. By Walter Pater.
Macmillan & Co., New York.

To the essays here grouped under one cover their author has given a general title which, in the case of a writer accustomed as Mr. Pater is to employ words with a jealously scholastic regard to their exact signification, might mean simply estimates favourable or otherwise—valuations, pricings—but which apparently is to be understood here as used in the popular sense that implies above all else admiration and sympathy. In this sense the title is happily chosen, and the reader who approaches this volume of "appreciations" in a spirit other than appreciative is not a person whose mental attitude can be recommended for imitation. It is noteworthy that in these studies, where the critical posture is invariably one of extreme modesty—the writer contentedly sitting at the feet of his Gamaliels and reverently transmitting to us the essence of their utterances with such elucidatory comment as he may think needful—it is noteworthy that by virtue of this very humility and apparent self-repression he attains to something like kinship and equality with the masters whom it is his ambition simply to understand and report. He says of Charles Lamb—and we may with equal truth say it of himself—

"To feel strongly the charm" of some poet, or essayist or painter, "and then to interpret that charm, to convey it to others—he seeming to himself but to hand on to others, in mere humble min-

stration, that of which for them he is really the creator—this is the way of his criticism."

There was a time when some of Mr Pater's qualities of style almost threatened to crystallize into mannerisms; and even after such noble writing as was to be found, for instance, in the papers on Lionardo and Giorgione, he was capable of relapsing into the mere honeyed effeminacy that made readers with virile tastes turn away from *Florian Deleal*. He and English literature are to be congratulated upon his having left all this behind him and chastened his style into something which, while for fastidiousness it is perhaps unparalleled, is also full of real, though very quiet, strength—strength that is not combative but prehensile, the strength of a steady grasp never of a blow. Once only in these pages does he impress us at all unpleasantly as speaking with the falsetto, of a school and the accent of an epoch; and that is in the paper on 'Aesthetic Poetry,' where, conformably to the matter under discussion, the manner seems in places somewhat fantastic—where, though the hand is the hand of Mr. Pater, the voice is—well, a mingling of the voices of two or three singers prominent in the latter-day choir.

The opening paper on "style"—in reality concerning itself rather with diction, or with artifices of prose composition, than with that abstract effect that air and carriage, which the word "style" has almost insensibly come to stand for—is perhaps for this reason a little disappointing. Yet it is full of excellent touches, examples of Mr. Pater's gift of saying what is emphatically the right thing with unerring precision of phrase. Could the specific differences of two related words be better illustrated than in such a sentence as the following? "Blake, in the last century, is an instance of preponderating soul, embarrassed, at a loss, in an era of preponderat-

ing mind." Or what could be more salutary in a literary period like the present than this admonition? "It is good in the criticism of verse to look for those hard, logical, quasiprosaic excellences which that, too has or needs." But it is when we pass to the 'Appreciations' properly so-called that we find Mr. Pater at his best. Could any thing be finer than such a phrase as Wordsworth's "mountain atmosphere of mind"? or truer than the ascription to that poet of the power of

"conveying to the consciousness of the reader abstract and elementary impressions—silence, darkness, absolute motionlessness; or, again, the whole complex sentiment of a particular place, the abstract expression of desolation in the long white road, of peacefulness in a particular folding of the hills."

And what magic of expression when, with fine insight, he notes in Wordsworth

"the sudden passage from lowly thoughts and places to the majestic forms of philosophical imagination, the play of these forms over a world so different, enlarging so strangely the bounds of its humble churchyards, and breaking such a wild light on the graves of christened children."

Mr. Pater finds Coleridge's "chief offence" as a philosophical writer to lie in "an excess of seriousness," the want of "a certain shade of unconcern, the perfect manner of the eighteenth century." It is doubtful whether he does not for once exaggerate when he declares Coleridge to be the typical "flower of the *ennuye*," the mouthpiece of the modern *Weltschmerz*, "more than Childe Harold, more than Werther, more than René himself." Dreamer as he was, Coleridge's eager interest not only in metaphysics and literature, but in such mundane matters as politics, together with his notorious activity as a personal propagandist; zealous to impress his views upon every man, woman, and child who came within reach of the irrepressible tongue, seem to place him at some distance from the Obermann family. Unlike that wea-

ry and dejected race, he was essentially an enthusiast, pursuing knowledge, as Hazlitt says of him, "with outstretched hands and winged speed." Up to the very last he was to Wordsworth 'the Rapt One'; and his religious creed, whatever abstract value we may attach to it now, at least saved him from the philosophy of the school of despair.

I think Mr. Pater is at his very best—which is only another way of saying that he is wholly delightful—in the paper on Sir Thomas Browne, that strange great writer to whom, as his latest critic happily says, "the whole world was a museum." Perhaps the author of the *Hydriotaphia* has received no sure entirely sympathetic, and at the same time discriminative, treatment as here. Mr. Pater really renders him for us, conveying to us the finest inflexions of his voice as if by some electric telephone, which dropped out the harsher notes but suffered no rich cadence to be lost in transmission. Once or twice he lets his own style be tinged for a moment with his author's. We feel this in such a clause as "a tardiness and reluctance in the circumstances of dissolution." He is speaking of one, a friend of Sir Thomas Browne's who, in the course of a lingering death, seemed sensibly to anticipate the hereafter; and though the image of life as a stream flowing into eternity's ocean is trite enough, what a novel and poetic turn Mr. Pater gives it! "The infinite future had invaded this life perceptibly to the senses, *like an ocean felt far inland up a tidal river.*"

The Shakspeare studies are none the worse for being anything but ponderous, and are marked by the delicately luminous perception which shares with Mr. Pater's exquisite style the distinction of being his chief value as a writer. In "Richard II," he finds

the leading *motif* to "be the irony of kingship—average human nature, flung with wonderfully pathetic effect into the vortex of great events." Though reverent enough, he is no prostrate idolator at the Stratford shrine; and it is refreshing to hear him speak of "the tiresome German superstition . . . which challenged us to a dogmatic faith in the plenary verbal inspiration of every one of Shakspeare's clowns."

The faults of Mr. Pater's book are few and slight, but the fallen nature of a reviewer drives him to find one or two if he cannot invent them. Mr. Pater's vocabulary being really rich and various, he does himself some injustice by letting a chance epithet, such as "blithe," get the upper hand. Then his religiously accurate and anti-popular use of certain words, such as "complexion" and "mortified," is, perhaps, academic to the verge of pedantry. At all events it raises the question whether, since language is after all but a set of arbitrary symbols which the people have fashioned and have, therefore, some right to refashion, such correctness is worth purchasing at the price of strangeness, real or apparent. To touch upon a quite different matter, I think Mr. Pater lays himself open to animadversion when, in his interesting postscript, he derives even the more extreme developments of the romantic spirit from the desire of beauty plus the passion of curiosity. Surely it might, with at least equal plausibility, be argued that the very contrary is nearer the truth, as regards the latter of these two alleged constituents of romanticism. It is not rather the absence of true curiosity—a deficient interest in the astonishing realities around us—that makes us go out of our way to invent the grotesque, the monstrous, the impossible, substituting the bizarre ward-

robe of fancy for the infinitely wilder attire of fact?

But perhaps it is churlish to speak of anything but the charm and power of a volume so eminent in both, so rich in beauty, so wide in the circuit of its judgments—a volume which shows Mr. Pater finally victorious over certain temptations to mere

daintiness once jeopardising a noble grace of diction; and which must further consolidated its author's fame as one of the most catholic of living critics, and beyond rivalry the subtlest artist in contemporary English prose.

WILLIAM WATSON.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

To the two books with which it has been heretofore incumbent upon every man of the world to make himself familiar, the Confessions of Rousseau and the Mémoires of the undying Jacques may now be added a third, the 'Diary of Marie Bashkirtseff' of which perfunctory translation by A. D. Hall and G. B. Hickel has been published by Rand McNally & Co. Mademoiselle Marie claims in her preface that this is the life of a woman traced day by day, without affectation, as if no one in the world should ever read it, and yet at the same time intended to be read; and, further asserts that she tells "everything, everything, everything." There may be two opinions as to that. The young lady is frank enough but as it is evident that she had publicity in view from the start it goes without saying that her 'everything' is to be taken *cum grano*. The gradual unfolding of the mind of a morbid, sensitive, intensely vain, yet talented young woman may here be watched from the early age of twelve at which the diary begins to the premature death of the author at the age of 24. The book is by no means what it pretends to be, frank and ingenuous, but it is nevertheless one of the most absorbing books published during the century. The translation is not in accord with the book: it is essentially

vulgar in style and the English is shipshod. Both printing and binding are excellent.

In 'The Mound Builders,' (Clarke & Co., Cincinnati). Mr. J. P. MacLean relates what is known of the ingenious people who built the stupendous monuments found in the valleys of, the Ohio and Mississippi. The author devotes chapters to 'Works of Defence,' 'Sacred Inclosures,' 'The Five Classes of Mounds,' 'Works of Art,' 'Mining,' 'Tablets,' 'who were the Mound Builders?' etc. etc., and records important discoveries concerning 'Ancient Fire-Beds,' 'The Method of Planting as pursued by the Prehistoric Engineers' &c. The book is copiously illustrated and is provided with a map: the price is \$1.50.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co., of Cincinnati have issued a second edition of Mr. Tunison's scholarly 'Master Virgil,' in which some errors of detail have been corrected. The principal addition is a discussion of an interesting twelfth century romance. A copious index has now been furnished.

THE March number of the *Writer* is up to the usual excellent level of this very helpful magazine. The principal article is one on 'Questions of Copyright' by the editor William H. Hills; this should be in the hands of

every author and would-be author in the country. Other articles are 'Copy—What constitutes it?' by Laurence S. Goodwin; 'Will Carleton,' by W. I. Ball; 'The Treacherous Metaphor,' by Amos R. Wells; there are the usual pertinent editorial notes and invaluable 'Hints and Suggestions.'

A SORROWFUL but fascinating story is 'The Pastor's Daughter' by Fraulein Heimbürg (Worthington Co. New York). It describes the unhappy love of the Pastor's daughter for a member of a noble family, who engages himself to the girl and is then beguiled from his allegiance by the wiles of an aristocratic cousin. A charming story, simple, pathetic, and idyllic. The translation by Mrs. J. W. Davis is excellent and the illustrations are good. Paper, type, and form unexceptionable.

ONE of the most delightful papers that has recently appeared in *Harper's* is Mrs. Ritchie's essay on Ruskin in the March number. Mrs. Ritchie's memories date back to the old days when Thackeray lived in Young St. Kensington, to which period the subjoined characteristic letter to Thackeray belongs. M. Louis Marvy was an engraver who spent a winter in Thackeray's house in Young St.—

"DENMARK HILL, 21st December, 1860.

DEAR MR. THACKERAY,—I think (or should think if I did not know) that you are quite right in this general law about lecturing, though, until I knew it, I did not feel able to refuse the letter of request asked of me.

The mode in which you direct your charity puts me in mind of a matter that has lain long on my mind, though I never have had the time or face to talk to you of it.

In somebody's drawing-room ages ago you were speaking accidentally of M. de Marvy. I expressed my great obligation to him, on which you said that I could now prove my gratitude, if I chose, to his widow, which choice I then not accepting, have ever since remembered the circumstance as one peculiarly likely to add, so far as it went, to the general impression on your mind of the holiness of people's sayings and hardness of their hearts.

The fact is I give what I give almost in an op-

posite way to yours. I think there are many people who will relieve hopeless distress for one who will help at a hopeful pinch, and when I have choice I nearly always give where I think the money will be fruitful rather than merely helpful. I would lecture for a school when I would not for a distressed author, and would have helped De Marvy to perfect his invention, but no—unless I had no other object—his widow after he was gone. In a word, I like to prop the falling more than to feed the fallen. This if you ever find out anything of my private life, you will know to be true; but I shall never feel comfortable, nevertheless, about that Marvy business unless you send to me for ten pounds for the next author, or artist, or widow of either, whom you want to help.

And with this weight at last off my mind, I pray you to believe me always faithfully, respectfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

All best wishes of the season to you and your daughters."

The principal character, hero he cannot be called, of 'The Countess Muta' is a professional mind reader for whose portrait the late Irving Bishop undoubtedly sat. This is an extraordinary story of mind-reading, arson, Nihilists, abduction, attempted murder and other *New York Weekly* material pervaded by a lovesick middle aged American, who is the Providence of the entertainment and a young lady, the Countess Muta, who is supposed to be dumb. The author Mr. Charles Howard Montague may have been a genius. He gives no sign of it in the present book. (Belford Co.)

MR. DAVID DOUGLAS of Edinburgh has just brought out a little book called 'Dr. John Brown and his sister Isabella,' for which many of the friends, known and unknown, on both sides of the Atlantic of the author of 'Rab,' will be grateful to him. It is written by a great personal friend, Miss MacLaren, and was at first intended for private circulation only. For this reason it is at once something more and something less than a book. There is no attempt at biography or consecutive narrative, yet it is more than a sketch, it is a living picture of the beloved physician

that Miss MacLaren has given us in these few simple pages. With a sentence, a quotation, the suggestion of an anecdote, or the memory of a well-known attitude, she calls up the dear familiar presence walking down Princes Street, or looking out of his carriage-window waving his hand with characteristic gesture, as he drove from one friend's house to another. Who that knew that greeting and smile will ever forget the face.

ROBERT CLARKE & Co. of Cincinnati, have just published a new and enlarged edition of 'The Nature and Aim of Theosophy,' by Dr. J. D. Buck. This is not an elaborate treatise but a clear and comprehensive outline of the various phases of thought and philosophy known as Theosophy, which in the past few years have been brought to public attention through the agency of the Theosophical Society and the writings of Madame Blavatsky. To the general reader who is unable to procure the more voluminous works on this subject, this little volume will give a general idea of the scope and nature of the problems involved; while the interested student of the deeper problems of nature and of life, will be incited to further research by the outline of the subject herein furnished. The relation of Theosophy to all the great religions of the world is well known to all through and fearless students. This relation is never found antagonistic to "pure and undefiled religion." It is pointed out by writers like Ernest De Bunsen, in his M'ystery of Crist,' and his familiar to all Eastern religionists. Under the the head of Theosophy is also included those occult forces of nature and those psychical powers extant in man, which constitute the mystery-realm of human life,

A GREAT manufacturing industry

which ranks fourth in importance in the United States, a department of literature in which Yankee proficiency has become proverbial, a colossal military enterprise in the west, and a commercial institution illustrating in its development the American genius for organization are the subjects of notable articles in *Harper's Magazine* for April. The series of comprehensive articles on "Great American Industries" is continued in "A Suit of clothes," by R. R. Bowker, which presents the complete history of a piece of wool from the time of its growth on a sheep to that of its transformation into the manufactured product. Elaborate illustrations enforce the clear explanations in the text. Henry Clay Lukens, in an article on 'American Literary Comedians,' which is accompanied by portraits, gives a catalogic survey of American humorous literature. General Wesley Merritt, U. S. A., tells the story of stirring incidents in 'Three Indian Campaigns' in the West. Maps and illustrations by Rufus F. Zogbaum assist him in showing the peculiarities and the difficulties of Indian warfare. The remaining article on a national subject is Richard Wheatley's explanation of the objects, the methods, and the achievements of the New York Maritime Exchange. 'The Merchant of Venice' is the comedy selected for the second in the series of Shaksperian Revivals conducted in the pages of this periodical by Edwin A. Abbey and Andrew Lang. Mr Abbey's illustrations are scratchy but Mr. Lang's comments are happy and interesting. The Rev. W. H. Milburn, the blind preacher, in his article on Thomas Young, revives the memory of one of the most brilliant of scientific men, the Admirable Crichton' of this century. Alfred Parsons contributes another of his beautiful illustrations of Wordsworth's sonnets,

and George du Maurier a fullpage humorous drawing entitled 'social Taradiddles.' The poetry is excellent, and the Editorial Departments are, in their several fields, bright, vigorous, and entertaining.

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE memorial stone of a public library at Chelsea, a suburb of London has been laid. The building will cost \$50,000. The accommodation will include a general room for 220 readers, a lending library with shelving for 30,000 volumes, and a reference library for 50,000 volumes.

A COMMITTEE, among the members of which are Lord Salisbury, the Archbishop of Canterbury, Earl Granville, and the Vice Chancellors of Oxford, Cambridge, London, and Dublin Universities, has been formed to collect and forward gifts of books to the Toronto University, whose library was recently destroyed by the fire which consumed the University buildings. All the universities, the British Museum, and a number of private firms and individuals have promised to assist the Committee. The Allan and Dominion Lines of steamers have promised to carry the gifts free to Canada.

THE Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris contains a department of printed books with over 20 miles of shelves and 2,200,000 books, the greater part of which are rare and valuable; a department of manuscripts with 100,000 volumes; a reading room containing 20,000 volumes; a print department with more than 2,000,000 examples preserved in 15,000 volumes and 4000 portfolios. These are a few of its treasures, there are numerous others. In 1867 the number of readers was 34,472; in 1887 58,961.

THE proposition made by Mr. E. F. Drake to contribute \$10,000 towards a fund of \$200,000, to be raised by sub-

scription, for the erection of a public library building for St. Paul, Minn., including the cost of securing the ground has given a new impulse to the public interest in this subject. Several prominent citizens have signified their willingness to contribute liberally in aid of the project. Among them is a gentleman who believes that it is not broad enough in its scope, and that at least \$500,000 would be required for the purposes which should be embraced in the project. This gentleman has declared his willingness to contribute \$25,000 towards a fund of half a million for the erection of a public library building and art gallery in St. Paul.

A NOVEL venture has been set on foot by the Newark, N. J. Public Library. In January was issued the first number of the *Library News* a monthly paper with a circulation stated at 5000 copies. Eight columns are given to an alphabetical list of new books. The advertisements are expected (hope springs eternal &c.) to cover the expenses of publication.

By the will of George G. Tarbell, of Lincoln, Mass., \$25,000 is left to the town for a public library.

At a mass meeting held last month at Westfield, N. J., the need of a public library was recognized by leading citizens who subscribed liberally towards its formation.

THE Mechanical Engineers' Library Association of New York has been incorporated, for the purpose of maintaining a free public library. The incorporators are Stephen Wilcox, Chas.

H. Loring, Frederic R. Hutton, Horace See, F. Merian Wheeler and Stephen W. Baldwin.

ON Feb. 1, the Boston Public Library was thrown open to the public. Between 2 and 8:30, 217 persons entered the hall, by whom 292 books were used, keeping the employees of the library hard at work. The *Library Journal* states that the extra work commands extra pay and is rather sought than avoided by the entire force.

It is understood that next spring work will be begun on a library building for Arlington Mass., which will cost when completed not less than \$250,000. Ten thousand volumes will be placed in it and presented to the town. The donor is Mrs. Robbins, of Brooklyn.

THE Washington correspondent of the N. Y. *Tribune* writes:

The library of Congress has two or three tables that are always surrounded by literary "cranks"—the saddest type of this genus homo. Their clothes are musty and threadbare. Their faces, ears and necks are as innocent of the purifying influences of soap and water as their collars and shirt fronts. Their long gaunt fingers are stained with dirt and the ink a beneficent Government furnishes them free of cost. They are all reading or writing or dreaming. The reading is desultory, the writing useless, but the dreaming is another thing. The poor, deluded, lazy fellows who find the cushioned chairs and comfortable library a temptation they cannot resist, succumb to their intense egotism and the dolce far niente that has wrecked their lives, and dream of the fame that ought to be theirs—but for this unappreciative world. They picture the luxuries that would surround them if the ignorant publishers only had the brains and the discretion to print the masterpieces they have produced—and pay for them *ad valorem*! Some of these are historians, and in their own conceit have long since distanced any chronicler of modern or ancient times. Some are poets, and only need a publisher to make the Muses turn green with envy. The majority are metaphysicians, and they have successfully picked flaws in Kant and found out that Sir William Hamilton is a novice in profundity of thought compared with them. No phase of human depravity and dissipation, no development of the crank, is sadder than this.

THE executors of Mr. J. J. Astor's will, Mr. W. W. Astor and C. F. Southmayd have two years in which to pay the bequest of \$450,000 to that

institution. Of this sum the annual interest on \$400,000 is to be applied to the purchase of books and that on the odd \$50,000 is to provide each of the trustees with a ten dollar bill for every attendance at a meeting. There are trustees in New York who would get in 313 attendances per annum, and an extra one for Leap Year.

As a memorial of his deceased son, Uriah, Captain Elihu Spicer has given the Brooklyn, N. Y., Polytechnic Institute \$20,000 to found a reference library in the new Institute building.

EX-GOVERNOR English of Connecticut, left \$10,000 to the Yale Library.

THE Memorial Hall and Public Library erected in Wolfboro, N. H., by the estate of John Brewster of Cambridge, who left more than \$1,000,000 for his native town to be spent for the intellectual and physical well-being of the people, was dedicated on Feb. 21. The building cost about \$50,000.

THE twentieth annual report to the Legislature of the trustees of the Lenox Library has been issued. Excepting during the summer vacation and on Mondays from 10 a. m. to 4 p. m. the library was open every weekday, holidays included, in 1889. The number of visitors during the year was 8,788. The purchase of the library of ex-President Robert Lenox Kennedy has added greatly to the value of the literary department of the institution. The Drexel Musical Library, the legacy of Joseph W. Drexel, has been arranged and the collection is now being catalogued. The trustees last year declined an application for the purchase of the property bequeathed to the library in 1887 by Miss Henrietta Lenox, although the proceeds of such sale would have largely increased the present available income. It was deemed advisable to retain the property in view of future extensions of the scope of the

institution. The statement of the treasurer shows that the receipts of the year were \$272,768.02, and expenditures \$78,463.34. There is \$194,173.17 deposited with the Central Trust Company. It is explained that the large balance deposited with the trust company was due to a change in investments, a loan of \$170,000 at 4 1-2 per cent having been negotiated before the end of the fiscal year and closed since that time. The trustees

of the Lenox Library are Daniel Huntington, George H. Moore, secretary; Frederick Sturges, Alexander Maitland, treasurer; Richard King, John S. Kennedy, president; H. V. R. Kennedy and Robert Hoe. One vacancy exists in the board.

MR. SIMON YANDES has given to Wabash College \$50,000, \$30,000 of which is for a library building, Last year he endowed the English Literature chair with \$40,000.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

HAPPENING to be in want of a book on an educational subject the other morning, I betook myself to the Boston Athenæum and descended the dark and winding stairs that leads from the room upstairs to the gallery of the reading-room. Safely down, I paused to take my bearings, and glancing around I saw in large black letters opposite me the startling words, 'D the Poor.' Now, in all Boston there is no place more thoroughly and eminently respectable in every way than the Athenæum, nor is there anything in its organization that could point to such an attitude toward the unfortunate as those harsh and sable words implied. For a moment I was staggered; then I remembered the peculiar system of cataloguing [class notation] by letters, employed in the library, and I bethought myself of the real meaning of the phrase. Being translated, D is the section under which all the books pertaining to the poor in their various relations may be found.—*Taverner in the Boston Post.*

'My uncle,' writes a correspondent of *The Pall Mall Budget* 'though four years the poet's senior, was in the same class with him at Louth, and he used to threaten Alfred Tennyson

with a thrashing when he did his Latin verse for him; thus early did he begin to be a poet! To this day he and my father often talk of the tremendous thrashings that "old Waite," the headmaster used to give them, for even such a small matter as a false quantity. I believe both my uncle and Tennyson were laid up for some time with one thrashing. "Old Waite's" portrait hangs in my father's study now, and only a few years ago, shortly before Mr. Waite's death, my uncle went to see him, then a very old man, and he expressed his regret at having been so cruelly free with the stick; and, if I mistake not, he alluded with pride to Tennyson's fame.'

BROWNING collectors will do well to secure a copy of the first English edition 'The art Album' as soon as may be. As we foretold the lamented death of the poet has sent up the price of this extremely scarce book by leaps and bounds. Fifteen dollars is about the market quotation

ROBERTS BROS. have published in their Balzac series 'Sons of the Soil' a translation of 'Les Paysans'; and an edition de Luxe, limited to 500 copies, of William Morris's 'The House of the Wolfings.'

A CATALOGUE was seen the other day in London with some interesting marks on the margin. They indicated books which Mr. Gladstone had requested to be forwarded to him 'per the Hawarden Carrier.' These works included a book on Manx customs, a work by F. D. Maurice, a tract on Irish history issued in 1757, a book on Charles James Fox, one on Ossian, and another on the so-called epistles of Phalaris.

THERE is afloat an inconceivably revolting story about the Rev. Dr. Talmage. "Lounger" of the *Critic* is responsible for it. He states that if while writing a sermon the Rev. Dr. needs a quotation he seizes the volume that contains it and tears out the desired page with unholy hand. Then, taking his shears, he cuts out the particular passage he needs, and pasting it on his manuscript page, tosses the book aside. There is scarcely a book in his library that is not so mutilated. 'But what do you do when you wish to refer to such a passage again?' a reporter asked him. 'I never want to refer to it again,' he answered sententiously. 'When I have used it once, I am done with it for good.' If we "sat under" the Dr. we would "sit upon" him.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Critic's* 'Lounger' calls attention to an amusing typographical error in a book recently published by that careful house, the Macmillans. In Walter Pater's 'Appreciations,' in a foot-note in which Saintsbury's 'English Prose Style from Malory to Macaulay' is supposed to be mentioned, the text is made to read, 'from *Malony* to Macaulay'—which, however gratifying to our Celtic brethren, is apt to provoke a smile (or something worse) when read by an Englishman.

FOR Thackeray's 'Second Funeral of Napoleon' in the original paper

covers the modest sum of \$160 is now demanded in London.

GOAT SKINS used in making morocco leather are tanned in sumach and dyed in the ordinary way, having been previously immersed in a solution of sulphuric acid. The grain or stamping on it is done by either hand or machinery, similar, to that for the purpose of dicing or graining. Very fine, small skins for gloves are often prepared by an immersion in a solution of alum and salt, instead of tanning, flour and yolk of eggs being afterwards applied to soften and whiten. Buff leather was first made from the skin of an animal called buffe, or urus, which was then common in western Europe. This leather when new was always of a tawny yellow, and the skins gave name to the color. Russian leather is tanned in an infusion of willow or birch bark, and derives its peculiar and long-enduring odour from the birch oil with which it is dressed. The preparation of Levant leather is peculiar and laborious. It is first "struck out" in warm water on a mahogany table, "blackened" with logwood and iron liquor, then polished by revolving rollers, and "grained up by the workman with a "corking board" on a table. The grain is set into the leather on a hot stove, and after this it is oiled with cod oil. In finishing, japanned leather is worked by the hand alone, as no machine has yet been discovered to do the work. The mixture consists simply of linseed oil and Prussian blue, the last coat being of linseed oil and lampblack, put evenly over the surface as it lies spread out on a table. A mixture of ox-blood and acetate of iron is now often used in the blacking of skins.

A HANDY edition of Ruskin's 'Sesame and Lilies' has been brought out by A. C. McClurg & Co.

AMERICAN NOTES.

THE Sixth Number of the Filson Club Publications will be 'The Political Beginnings of Kentucky,' by the late John Mason Brown. This work of Colonel Brown will vary the commonly received political history in Kentucky in more than one important direction. The author has gone to the bottom of what were known as Spanish, French, and British intrigues in the West, and righted the wrongs inflicted upon some of our best and wisest pioneers. To accomplish this end he not only appealed to original authorities (printed and MS.) in this country, but secured from foreign archives copies of the official despatches sent by agents to their governments touching these transactions. The despatches of Dorchester, Miro, and Gardoqui have especially been laid under contribution. R. Clarke & Co. of Cincinnati, will receive subscriptions—price \$2.50.

ANDREW LANG has little sympathy with the adulation of Shakspeare, perhaps more common in England than in this country. In his "Comments on 'The Merchant of Venice,'" which accompanies Mr. Abbey's illustrations of the comedy in the April number of *Harper's Magazine* he says: "We need not make ourselves provincial over Shakspeare, nor treat him, for example, as certain Australian critics treat Mr. Henry Kendall, the first antipodean poet. It cannot be necessary to praise Shakspeare, as some have praised Homer, 'too much like Barbarians.'"

THE order of publication of the twelve volumes comprising the new library edition of Prescott, which the Lippincotts are bringing out, is as follows:—'Conquest of Mexico,' 2 vols. (issued in January), 'Conquest of Peru,' 2 vols. (issued in February), 'Ferdinand and Isabella,' 2 vols. (to

appear in March), 'The Reign of Charles V.,' 2 vols. (to appear in April), 'The Reign of Philip II.,' 3 vols. (to appear in May), and one volume of 'Miscellanies' (to come out in June).

THE National Publishing Co. of Milwaukee have issued Part II. of their invaluable Handy Lists of Technical Literature, compiled by H. G. Haferkorn and Paul Heise. These lists form a reference catalogue of books printed in English from 1880 to 1888 inclusive and added thereto a select list of books printed before 1880, and still to be obtained of the Publishers. Part II. is a list, alphabetical of course, of books on Military and Naval Science, Navigation, Rowing, Sailing, Yachting, Boat, Ship, and Yacht Building, Ammunition, Arms, Tactics, &c. These lists cannot fail to be of great value to those who may be interested in the matters selected, and indeed to all librarians, booksellers, and publishers.

CONVERSE CLEAVES of Germantown Pa. has recently reprinted from the American edition of 1800 the Rev. Elkanan Winchester's translation of 'Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Dr. George de Benneville' of Germantown. This is an account of remarkable things which the Doctor saw and heard in a trance of forty-two hours duration, both in the regions of happiness and misery.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have ready for immediate publication the second volume of 'What I Remember,' by the octogenarian novelist Thomas Adolphus Trollope, the elder brother of the late Anthony Trollope. The first volume, which was published about two years ago, closed with the death of Mr. Trollope's first wife in 1865; the new volume covers the period from that date to the year

1889. Among the well-known people with whom the reader becomes acquainted in these pages are Liszt, Von Bülow, General Sheridan, King Humbert, Pope Leo, Salvini, Ristori, Cardinal McCloskey, J^m Lyⁿ tp, Lanciani, and Holman Hune

THE last additions to the pretty and valuable series of "Knickerbocker Nuggets" (G. P. Putnam's Sons) are the two volumes containing an account of 'The Boyhood and Youth of Goethe.' This consists of Books I to XI of the Autobiography translated by John Oxenford.

JOEL MUNSELL'S SONS, Albany publish the second edition of B. F. De Costa's 'Pre-Columbian Discovery of America by the Northmen.' The first edition of this work was issued many years ago, and has long been out of print. It contains translations from all the Icelandic sagas which refer in any manner to the early discovery of America by the Northmen.

MR. AUSTIN DOBSON'S 'Selected Poems of Matthew Prior,' published by Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., can be procured from Scribner & Welford. It is accompanied by the critical paper contributed by Mr. Dobson some years ago to *The Princeton Review*. A series of notes taken from an unpublished account of Prior, written by his friend Sir James Montague, make the edition complete.

LIBRARY editions of Mr. Blackmore's novel 'Kit and Kitty,' and of Mr. William Black's 'Prince Fortunatus,' have been issued by Harper Bros.

It was Helmholtz who once remarked that the greatest discovery he had ever made was that of the genius and writings of Thomas Young, whom he considered to be "the greatest man of science that has appeared in the history of this

planet." The Rev. W. Milburn "the blind preacher," contributes to *Harper's Magazine* for April an account of this extraordinary man and his works. A portrait of Young accompanies the article.

MRS. SOPHIA H. MACLEHOSE has compiled from Spenser's 'Faerie Queene' a volume of tales for the use of children (Macmillan & Co.)

THE CASSELL PUBLISHING CO. have just ready 'Australian Poets, 1788-1888, being a selection of poems upon all subjects written in Australia and New Zealand during the first century of the British colonization, with brief notes on their authors and an introduction by Patchett Martin, edited by Douglas B. W. Sladen, of Melbourne, Australia

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS will publish at once Guy de Maupassant's powerful story, 'Pierre and Jean,' with a preface by the author. It has been translated by Hugh Craig, illustrated from designs by Ernest Duez and Albert Lynch. It will be issued uniform in style with their Daudet Series.

The fourth volume of the new edition of De Quincey's works published by Macmillan & Co. contains biographies and biographical sketches, comprising the essays on Shakspeare, Milton, Bentley, Pope, Goldsmith, Kant, Herder, Goethe, and Schiller. There is also a good portrait of Mrs. Baird Smith (Florence de Quincey) and a vignette of De Quincey's brother, 'Pink.'

A. C. ARMSTRONG & SON will publish shortly a new book by Prof. T. W. Hunt, of Princeton College, entitled 'Studies in Literature and Style.' It is the aim of these studies to state and illustrate the fundamental types of style, with primary reference to the needs of English literary students. The discussion is both philosophical and practical.

FOREIGN NOTES.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP has finished his biography of Browning for the Great Writers Series, and Mrs. Sutherland Orr, author of 'A Handbook to the works of Robert Browning,' is also at work upon a life of the poet. Mrs. Orr is a sister of Sir Frederick Leighton, and was an intimate friend of Mr. Browning.

AMONG forthcoming volumes of the *Canterbury Poets* is a selection from the works of Owen Meredith (the Earl of Lytton). The editor is Miss Betham-Edwards, who has Lord Lytton's sanction for the reprint.

G. BELL & SONS, London, have in press two volumes which are certain to interest the majority of our readers.

We refer to 'Bookbinding,' by J. Zaehnsdorf, and 'Printing,' by C. T. Jacobi, manager of the Chiswick Press. Both volumes belong to Messrs. Bell's series of 'Technological Handbooks'.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO. have in preparation a quarto illustrated volume on 'Living Leaders of the World.' It is intended that the book shall contain 'graphic biographies' of contemporary kings, queens, statesmen, inventors, preachers, authors, and other men and women of light and leading. The contributors are nearly all Americans, and the origin of the book is further suggested by the fact that 'graphic biographies, of 'millionaires' are also to be given.

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GENERAL NOTES.

A copy of the limited to six hundred edition of the complete 'Poems and Prose' of Walt Whitman—the edition handled by the poet himself—obtained two months ago is numbered eighteen—We trust that the sale has been larger than this would appear to signify.

FOR his little collection of 457 books Mr. Quaritch asks about \$219,000, an average of little less than \$480 each.

It is a pleasure to handle the volumes of Worthington's International Library. Well printed on excellent paper with ample margins and a well-balanced page they are a credit both to the publishers and to the printer's (Little & Co.)

"THE LOUNGER" in the *Critic*, commenting upon Miss Amelia B. Edward's endeavour to make well-to-do people ashamed of patronizing free libraries says, "The English sub-

scription libraries are made necessary by the high price of English novels." Surely the boot is on the other leg. The high price of English novels is directly caused by the English subscription libraries. Were the libraries abolished to-morrow the senseless 3 volume fashion and its concomitant high price would at once disappear.

WM. GEORGE'S Sons of Bristol Eng. have issued a catalogue of Americana, 146 pp., 2349 No's. This is most carefully compiled, and absolutely bristles with interesting and instructive bibliographical notes which shew the hand of a trained expert. We commend this catalogue to the careful study of American bibliopoles whose booklists are mainly excellent specimens of "how not to do it," and bear about as close resemblance to bibliography as does a grocer's price list.

THE always invaluable *Library Journal* appears to have taken a new

lease of life under its new editors. The February number is one of the best and most instructive that we remember to have read. It is difficult to understand why this magazine is not financially most successful. Every library in the United States ought to subscribe for it if only for the use and instruction of its librarian. But no doubt, as usual with libraries, nine tenths of them call for free copies. Even the wealthy Astor and Boston Libraries descend to sue for gratis copies of the BOOKMART. If we were to accede to one fifth of the demands made for free copies of this magazine by public institutions alone we should rapidly appear among the lists of bankrupts. There is a popular craze for getting something for nothing, if only a bookseller's catalogue, that is very disheartening. Public libraries are persistent sinners in this respect. Public corporations we know have no souls to be saved and no "*de quo*;" to be kicked but they can at any rate be talked to. We should like to hear what the Library Journal has to say on the subject. No doubt the lesson would be instructive, if the Journal cared to speak out.

Not very many years ago odd volumes of Roscoe's Novelists library could be picked up for fifty or seventy-five cents apiece. The last set we have come across in catalogues is priced \$142, an average for the 19 volumes of over seven dollars each. Here is another book that has been pushed to an exorbitant price; Nimrod's 'Life of a Sportsman,' illustrated by Alken, for, which, in the original cloth, no less than sixty-five dollars is now demanded. For Maxwell's 'History of the Irish Rebellion' with Cruikshank's plates \$63 is asked, Allken's National Sports of Great Britain is valued at \$140, and Alice's Adventures in Wonderland at \$31.50.

Copies of rare books and editions

are now manufactured in Germany and France by means of a chemical process. The *fac-similes* are good, but their durability is uncertain.

A SCOTTISH Bibliographic Society has been founded in Edinburgh, under the presidency of Mr. Archibald Constable. The members, limited to sixty in number, are to meet every fortnight with the object of making known and exhibiting rarities, comparing notes and accumulating materials for a complete Scottish bibliography. Meanwhile select papers, read and printed by them, will be issued, to the sixty only.

Book News for February (Philadelphia) might well be called a Scandinavian number. Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen has an interesting article on "The Norwegian Novel," and there is an excellent 'Life' of Henrik Ibsen (accompanied by a plate-paper portrait). There is in edition a readable article by Edward Everett Hale on 'The American Revolution, a History Old—but New.' 'With the New Books', about the best books of the month, and the reviews are mostly illustrated.

LADY WOLSELEY is a great lover of old books, and is almost as well known among book hunters as Mr. Austin Dobson or Mr. Andrew Lang. She frequents all places where she is likely to gratify her taste, and understands the technicalities of publishers, marks and first editions.

The original MS. of the lyrics in Tennyson's 'Princess,' which was sold the other day in London, brought only \$100. A water-color portrait of an Oriental made by Thackeray, and signed and dated, brought the same sum. The MSS. of Moore's 'Lalla Rookh' and of the first canto of the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel' were disposed of at something like \$400 each.

Concluding an energetic appeal

printed in the *N. Y. Tribune*, for the abolition of the vexatious duty on books, Mr. Chas. B. Curtis writes:— One word as to the duties on books by mail. Of all petty annoyances this is the worst. In 1884 the number of book packages coming by mail from abroad was 60,225, the duties were \$10,497, an average of 17 cents per package. This sum was less than the salaries, rent, stationery and postage required in collecting it, so that the only profit the Government gained was in harassing 60,000 of its citizens. There is probably no tax evied by any Government in the world which is collected in such small sums, from so many different people, and which is more than absorbed in the cost of collection.

In forthcoming numbers of *Scrib-*

ner's Magazine will appear some papers by Benjamin E. Martin, "In the Foot Prints of Lamb," who is said to have discovered last summer the exact location of Lamb's birthplace. It is further claimed that Mr. Martin has been able to correct a number of errors in the accepted biographies of Lamb.

In the March *Harper* Mr. John Kendrick Bangs bangs away at the bibliopelt the following epigram.

The Bibliomaniac

Who devotes to the margins and binding
of a book every hour and minute
Has a very small chance of e'er finding
Aught of good that is printed within it.

To which we might add:—

The bibliopelt and margin flat,
His back, for pelts, I'd skin it,
So a book's beauty's blind as a bat
'Cause he sees nothing in it.

—:O:—

BOOK AUCTIONS.

MESSRS. C. F. LIBBIE & Co., of Boston, Mass., will sell at auction, April 15th. to 19th. the Library, Maps, Historical Autographs and Manuscripts belonging to Gerald E. Hart, Esq., of Montreal. Author of 'Fall of New France,' Ex-President of the Society for Historical Studies, Montreal, etc., etc.

Mr. Hart has been known for many years as an industrious and intelligent bibliophile and has succeeded in bringing together an uncommonly rich collection. In the collection will be found many valuable and rare specimens of Incunabula, of MSS., of Editiones Principes of Books bound by master binders, of Provenances Illustres, of Rare Americana, Original Documents relating to the settlement of New France, Unique Specimens of Canadian Incunabula, as well as the more recent historical works on America.

The prevalent custom of including books from other sources in important catalogues of well-known libraries, without announcing the fact, makes it necessary for the auctioneers to make the explicit statement that every lot described in this catalogue belongs to the Hart collection, no outside material whatever having been added.

Among the many Missals is a specimen of the French School of exceptional value, executed for Queen Margaret of Navarre, and having her motto marked in the border, and clad in as sumptuous binding by Clovis Eve, in perfect preservation.

Among the books of Provenance Illustre are examples from the libraries of Henri II and Diane de Poitiers, de Thou, Colbert, Marguerite de Valois, Catharine de Medicis, Francis II, Louis XIII, Henry VIII, Edward VI (with his autograph), Charles I, James

II, William III, Queen Anne, George III, La Pompadour, Louis Philippe, LeGrand Condé, Count Hoym, Maioli, Longepierre, Yemeniz, Walpole, Garrick, and other illustrious names, mostly with the respective coats-of-arms of the former possessors, stamped on the binding.

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THE BOOKMART.

VOL. VII.

MAY, 1890.

Whole No. 84

IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Tread softly here; the sacredest of tombs
Are those that hold your poets. Kings and queens
Are facile accidents of Time and Chance;
Chance sets them on the heights, they climb not
there!

But he who from the darkling mass of men
Is on the wing of heavenly thought upborne
To fiercer ether, and becomes a voice
For all the voiceless, God anointed him;
His name shall be a star, his grave a shrine!

Tread softly here, in silent reverence tread.
Beneath those marble cenotaphs and urns
Lies richer dust than ever nature hid
Packed in the mountain's adamant heart,
Or slyly wrapt in unsuspecting sand.
The dross men toll for often stains the soul.
How vain and all ignoble seems that greed
To him who stands in this dim cloistered air
With these most sacred ashes at his feet!

This dust was Chaucer, Spenser, Dryden this;
The spark that once illumed it lingers still.
O ever-hallowed spot of English earth!
If the unleashed and happy spirit of man
Have option to revisit our dull globe,
What august shades at midnight here convene
In the miraculous sessions of the moon
When the great pulse of London faintly throbs,
And one by one the stars in heaven pale!

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

MODERN BOOKBINDING.

Mr. J. W. Zaehnsdorf recently contributed an excellent article on the above subject to the press. He said: "Bookbinding has certainly very much altered since the days of Grolier and his contemporaries. Could he

but see some of the cloth-work that is now in the market, he would, there is no doubt, be astonished. Seeing that there are comparatively few books bound now but in cloth, it behoves us to ask, is not cloth-work modern bookbinding?"

On some of the cloth-work there is doubtless good taste shown in the selection of color and general get-up of the book; but on how few is the book itself studied that the binding should be in keeping with its contents! Compare the volumes of Keepsake, and other table books, that were issued some few years ago, bound in silk or in stamped velvet, to the books now cased in gaudy cloth. Of the thousand and one published, how many books are issued in a properly bound form? For one must make a distinction between a cased book and one bound in boards. A cased book, or, in plainer words, a cloth cover, is, after all that can be said in its favor, only a superior kind of wrapping; at the first fall or rough usage the book parts from its jacket, and the cover then offers little protection to its contents. True, there are a few books to be had which are placed in a better sort of binding; but as the leather used on the binding altogether is scarcely better than a fraud, it takes a place very little higher than cloth-work, and of the

two one would almost prefer the cloth-cased copy, because one knows what to expect if the book be used much, and the cost is very much less. Again, how many are there who understand or even know a properly-bound book? So much of this cheap work has been done that it is almost a rarity to have a well-bound book in one's hands.

Is the binder to be blamed for this deterioration of solid work? One can hardly censure him, for he being under the direction of the publisher, has to do as ordered; or, if the work is estimated for, the publisher accepts in almost every case the lowest tender, and the binder has, very often, to scamp the work to make it pay, and does not care how it is executed, so long as his work be accepted. This, then, inculcates the publisher, for one cannot blame the public, who are attracted by anything that is cheap and of a gaudy character. No doubt the public require restraining as to the choice of books and bindings. An attempt was made in this direction some three or four years ago by an enterprising publisher, who certainly did print a very choice book, and who promised its subscribers the book in a properly-bound form. So that everything should be correct a first-class binder was consulted, who finally took the order to get up two copies in different styles, each copy consisting of a few sheets of letter-press, but filled up to proper thickness with blank paper so that the travellers could show the style of printing, woodcuts, thickness of book, and lastly, the beautiful binding, perhaps also quoting the binder's name as a further inducement for orders. The binder having promises of such an unusual order, viz., some hundreds of copies in fancy vellum, took great trouble, had his men working during holiday-time, and turned out two

very fine samples of binding just in time for the travellers. The books were shown and admired, but when the time arrived for them to be bound, instead of the original binder reaping the benefit of his brains, the two books were taken to a cloth binder, the sides were electroed, the books cased, and issued to the subscribers, very few of them knowing the fraud practised. This is quoted as one instance that the public, aye, and very few booksellers, really know a properly-bound book when they see one.

Another example happened in which the writer was a silent spectator. A gentleman came to a binder of good repute; he wanted a book very nicely bound, and, after having a number of books shown him bound in various styles from plain Russia to daintily-inlaid morocco, at last selected a superb Grolier for pattern; the color was next selected, then the price was asked; a modest sum was named. "What!" exclaimed the customer, "I don't want to pay more than 2s. 6d." A pale green cloth binding, lettered on the back, with sprinkled edges, was afterwards chosen, and the gentleman expressed himself quite as well satisfied as with the morocco copy. Here was a man evidently moving in good society, who, taking quite one hour of a tradesman's time, expected a rich Grolier in morocco, with gilt edges, for 2s. 6d.

These facts are mentioned to show the necessity of restraining, if one may so use the term, and such work lies more in the hands of the publishers and booksellers than with the binder.

It has been said over and over again that a properly-bound book should open easily and remain open at any page. Now, if a book is printed on very heavy or stout paper to make it appear bulky, as is sometimes done for want of matter, is it possible for

the binder to make such a book open easily and remain so without putting each leaf on a guard, and thus making it a guard book? Books printed three hundred years ago had good paper, their bindings are in many instances in fair preservation, and in all cases these books were bound with tight backs—a thing perfectly impossible to do with the present class of paper. The very fact of them having tight backs tended to their good condition; the paper allowed of such treatment, it was good, thin and pliable. As the paper altered in the manufacture and became adulterated, so the binder had to meet the requirements such paper demanded, and the hollow back was introduced to open more easily. There is a great deal of difference between a tight back as above, and a flexible back. The former had paper glued upon paper until the back was as hard as iron. In many cases these layers were 1-16th inch thick; in the latter the leather is almost fastened direct upon the sections, thus permitting the book to open perfectly flat. But this method is not suitable for all bindings of the present day. It has been asked, Why cannot one get a book bound now equal to those of two hundred and fifty years ago? This is answered that one gets better binding and more accurately done by going to a binder of good standing, for books are quite as elaborately decorated now as in former years; but modern books are of less money value, therefore have cheaper bindings. But when a book has over fourteen days spent on its decoration one must be prepared for the charge of time expended on it. When Channing said, "God be thanked for books," he ought to have added, "and good bookbinders."

AS TO POPE.

"Pop no a poet!" cried an old Scottish lady long ago, "why, I can tell every card in Belinda's hand." This argument may, or may not, prove convincingly that Pope was a poet. Mr. Courthope is convinced already, and returns to the charge against Warton, Mr. Matthew Arnold, and many other heretics, in his admirable new biography of the Twitnam recluse. Mr. Courthope's *Life of Pope* is the more excellent because he has resisted the biographer's temptation to paint his hero in the blackest asphalte. Pope's biographers, like the historians of the Roman people, have detested their subjects. Pope's duplicity, his rancour, his cruel attacks on people insignificant and poor, his deplorable tone towards women, have turned biographers into assailants. Mr. Courthope, on the other hand, is perfectly humane, kindly, and tolerant. "To understand all is to forgive all;" and he appears thoroughly to understand Pope's character and the making of it. People have always pardoned Byron's bitterness because of his unlucky physical mishap. But what was Byron's grievance against nature to Pope's? A "man of his make," as he puts it, and with his heart, at once so tender and so fiery and so proud, was born to be made miserable beyond all imagining by the beautiful women who courted him, and then laughed in his face. Educated apart from all that was manly in English life, a child born in a weak and haughty, and persecuted Church, he was too sorely tempted, and too naturally armed himself with duplicity and mockery, the weapons of the weak. Of such the Laureate says

By those whom God had made full-limbed and tall,
Scorn was allowed as part of his defect

at King Arthur's court, and we, when all the heat of the turmoil is over,

should not be less tolerant than Arthur's knights. One may be even grateful to Mr. Courthope for speaking of Pope's "romantic narrative" about Addison, and using six syllables in place of one. But, when it comes to the question of Pope's poetry, that is a different thing. Unless all good writing about verse is to be called "poetry" (which is a question of terminology), Mr. Courthope has not convinced me that Pope was a poet, except on rare occasions, and, as a rule, "with a difference."

* *

Let us examine a few of his arguments. Let us admit that if Boileau was a poet, Pope was a poet; as far as terminology goes, he has a right to the name. But Mr. Courthope finds fault with Cowper's famous lines, declaring that Pope made

poetry a mere mechanic art,
And every warbler has the tune by heart.

"No criticism," Mr. Courthope cries, "in my opinion was ever more superficial and unjust." And then Mr. Courthope, quite unconsciously, adopts the criticism as his own. He really admits that Fenton and Broome, very average warblers, had "the tune by heart." The following words are his:—

"So thoroughly had the assistants mastered the secret of Pope's style, that, as Johnson says, the world has been unable to detect any substantial difference in the work of the different hands." Could the "tune" be had by heart better than by Broome and Fenton? Again, "Pope knew that Fenton and Broome had sufficiently mastered the mechanism of his style to be almost as skilful versifiers as himself," so, for trade purposes, he tried to keep secret the amount of their contributions to his *Odyssey*.

Thus Pope himself agrees with Cowper's verdict, which Mr. Courthope finds "superficial and unjust." *Habemus confitentens reum.*

* *

As to Pope's version of the *Iliad*, Mr. Courthope thinks that this alone would entitle Pope to the praise of "a great original poet." But he had a collaborator, surely, in Homer! I said long ago (in a preface to a prose version of the *Odyssey*) that "this great translation—Pope's—must always live as an English poem." But then the poetry in it was given by the Greek. Mr. Courthope says that Pope "has vividly entered into the imaginary situation, not, indeed, in the spirit of Homer, but nevertheless in the spirit of a genuine poet." Would it not be as true to say, in the spirit of a splendid rhetorician? Mr. Courthope proves his case by extracts of the highest merit, the most brilliant speed and force, but then they are extracts from Homeric *speeches*. All the future of Greek oratory was present in Homer, and to this, for example to Sarpedon's speech to Glaucus, Pope does perfect, nay, unexampled and unequalled justice, in the manner of his own age. But Homer was so very much more than a rhetorician; Pope, I still venture to think, was not. Mr. Courthope repeats, again and again, that he rendered Homer in the spirit of Statius, that he "founded his epic style on that of the Latin poets, whose spirit is most opposed to Homer's." Thus Pope definitely marked his own place, and the limits of his poetic understanding. It is as if one translated the *Njal Saga* in the manner of Marivaux or of Hayley. To take an example of Mr. Courthope's own, Homer says, "and the people perished;" Pope says, "And heaped the camp with mountains of the dead." Mr. Courthope compares

a passage of Pope with a passage of Chapman and one of Mr. Worsley. It is the speech of Agamemnon against Calchas, a piece of oratory again. Here is what Agamemnon begins by saying, 'Prophet of evil, never yet hast thou spoken good to me; ever are evils dear to thy heart to bode: a good word hast thou never said, nor a good deed done, and now thou utterest thy soothsaying among the Danaans, even how that for *this* the archer God sends mischief upon them, because I was not minded to receive the rich atonement instead of Chryses' daughter," and so forth. Pope has

Augur accursed, denouncing mischief still,
Prophet of plagues, for ever boding ill;
Still must that tongue some wounding message
bring,

*And still thy priestly pride provoke thy king?
For this are Phœbus' oracles explored,
To teach the Greeks to murmur at their lord?
For this with falsehoods is my honour stained;
Is heaven offended and a priest profaned,
Because my prize, my beauteous prize I hold,
And heavenly charms prefer to proffered gold?*

It is magnificent rhetoric, but it is not Homer's, and the passages italicised are among the best, though they have no warrant in the original. Naturally, when an English reader compares Pope's version with those by Mr. Worsley and by Chapman, he prefers Pope. The truth is that Pope took the licence of adding his own rhetoric to Homer's, and his own is excellent in its kind. Mr. Worsley and Chapman were more conscientious, but horribly flat. Indeed, Mr. Worsley's *Iliad* is not a fair example of his powers; his *Odyssey* is every way superior. Mr. Courthope charges him with using obsolete English. There are no obsolete words in the passage chosen — indeed Pope's "bode" is as archaic as any of them.

* *

As to poetry in general, Mr. Courthope can conceive of nothing "more

exquisitely poetical" than the lines in the *Rape of the Lock* about the punishments of the sylphs. They are to be

Wedged, whole ages, in a bodkin's eye.

* * * * *

Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill.
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below.

This is "exquisitely poetical!" It is a mere parody, a very clever parody, of the pains of Ariel in the *Tempest*. The poetry is Shakspeare's; the parody is Pope's. Indeed, here is the very point where Mr. Courthope and his opponents divide and join issue. We call such a passage as this exquisitely poetical—

And ye Fairies, ye that run
By the triple Hecat's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream.

Or we call

Can no one tell me what she sings?

OR

But the majestic river floated on,

exquisitely poetical. But, with Hazlitt, we call *The Rape of the Lock* "the most exquisite specimen of filagree work." It is like the jewelry of Genoa: diamonds come from other and deeper minds, and pearls are

Brought from the ocean and the green
Shores of the Indian gulf-river.

In brief, and to employ an *argumentum ad hominem* which is too sincere to be discourteous, we find more exquisite poetry in Mr. Courthope's *The Paradise of Birds* than in *The Rape of the Lock*.

ANDREW LANG.



IN Mr. Gladstone's judgment the most learned man in England is Lord Acton. He possesses a library of one hundred thousand volumes and knows how to use it.

SOMETHING TO READ.

Presses teeming, counters crowded, books like
muffins every hour,
Yet midst these volumes many, this copious,
never-ending shower,
Look I in vain, in vain, for just a simple little
dower
Of something pleasant to read!

Here are books historical—I weary of the ponder-
ous theme!

Here are books poetical—how familiar all they
seem!

Here are books polemical—worst of all are these,
I deem.
Ah me! for something to read!

Here are tales romantic—wild adventure and
dark intrigue!

Here are stories psychical—soul with soul in
mystic league!

Here are books æsthetic—artistic raptures but
fatigue.
In these is nothing to read!

Here are stories realistic—with nothing to ruffle
the soul!

Here are novels domestic—as flat as a very flat
roll!

Here are books salacious—oh, for the power to
purge them whole!
Still look I for something to read!

I am tired of passion's overdone rapturous
phrases,

Tired of labored plots that are forced through
strained and puzzling mazes,

Tired of old school thunder and the new school
very thin hazes.

What is there, masters, to read?

I'm tired of heroes doughty, dangers thrilling,
rescues knightly;

Tired of murder's ghastly face, and of people
that ne'er do rightly;

Tired of glided salons and rags in slums unsight-
ly—

All weary pages to read!

What would I have? Something fresh, delicious
and human!

For hero, nothing more than a noble, good-heart-
ed, true man!

For heroine, a creature blest because she is a
woman—

A touch of nature to read!

What would I have? The sweetness and beauty
of life—

The sun that shines on the blossom, the loveliness
everywhere rife,

The voice that is sweet, the heart that is empty
of strife,
Something uplifting to read!

Give us the splendor of youth upon life—as it
dashes,

The conduct that ne'er with just probability
clashes,

The art that brightens, enchants, and with intel-
lect flashes,

Here would be something to read!

Oh! let the bitter, the false, the dark, and the
morbid depart—

Awaken in all the skill that sweetens the mind
and the heart!

Oh, breath of the blossoms, breath of the heavens,
live in our art—

A priceless something to read!

OLIVER B. BUNCE, in *The Independent*.

COLLINS AND DICKENS.

There was an idea, but it turned out
a forlorn hope, that Wilkie Collins
would write a book about Dickens,
since the materials were his own,
and his very close relations with
Dickens gave him opportunities that
came to no other man. This cannot
be doubted, says a writer in the *Pall
Mall Gazette*, "if a look is taken at the
pencil and pen memoranda that are
to be found in his copy of Forster's
'Life'—the three-volume edition of
1872. His estimates of some of Dick-
ens's stories are terse, direct, and vig-
orous. The first is on the first page. It is
an emendation. 'Charles Dickens, the
most popular novelist of the century,'
says Forster. Wilkie Collins qualifies
this statement by adding the words
'after Walter Scott.' At page 125, Vol.
1., discussing 'Oliver Twist,' Mr. For-
ster remarks: 'Here was the interest
of a story simply but well construct-
ed. 'Nonsense,' writes Wilkie Collins;
'the one defect in that wonderful
book is the bad construction of the sto-
ry. The character of Nancy is the finest
thing he ever did. He never afterward
saw all sides of a woman's character
—saw all round her. That the same

man who could create Nancy created the second Mrs. Dombey is the most incomprehensible anomaly that I know of in literature.' [Dickens himself—the brackets are mine—said of Nancy's story: 'It is true.']

"The next note will be found on page 217 and relates to 'Barnaby Rudge.' Dickens, it appears, had a very original idea for working out the plot differently from the way in which it now stands. But he was persuaded out of it by Forster, who thought it weak. Concerning this Wilkie Collins writes, 'Where is the unsoundness of it? I call it a fine idea. New, powerful, highly dramatic, and well within the limits of truth to nature. It would have greatly improved the weakest book that Dickens ever wrote.'

"In Vol. II., page 21, the words 'waterfall at "St. Wighton"' are made to read 'St. Nighton,' and on page 151 that the favorite of Napoleon was not 'Mme. St. George,' but 'Mlle. Georges.' At page 372 is the following remark by Mr. Wilkie Collins: 'Here and there I hope to add a few notes to the Biography.' At page 417 Dickens says: "'Chuzzlewit," with its small sale sent me up. "Dombey's" large sale has tumbled me down.' In answer to which Mr. Wilkie Collins argues: 'That "Chuzzlewit" (in some respects the finest novel he ever wrote) delighted its readers, and so led to a large sale of the next book, "Dombey," I don't doubt. But the latter half of "Dombey" no intelligent person can have read without astonishment at the badness of it, and the disappointment that followed lowered the sale of the next book, "Copperfield," incomparably superior to "Dombey" as it certainly is.'

"The Leigh Hunt incident in regard to the character of Harold Skimpole in 'Bleak House' is spoken of on page 7, Vol. III. Mr. Wilkie Collins,

for the first time using ink for his notes—till now they have been written in pencil—makes this statement: 'At Dicken's own house, when Leigh Hunt was one of his guests at dinner on that occasion, Hunt directly charged Dickens with taking the character of Harold Skimpole from the character of Leigh Hunt, and protested strongly. I was not present, but Dickens told me what had happened.'

"That Mr. Wilkie Collins was a realist creeps out in his remarks in a passage on page 349: 'There is scarcely a page of the thousands he has written which might not be put into the hand of a child,' remarks Dickens's biographer. This raises Mr. Wilkie Collins's ire. He says: 'It is impossible to read such stuff as this without a word of protest. If it is true, which it is not, it would imply the condemnation of Dickens's books as works of art, it would declare him to be guilty of deliberately presenting to his readers a false reflection of human life. If this wretched English claptrap means anything it means that the novelist is forbidden to touch on the sexual relations which literally swarm about him, and influence the lives of millions of his fellow-creatures [except] those relations are licensed by [the word marriage has been run through, and in its place is written] the ceremony called marriage. One expects this essentially immoral view of the functions of the novelist from a professor of claptrap like the late Bishop of Manchester. But that Forster should quote it with approval is a sad discovery indeed.'

"On page 428 Mr. Forster compares the description in 'Edwin Drood' with the dialogue in 'Oliver Twist.' On which Mr. Wilkie Collins remarks: 'He would have pointed out the contrast more fairly if he had compared dialogue with dialogue or description

with description in both cases. A novelist knows what Forster did not know—that dialogue is more easily written than description. To my mind it was cruel to compare Dickens in the radiant prime of his genius with Dickens's last labored effort, the melancholy work of a worn-out brain.'

'On page 442 there is a personal note. Mr. Forster says: 'personal characteristics, unbroken continuity of kindly impulse.' Mr. Wilkie Collins writes: 'The "kindly impulse" did unquestionably exist, but not in "unbroken continuity." More than once there were fierce quarrels between Dickens and Forster (sometimes at Forster's own table) which took place in my presence. Dickens's sense of what he owed to Forster's devotion—rightly and properly a strong sense—was often subjected to severe trial by Forster himself. The assertion (quite sincerely made) that no letters addressed by Dickens to other old friends revealed his character so frankly and completely as his letters to Forster, it is not necessary to contradict. Dickens's letters published by his sister-in-law and his eldest daughter may be left to settle that question.'

"This ends the notes. But in the appendix it may be seen that Mr. Wilkie Collins wrote the third chapter in *Household Words*, Christmas Number, 1857, Charles Dickens writing the first and second chapters. It is also stated by Mr. Wilkie Collins that he wrote a portion of the Christmas number, 1860—'A Message from the Sea.' Though the book is by far the most important item, there are are other books among them that formed Mr. Wilkie Collins's library which have an interest. There are two books of newspaper cuttings—chiefly from the *Times*, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and the *Echo*—that contain

the groundwork for more than one thought-out plot. The first is classified under the headings, 'Our Civilization,' 'Hints for Scenes and Incidents,' and 'Hints for Character.' Then there is the boy's old story book—Ritson's 'Robin Hood,' in which, boy-like, he has written his name more than once and embellished the title page with lake and French blue from his paint box, at the age of eight years. Then there is the book—Southey's 'Essays'—that came to him as the first prize at the Maida Hill Academy, Christmas, 1835. The library is rich in annals of crime—both English and French—handy writing materials to the sensational novelist. And, above all, there is a set of 'The Library Edition' of Dickens's works from the author, with this letter, dated from Tavistock House:

Tenth November, 1859.

TO WILKIE COLLINS:

This set of the Library Edition of my books, with a fraternal regard. In remembrance of 'The Lighthouse,' the 'Frozen Deep,' and much more.
CHARLES DICKENS.

"A melancholy interest attaches to the dispersal of a private library. It reminds one of the days of slavery. An owner dies, and his books, which have stood side by side on the same set of shelves for years, are for financial or personal reasons placed under the auctioneer's hammer. Happily, books—truest friends of man as they are—are not in themselves human, like the slaves of the Southern States. Yet human interest enough centres around their collection. With what joy does the literary man or the bibliophile regard the filling of his shelves; and what intense pleasure does he not feel at the acquisition of some rare or useful work! At last comes the time when the literary man is compelled to lay down pen and paper, and he passes away to a place where he has no further need of books. Occasionally his library is religiously

preserved by his friends, or is presented to some institution where its beneficent offices to man can still be performed; more often it comes into the auction room—collected and complete for the last time—whence it is rapidly scattered far and wide. Such has been the fate of most of the books collected by Wilkie Collins. His library—a noteworthy collection of standard works and presentation volumes—was put up for sale by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson at their auction gallery in Leicester-square; in a few hours the whole collection, which comprised several thousand volumes, was dispersed. The following report of the sale gives the titles of some of the more important books sold, together with the prices given:

A complete set of the *Annual Register* from its commencement in 1758 down to 1851—in all ninety-five volumes—made 25s. A 'presentation copy of Dr. Forbes Winslow's 'Obscure Diseases of the Brain' and some 'Lectures on Insanity' went for 3s., while 'Stephen's Commentaries,' the well-known legal text book, went for 18s. The edition was that of 1841, which, from the legal point of view, is valueless. Forster's 'Landor' (a presentation copy) and certain other volumes were knocked down at 19s. Boswell's 'Johnson' (Bohn, 1859,) made £1 2s., and Mr. Harry Quilter's 'Sententiæ Artis' (a presentation copy) £1 11s. Several Dickens lots were put up for sale. The library edition of his works—a presentation copy with an interesting autograph letter—made £14; the first edition of the 'Great Expectations,' £9 5s; the first edition of the 'Pickwick Papers,' £3 15s.; the 'Mystery of Edwin Drood,' in the original wrappers, 8s.; and Forster's 'Life of Dickens,' (1872,) £3 5s. Warton's 'Pope' (1797) sold for 5s. Another presentation copy—O. W. Holmes's 'Songs of Many Sea-

sons'—fetched 18s. The plays, histories, and novels of Mrs. Aphra Behn, ('The Stage How Loosely Does Astræa Tread,') in large paper, (Pearson; 1871,) were sold for £2 12s.; while Southey's copy of Genest's 'Account of the English Stage'—an invaluable work to the literary historian—fetched £8 5s. A complete edition of Swift's works, edited by Hawkesworth, sold for 15s. The remainder of the collection consisted mainly of ordinary standard works and of collections of modern novels. The latter went for a few shillings per set. The sale was well attended, but chiefly by dealers.

FRENCH BOOKLOVERS SOCIETIES.

"Oh God of gods of Zion! what a rushing river of joy gladdens my heart as often as I have a chance of going to Paris! There the days seem always short, there are the goodly collections on the delicate fragrant bookshelves!" Such wrote the great English book-lover, Richard de Bury, between five and six centuries ago. And the Paris of to-day is the happy hunting ground of the lover of books—especially of beautiful books. France is famous for its "Sociétés des Bibliophiles," which have been, at various times, started in Nantes, Bordeaux, Montpellier, Tours, Rouen and Lyons, to say nothing of Paris herself. Whilst John Bull gathers all his learning, some of his wisdom, and by no means a small percentage of his gullibility, in the many antiquarian societies throughout the land, and attempts to infuse animation, with cold collation and bottled beer, into dull and dry theories about nothing in particular, the French not only indulge in delightful little dinners, but have the satisfaction of adding to their shelves

books which are eternal joys, not only because they are beautifully got up, but because they may at any time be sold at a premium. The *transactions* of many of our societies are usually sold at a discount, and may often be had for the asking.

The two leading societies of the type just indicated, are the "Société des Amis des Livres" of Paris, and another of the same name which exists at Lyons. The Parisian society is naturally the most influential. It was founded in March 15, 1874, when the first meeting was held, but its *statuts* were not approved by government until six years afterwards. This society is limited to fifty, who must reside in Paris, and twenty-five foreign or provincial corresponding members. The members of this society dine together on the first Tuesday in every month, when not only are the doings of the society discussed, but, as Mr. H. S. Ashbee¹ has expressed it, "to converse about their own treasures, and to communicate to each other their bouquinistic *trouvailles* of the month;" for, according to M. Charles, "Après le plaisir de posséder des livres, il n'y en a guère de plus doux que celui d'en parler et de communiquer au public ces innocentes richesses de la pensée qu'on acquiert dans la culture des lettres."

The chief aim of this society is not, as it would seem, the republication of rare, curious or otherwise desirable books of an ancient date. The object, therefore, is to issue to its members comparatively recent books of established reputation, but with illustrations by the most famous artists, and printed and bound in a manner calculated to transport the bibliophile as near Elysium as it is possible in this world. The first book published by the society is "Chronique du Règne de Charles IX," by Prosper Mérimée, and this work, in two volumes is

"illustrée de trente-et-un compositions dessinées et gravées à l'eau forte par Edouard Morin," M. Paillet undertaking to see it through the press. In all, eight books have been issued by this society, including works of Henry Murger, Victor Hugo, and Edmond About. As the publication of works does not more than about average one in two years, it will be seen that the "Société des Amis des Livres," takes what we may call its "superlative" pleasures only occasionally, upon the plea perhaps that it is possible to have too much even of a good thing. In addition, however, to these special publications the *Annuaire* appears with a commendable and proper regularity, and it generally contains articles by various members, besides a detailed statement of the financial position of the society, of which it may be mentioned the honorary president is the Duc d'Aumale, and M. Eugene Paillet the working president. In reference to subscriptions, we may quote from the "Règlement Intérieur," which appears in each *Annuaire*:—III "Tout sociétaire est soumis à un droit d'entrée et à une cotisation. Le droit d'entrée est de cinquante francs pour les membres fondateurs et de cent francs pour les nouveaux titulaires. Les membres de la Société anciens et nouveaux paient une cotisation annuelle de soixante francs ou une somme de mille francs une fois versée. Il peut être fait par le Comité remise partielle de cette cotisation, mais titre de mesure générale." Corresponding members pay thirty francs per year, but they are only admitted to the "réunion de la Société," by special consent of the committee.

The kindred society at Lyons—"La Société des Amis des Livres de Lyon"—has only been established just over twelve months, and much of its best work remains to be done. It was

founded September 10, 1887, under the auspices of M. Gustave Rubattel, who is president. The aim of the two Societies is, as will be gathered from the following, as nearly identical as possible:—"qui par leur exécution typographique et par le choix des illustrations qui les enrichissent contribuent au développement de l'amour des livres et soient un encouragement pour les peintres et les graveurs aussi bien qu' un motif d' emulation pour les imprimeurs français." The society is cosmopolitan and consists of fifty members. The president is elected for two years only. And at the general meeting in February, all volumes which have not found owners are burned, and the plates, sketches, proofs, rejected designs etc. are destroyed; the original designs which have been engraved are sold by auction to the members. In literary history, Lyons is in the foremost place among the provincial towns of France, and the society of Bibliophiles is bound to prosper there. It may be interesting to point out, that in 1846, the "*Société des Archéologues et des Bibliophiles Lyonnais*," issued a list of members, rules of the institution, its organization, and so forth, but this society is said to have never been constituted at all!

The most recent candidate for favor among the bibliophiles threatens to completely overshadow the two societies to which reference has already been made. The "*Projet de Formation d' une Société d' Amateurs de Livres sous cette dénomination; Les Bibliophiles Contemporains*" was published in a recent issue of *Le Livre*, and it has been reprinted and sent to the leading and best known book-worms of the world.

W, ROBERTS.

THE ODOR OF MUSTY VOLUMES.

One of the assistants of the British Museum tells me that the visitors to that institution frequently have a hard time getting "acclimated" to the place. An hour spent in the rooms invariably gives the visitor (for the first time) a headache. Sometimes it is only after repeated visits that one is able to indulge his researches without carrying away a headache with him. Women seem to be particularly sensitive to this curious malady, which is said to arise from the peculiar odor created by the storage of so many books. You can get some idea of what this is by going to your book-case, that has been closed for twenty-four hours, and opening one of the doors; immediately your olfactories will be greeted by the mustiest fragrance imaginable. Bibliomaniacs profess to love this odor, and many declare that they cannot value a book unless it has about it that unmistakable and ineradicable smell which infects a volume when once it has crossed the sea in the hold of a vessel.

William Blades, on the other hand, says that the musty smell betokens the decay of a book, and he cries out against all book-cases which close tight. It is his theory that books require pure, dry air constantly, and the result of his experiments and experience seems to be that the most healthful kind of book-case is one that has lattice doors, behind which may be hung thin curtains to keep out the dust. But to know all about the crotchets of this admirable gentleman you should read his '*Enemies of Books*.'

EUGENE FIELD.

DRAYTONS 'POLYOLBION.'

"There is," observes the Seigneur de Montaigne, "a certain low and moderate sort of poetry that a man may well enough judge by certain rules of art;" and there can be scarcely any question about Drayton's 'Polyolbion' being included in this category. In structure it is as perfect as Spenser, but it lacks what Montaigne calls the "supream and divine poesie," and, consequently, fails to "ravish and overwhelm our judgment. 'Polyolbion' belongs to that large class of books of which every one has heard but few have read. In spite of Charles Lamb's praise, and the unquestioned tribute of equally eminent men, 'Polyolbion' is too tremendous and unprofitable a task to be undertaken even by a very earnest student at the present day. Mr. A. H. Buller, who has recently published some "beauties" from among Drayton's numerous books of poetry, describes the "long-rolling verse" of 'Polyolbion' as having "something of the springiness of heather; we cover the ground insensibly, and find a growing delight in the labor." Hallam also speaks in high praise of this extraordinary effort. It is he says, "essentially designed to instruct, and speaks to the understanding more than to the fancy. The powers displayed in it are, however, of a high cast. The style is sustained with extraordinary ability on an equable line from which he seldom much deviates, neither brilliant nor prosaic; few or no passages could be marked as impressive; but few are languid and mean. The language is clear, strong, various, and sufficiently figurative; the stories and figures interspersed, as well as the general spirit and liveliness, relieve the heaviness incidental to topographical description. There is probably no poem of this kind in any other language comparable in extent

and excellence to the 'Polyolbion'; nor can any one read a portion of it without admiration for its learned and highly-gifted author."

'Poly-Olbion, or a Chronological Description of all the Tracts, Rivers, Mountains, Forests, and other Parts . . . of Great Britaine,' was first published in 1612. It was printed for M. Lownes, J. Browne, J. Helme, and J. Busbie, and consists of 303 pages. It is evidently the labor of many years, for, in 1598, Francis Meres reported that Michael Drayton "is now penning in English verse a poem called 'Pola-olbion.'" The first part contains eighteen sections or songs, to each of which is added a "poetical" map of the district described in the song. The divisions may be summarized thus: —1, The landing of Brute Cornwall, Devon; 2, Dorsetshire, and the adventures of Sir Bevis of Southampton; 3, Somersetshire; 4, Contention of the rivers of England and Wales as to which country Lundy belonged; 5, Sabina, as arbiter, decides that it is allied "alike both to England and Wales;" Merlin and Milford Haven; 6, the Salmon and Beavor of Troy, the Tale of Sabrina, the Druids and Bards; 7, Hereford; 8, Conquest of Britain by the Romans and by the the Saxons; 9, Wales; 10, Merlin's prophecies, Winifred's Well, defence of the "tale of Brute;" 11, Cheshire; the religious Saxon kings; 12, Shropshire and Staffordshire, the Saxon warrior kings, and Guy of Warwick; 13, Warwick: Guy of Warwick concluded; 14, Gloucestershire; 15, the marriage of Isis and Thame; 16, the Roman roads and Saxon kingdoms; 17, Surrey and Sussex, the sovereigns of England from William to Elizabeth; and 18, Kent, and England's greatest generals and sea-captains. This goodly list exhausts the main headings of the first part, and it will be at once seen how little the subjects

lent themselves to successful poetical treatment. The first, or 1612, issue appeared without any printed title-page, table, or commendatory verses, which are included in the second, or 1613, issue, as well as the words "Henricus Princeps" in the portrait of Prince Henry, to whom the work is dedicated. To each Song are appended copious annotations, full of antiquarian learning, by John Selden—indeed, this part is in general so accurate that the work is quoted as an authority by Hearne, Wood, and Nicholson. It is to be regretted that Selden's annotations were confined to the first part.

The second part, consisting of Songs 19 to 30, was written some years later, and the complete poem (with commendatory verses before the second part by William Browne, George Wither, and John Reynolds) was published in 1622. This was printed by Agustine Mathewes for John Marriot. The following is a summary of the general heads: Song 19, Essex and Suffolk, English navigators; 20, Norfolk; 21, Cambridge and Ely; 22, Buckinghamshire, and England's intestine battles; 23, Northamptonshire; 24, Rutlandshire, and the British saints; 25, Lincolnshire; 26, Nottinghamshire, Leicestershire, Derbyshire, with the story of Robin Hood; 27, Lancashire and the Isle of Man; 28, Yorkshire; 29, Northumberland; and 30, Cumberland.

The second part was a source of much trouble to the industrious author. Writing to Drummond of Hawthornden, he exclaims, "I thank you, my dear sweet Drummond, for your good opinion of 'Polyolbion.' I have done twelve books more, that is, from the 18th book, which was Kent (if you note it), all the east parts and north to the river of Tweed; but it lieth by me, for the booksellers and I are in terms; they are a company of base

knaves, whom I scorn and kick at." Three years, however, after this letter was written, the second part actually put in an appearance. The preface is despairingly inscribed "To any that will read it." From this source we learn that the stationers, who were concerned at the slow sale of the former part, had left out the epistle to the readers! But we will relate the incident in Drayton's own words. He complains of the cold reception which the first portion of his great work met, and that he not only failed to receive the encouragement which his friends predicted, but that he had been subjected to base detraction, and so forth. "Such a cloud," he laments, "hath the devil drawn over the world's judgment. Some of the stationers that had the selling of the first part of this poem, because it went not so fast away in selling as some of their beastly and abominable trash (a shame both to our language and our nation), have despoightfully left out the epistle to the readers, and so have cousened the buyers with imperfect books, which those that have undertaken the second part have been forced to amend in the first, for the small number that are yet remaining in their hands." Even in "the good old times" of slow traveling, slow eating, and slow reading, a poem which ran into about 30,000 lines was scarcely likely to be read by everybody. "Where art thou, Michael," was the cheery inquiry of John Davies of Hereford; and under the accumulation of miseries, Echo might well have answered "Where indeed?" It seems that Drummond very nearly persuaded Andro Hart, the Edinburgh bookseller into publishing 'Polyolbion,' but the negotiations were not, happily for Hart, carried into effect.

A folio edition of Drayton's works was published by Dodsley in 1748. It professes to contain all his writings,

although the later edition, in four volumes 8vo, 1753, claims to supply the deficiencies of the former. The additions are placed in an Appendix. D'Israeli points out that the rapid demand for a new edition of Drayton between 1748 and 1753 bears a suspicious aspect; and it appears that this octavo edition is nothing more than the identical folio, only arranged in the octavo form by a contrivance well known among printers, at the time of printing the folio.

Southey, in his 'Specimens of our Ancient Poets,' has reprinted the entire 'Polyolbion,' but without Selden's notes. The "poem" in its complete original state is still a valuable book from a financial point of view. Last year several copies were sold by auction. One copy sold for \$29; another for \$45; another for \$80, whilst Ben Jonson's copy, with his motto in his own handwriting, fetched \$165. Mr. C. W. Sutton, of Manchester is, we believe, about to edit a fac-simile of this work. As an example of Drayton's "poetry" we quote the following:—

UPON THE FRONTISPIECE.

Through a Triumphant Arch, see Albion plac'd
In happy site, in Neptune's arms embrac'd
In power and plenty, on his Cleuy Throne
Circled with Nature's garlands, being alone
Stilled the Ocean's Island. On the columns been
(As trophies rais'd) what Princes Time hath seen
Ambitions of her. In her younger years,
Vast earth-bred giants woo'd her; but, who bears
In golden field the lion passant red,
Æneas nephew (*Brute*) thém conquer'd.
Next laureate Cæsar, as a philtre, brings,
On's shield his grandame Venus: Him her Kings
Withstood. At length, the Rouian, by long suite
Gained her (most part) from th' ancient race of
Brute.
Divorc'd from him the Saxon sable horse,
Borne by stern Hengist, wins her; but, through
force
Guarding the Norman leopards bath'd in Gules,
She chang'd her love to him whose line yet rules.

A BOOKHUNTER.

THE HARTFORD TRAVELERS' BAGEHOT.

Many insurance companies of late years have varied the direct advertising of their goods by an indirect advertising of themselves, as wealthy concerns likely by the fact of wealth to give good insurance if one wished it; and also by making valuable gifts to the choice classes, thus securing their agents a civil hearing instead of a rebuff. Perhaps the largest single expenditure for public purposes was the Equitable's purchase of Cornelius Walford's library. The Travelers of Hartford, however, has perhaps gone into it more widely and expensively than any company; and the rapid growth of its premium receipts, whether in fact caused or helped by this policy or not, will not be likely to discourage it. A year ago it told the readers of its monthly organ that it was about to carry this still further, by issuing a first-rate edition of a first-rate author, and, it being too costly to give away, would sell it at bare cost, about a quarter of the market price of the scattered components theretofore. The company has fulfilled its promise; and the questions of interest to the public now are, not whether it will get its money back (which is its own affair, the expense being quite within its means even if it were a dead loss) but what the work is, and what its value is.

That the the author is not one of the most widely known is not only no fault, but is the essence of the scheme; the Company would get no thanks for a new set of Dickens or George Eliot where fifty such exist. If Bagehot were the delight of the crowd, the crowd would all have owned his works long ago. On the other hand, no one would think of issuing a set of a monographs on the cuneiform

inscriptions. An author just popular enough to be a delight to a few thousand cultivated men and of permanent value as pure literature, and not quite enough to pay a publisher to issue his works anew, was a *sine qua non*; those who think a better choice could be made will not, perhaps, find it easy to name it.

What was Walter Bagehot? The editor of a paper which for many years was the one universally accepted authority for English political and social movements, and of the best review magazine ever published in England; the author at twenty-six of letters on Louis Napoleon's *coup d'état* which to this day are the best sources of knowledge as to the causes of his success; the author of a mass of review papers on literary and historical celebrities which are not surpassed in literature for acuteness and freshness of thought, and in a style which is a perpetual charm; the author of a book which at once and permanently revolutionized the views of Englishmen about their own constitution, which has become a main authority on the nature of all constitutions, and has been the avowed model for the best book on the actual working of our Constitution; the author of a book on the origins of society which is as sure of immortality; as Darwin's greatest, and which shows how and why human society came to be what it is; the author of the one book on money and the principles of business which is a charming popular essay and yet of solid authority; the author of fragmentary works on political economy which have placed him high among special economists and made some of his theories accepted commonplaces. Withal a practical banker and trader, who loved business, and whose best literary work was given its best qualities by his knowledge of practical life.

These works are relics of the mind of a man of genius and power; at once a great man of letters and of the world, who knew both books and men profoundly, and has embodied his knowledge of both in forms of great charm and solid value. That many of the class who will buy them have not before read them, makes them all the more valuable; his thoughts and his style will be a new acquisition.

The perpetual wonder recurs, why such a man, if really so great, should have had so limited an audience and his reputation be confined so sharply to a select class; such men are usually known at least by name to everybody—while outside the circle which half worships Bagehot, he is absolutely unknown and unheard-of. Many writers whom the crowd does not read, as Herbert Spencer, it knows well by name and feels it ought to understand; but there is no Bagehot "cult." The explanation probably is that Bagehot was, as he said of himself in politics, "between sizes." He was too solid and deep to be intelligible to the masses who need their thoughts diluted; but he fell short of the massive discoverers of fertile new principles—the Spencers and Darwins—who have bands of enthusiastic acolytes sounding their praises and working out their formulæ. His work, indeed, was the reverse of inspiring to enthusiasm, for his main thesis was that enthusiasm is wrong-headed and dangerous. He is an admirable trainer of cool reasoning intellects; he has no comfort to give hot-headed zealots. He believed the passion for doing something at once, whether you know what to do or not, to be as mischievous in modern society, with its complicated and delicate adjustments, as it was useful in primitive times, when the only things to do were to hunt

and fight and the one who did most of them was the best man. Those who cannot reason and hate to be cool, the mass of excitable partisans who believe furiously anything they have been taught to believe, will never like the scoffing, impartial, practical thinker, full of the lessons of history, who teaches them that hot partisanship is folly and the more they know the less certain they will feel of being right. The class that values Bagehot greatly will always of necessity be small—the “Mugwumps” of thought. It was so with his *National Review*: it died because it was too good. Partisan Liberals banked on the *Edinburgh*, partisan Tories on the *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's*; those who wanted cool unshaded truth were too few to keep the *National* alive. And so it will be always. But very many who will not read him to any great extent, and will miss the point of his soundest thoughts and his ever-present irony, will nevertheless feel proud to own so fine a literary monument, and feel that its presence in their libraries elevates the tone of their surroundings, just as do fine etchings on the walls and artistic upholstery.

The edition itself is worthy the Company, and in more than one way much better than a publisher for money would ever have made it. Five solid octavo volumes, ranging from four hundred and fifty to near seven hundred pages; heavy calendered paper and large broad-faced leaded type; a minute topical index of forty-five pages, fitted to the needs of the hastiest and dullest reader; a mass of corrections and explanations of the text, in foot-notes which are hardly explicable as the work of an extremely busy man's spare moments; careful translations of everything in a foreign language; interesting bits of Bagehot's work not before

reprinted; and a preface of which the *Nation*, severest of judges, says it is “of a high order of merit,” and “would have been a help to Bagehot himself.” The binding is a neat English cloth, dignified and unpretentious. The price, \$5, is less than the retail price of one volume of the “*Literary Studies*” at present. We understand the Company has sold a very considerable number of sets already.—*Insurance Times*.

GOETHE ON SHAKSPERE.

During our visit to Berlin last month we witnessed the sale of one of the most interesting Goethe documents that has ever come under our notice, viz., the original autograph MS. of his speech composed for the Shakspeare Banquet, and written by the great poet in his 22nd year. The following extracts, which we have translated from the German, will give our readers some slight idea of the peculiar interest this MS. has to all students. In speaking of Shakspeare, Goethe says:—“The very first page of his works strongly attached me to him, and when I had done reading the first piece I was like a man born blind who has had his sight suddenly given to him. I found myself elevated to an infinite world; all was new and unknown to me. . . . It was only by degrees that I realized what I had gained. I did not doubt for a moment that I must give up the ordinary rules of theatrical composition, which then seemed to me so pedantic and fettering to one's imagination. . . .” We wish that our space permitted a more detailed description of this most interesting MS., extending over 8 pp., 4to. It is to be hoped that its publication, in every original detail, will be shortly given to the world. The MS. realized 2,030 marks (upwards of \$500.—*The Archiris*.

TOO BIBLIOMANIAC.

You—'fond of books!' O pshaw! Of books?

—Not you!

Your love takes quite another form, gadzooks:
This is 'beyond a peradventure' true

You're 'fond of hearing that you're 'fond of
books.'

FIRE-PROOF.

Said John, "No bindings stand the fire, I find,
It cockles and it peels 'em."

Not all "said Dick," for if you call to mind,
Bob's don't—perhaps he steels 'em."

A SHE BIBLIOMANIAC.

What wants Madame with all these books?

The mildew rots and musts 'em.

Well, into them she never looks—

But this she does—she dusts 'em.

RODERICK THRADTHALL.

*CHARLES DICKENS IN
LONDON.*

Mr. Wilmot Harrison's little book, 'Memorable London Houses,' is an admirable guide to the residences of famous men and women; whilst its utility is greatly enhanced by the hundred original illustrations from drawings made expressly for this work by Mr. G. N. Martin. "I have seen various places," observes Leigh Hunt, in 'Men, Women and Books,' "which have been rendered interesting by great men and their works; and I never found myself the worse for seeing them, but the better. I seem to have made friends with them in their own houses; to have walked and talked, and suppered and enjoyed with them. . . . Even in London I find the principle hold good in me, though I have lived there many years, and of course associated it with every commonplace the most poetical. . . . I once had duties to perform which kept me out late at night, and severely taxed my health and spirits. My path lay

through a neighborhood in which Dryden lived; and though nothing could be more commonplace, and I used to be tired to the heart and soul of me, I never hesitated to go a little out of my way, purely that I might pass through Gerrard Street, and so give myself the shadow of a pleasant thought." It was obviously such a passage as the foregoing which induced Mr. Harrison to supply what he terms "a simple and easy means of identifying houses in which have lived those who have made a name in history." He wisely included taverns, coffee-houses, club-houses, as well as the houses of "the great" in the sense in which the term is applied to rank and fashion. The book is conveniently divided into routes, of which there are five, with an additional one dealing with suburban localities. We confine our remarks to the houses in which Charles Dickens lived and wrote. It appears that after leaving his father's lodgings in Bentinck Street, Dickens took chambers in Furnival's Inn, and just inside the entrance, on the right, there is a memorial tablet marking the chambers of the great novelist. The 'Sketches by Boz' were written here, and the larger portion of the 'Pickwick Papers'; and here Thackeray, then fluctuating between literary and artistic inclinations, called on the young author, in 1836, with an offer to undertake the illustrations of that immortal work. Mr. Harrison follows Dickens, topographically, through his entire career in London; and it is by passing up the Gray's Inn Road to Doughty Street that we are enabled to distinguish Dickens's second residence. At No. 48, on the east side, of Doughty Street, Dickens lived from 1837, on his marriage to Miss Hogarth, till 1840. Here 'Pickwick' was finished, and 'Oliver Twist' and 'Nicholas Nickleby' were written.

Forster tells us in his 'Life' that Dickens was very fond of riding at this time, and his notion of finding relief from mental toil in severe bodily exercise is exemplified in his invitation to Forster to "join him at 11 a. m. in a fifteen mile ride out, and ditto in. lunch on the road, with a six o'clock dinner in Doughty Street." Carlyle's mention of Dickens in his 'Diary' is of this period, 1840: 'Pickwick,' too, was of the same dinner party, though they do not seem to heed him over much. He is a fine little fellow—boy, I think. Clear, blue intelligent eyes, eyebrows that he arches amazingly, large, protrusive, rather loose mouth, a face of extreme *mobility*, which he shuttles about—eyebrows, mouth and all—in a very singular manner whilst speaking."

Dickens removed from Doughty Street, to No. 1, Devonshire Terrace in 1840, and remained here ten years. This house is a double low-fronted place, with a garden enclosed by a high wall. Here—and at Broadstairs, where he rented for several seasons the house which gave a name to one of his novels, 'Bleak House'—the 'Old Curiosity Shop,' 'Barnaby Rudge,' 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' 'Dombey & Son,' 'David Copperfield,' the Christmas Books and 'American Notes,' were written. We may imagine Thomas Hood calling here to congratulate him on the success of the last-named work; Maclise manipulating *tableaux non-vivants* out of sofa covers, old white kid gloves, and Mrs. Dickens's bonnet feathers; and how many others eminent in art and literature have crossed the threshold! Thence Dickens would start on a tramp to Jack Straw's Castle, at Hampstead, in company with Maclise and Forster, there to read to them the forthcoming number of 'Dombey' or 'David Copperfield;' and here his pet raven—a poor pun on his partial-

ity for which once actually gave rise to a rumor that "Dickens had gone raving (raven) mad"—hopped about the garden or chatted stable slang on the sill of his study window. The study at Devonshire Terrace was the room adjoining the projecting entrance, which was added in 1851. Dickens removed from here to Tavistock Square. 'Bleak House' and 'Little Dorrit' were produced during this period (*i. e.* 1850 to 1860); and the famous dramatic performances, for which Stanfield painted the scenery, and in which Dickens (who *revelled* in the stage management) and others, eminent in art and literature, acted—performances afterwards given in public for benevolent objects—were given. The domestic estrangement, which resulted in the separation of husband and wife, dates from the latter part of his residence here. No. 5, Hyde Park Place, was the last residence in London of Dickens during the delivery of his readings at St. James's Hall. 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood' was partly written here. "I have a large room here," he wrote, "with three fine windows overlooking the park, unsurpassed for airiness and cheerfulness." A few months later he died at Gadshill, his house near Rochester.

THE COLUMBUS LETTER.

Until 1852, it was unknown that the Spanish text of Columbus's letter had ever been printed before the present century;—all the old editions of the "Epistola Christophori Colom cui etas nostra multum debet" having been published from a Latin translation of the original, made at the close of April, 1493. In 1852, there was added by bequest to the Ambrosian library in Milan, a small 4to. of four leaves, which contained the lost Spanish text, printed proba-

bly in 1493 or 1494, no date or place being given. Not, however, till 1863, was the discovery made known, and from that time till a short while ago the Ambrosian small 4to. has enjoyed the reputation of being unique. It could not be shown to have been printed in Spain, for, although it had undoubtedly been given to the press by a Spanish editor, the compositor's work was plainly not that of a Spaniard. Moreover, the small 4to. pamphlet size seemed to bring it into nearer relation with the small 4to. translations which appeared in 1493-1495, all outside of Spain—in Italy, France and Germany.

At last, a few months ago, the true Spanish edition was discovered in Spain. It is a large pamphlet of two leaves or four pages, in a quadrate small folio shape. The text is plainly that from which the Ambrosian small 4to. was reprinted, but there are, here and there in the folio, certain tokens of a Catalan workshop, such as *magestat*, *venit*, *grands*, *qualls*, *temporals*, which the Spanish editor of the small 4to. corrected (*magestad*, *venid*, *grandes*, *quales*, *temporales*), and we are thus assured that the folio was printed in Barcelona, where the court was residing when Columbus sent his letter from Palos on the 15th or 16th March, 1493. He waited for permission to follow it before he quitted Palos, and it was probably on the 9th or 10th of April that he reached Barcelona. To that date, or to sometime before the close of the month, we may assign the printing of the folio. The Latin translation which has so often been printed was finished on the 29th of April, and carried abroad for publication; and it may be supposed that the Ambrosian reprint belongs to the same period—that is, to some time in the month of May or June.

A peculiarity of spelling, apparent-

ly much affected by Columbus, was that of writing *haun que* instead of *aunque* (although). In one instance, as the Barcelona folio shows, he wrote the *haun* thus: *hau*, and the foreign compositor of the Ambrosian small 4to. took this incomprehensible abbreviation to represent *haber* (a form of *haber* or *avere* common to both peninsulas), and so he printed it, making nonsense of the phrase. (It is in the description of the reckless generosity of the natives in giving whatever they had, no matter how valuable, for new coins of the lowest denomination.)

Mr. Bernard Quaritch is reprinting the Barcelona letter in facsimile on two square small folio leaves (four pages) of paper, cased in cloth, at \$10. Only 100 copies have been printed.

A VISIT TO THE KING'S PALACES AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

Nothing, perhaps, better illustrates the real wealth of the British Museum than the richness of the little exhibition in the King's Library by which the Museum authorities have of late years shown their sympathy with various celebrations to which the terms of their charter forbade them to lend other help. The centenaries of Luther and Wyclif, the Spanish Armada, Anglo-Judaism, shorthand, and the History of the House of Stuart have all been illustrated from the Museum collections during the past few years, and the contents of the cases which have been arranged as an adjunct to the Tudor Exhibition at Regent street are certainly well worth a visit. The Departments represented on this occasion are those of prints and drawings, printed books, manuscripts, and coins and medals, and between the first three of these it is difficult to award the palm.

The interest of the seventy or eighty printed books and broadsides, which form the contents of the four cases on the right of the library, is divided pretty equally among their owners, their writers, and their subjects. "Polyanthea cum additionibus" would hardly arrest attention were it not opened at a page where the heading "Matrimonium" is illustrated with manuscript notes by that accomplished expert Henry VIII. Royal ownership, too, has contributed the delights of handsome bindings, both in leather and embroidered velvet, to some seven or eight books, most of them of no great note, though they include among them the Great Bible of 1540 and Parker's "De Antiquitate Ecclesiæ Britannicæ," the earliest specimen of an English book "privately printed." Coming next to the head of authorship, we note that nearly all of the Royal Tudors were writers or translators, mostly of matters theological. Books interesting for their subjects, though these are restricted to matters in which the Tudor took a personal part, are too numerous for us to do more than note a few of the chief. The literature of Henry's divorce suit is very amply represented, also "the noble triumphant coronacyon of Queen Anne," also her execution. For the unhappy reign of Mary there is quite a nest of very little known books, mostly in Italian and Spanish, giving accounts of the events which followed on the death of Edward VI., of the departure of Philip of Spain for England, of the reconciliation of the English Parliament to the church of Rome, and of the pains which were taken to secure the completion of the ordination of priests who had been admitted to benefices during the previous reign. For the times of "Good Queen Bess" there are numerous records of her triumphal progresses to

"Killingworth," (that is Kenilworth), Norwich, and other loyal and hospitable places; and some of these are opened at pages showing where Sir Walter Scott obtained hints for his description of the Kenilworth pageants.—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—*—*—*—
*AN UNPUBLISHED POEM BY
HARTLEY COLERIDGE.*

The following beautiful poem, by Hartley Coleridge, is from an hitherto unpublished MS. in the possession of Mr. S. J. Davey of London, England.

ON INFANCY.—A FRAGMENT.

Where dwells the soul through all the dateless
years

Ere the doom'd moment of the Infant's birth?
Comes it a stranger from the radiant spheres,
A naked exile to the shores of earth?

Or was it, e'en from nature's natal day
A life in wood, or wild or sunny stream,
That like a dream would lightly pass away,
And still return, a many-colored dream?

Or slept the spirit in the Almighty mind
Among the forms of fair and awful things,
High in eternal light and love enshrined,
Beneath the shadow of the Seraphs' wings?

Or is the Babe, that feels the hard cold air,
And feeling, weeps, so helpless and forlorn,
Abandon'd clean by nature, bald and bare,
That shrinks as if unwilling to be born?

Is the poor Babe a shape without a soul,
A thing of sinews, membranes, humors, nerves,
Whose Being is mere pain; the niggard dole,
Of a penurious power, which barely serves

To cause the little trembling heart to beat
The countless pulses to preserve their time?
And is a little breath and vital heat—
The elemental cause of thought sublime?

Vain is the searching quest, that backward goes
To trace the current of our mortal life?
Unseen the fount from which our Being flows,
And all our study is but toil and strife.

Pass but a mouth—the babe has learn'd to smile.
No more its life is only pain and cries;
Its mother marks full many a simple wile,
And finds fond meanings in its laughing eyes.

Yet many a tear the careful mother sheds,
When dubious ills assault that life so frail:
The feverous summer's beam alike she dreads,
And the chill whistle of the winter's wail.

Mute as the statue bending o'er the tomb,
 That seems to watch the endless sleep of death,
 She views the slumbering cherub of her womb,
 And notes the varyings of his honied breath.

* * * * *
 HARTLEY COLERIDGE.
 October 17, 1827.

THE FIRST CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

Who was the founder of circulating libraries? The author of that boon and blessing to novel readers was Samuel Fancourt, a Dissenting minister, whose controversial troubles over the doctrine of election and predestination led him to withdraw from his position as pastor and tutor at Salisbury.

THE FIRST CIRCULATING LIBRARY.

He went to London and there established what was said, about forty years afterwards, to have been the first circulating library. A library conducted by him, in which the subscription was a guinea per annum, was dissolved at Michaelmas 1745, and he then carried out a new plan. This plan is described in the 'Alphabetical Catalogue of Books and Pamphlets belonging to the Circulating Library in Crane Court' (Fleet Street). 2 vols. 8vo, 1748, which he issued in parts between 1746 and 1748. According to this scheme for 'The Gentlemen and Ladies' Growing and Circulating Library,' any one might become a proprietor by an initial payment of a shilling. The proprietors were to choose trustees in whom the library was to be vested, Fancourt himself being appointed librarian during good behavior. Each proprietor was to be allowed to take out one volume and one pamphlet at a time. "He may keep them a reasonable time according to their bigness; but if they are not wanted by others he may keep them as long as he has

a mind." The library contained two or three thousand bound volumes and about the same number of pamphlets; from a third to a half of the books and pamphlets consisted of theology and ecclesiastical history and controversy, and only about a tenth of it was 'light' literature. The house in Crane Court in which it was placed was close to the quarters of the Royal Society, and either it or the house next to it was eventually taken by that society for an enlargement of its own library. Dr. Cromwell Mortimer, second secretary to the society was a persistent enemy of the circulating library till his death in 1752. At some period later than 1755 Fancourt left Crane Court, and, after several changes, moved his library to "the corner of one of the streets in the Strand," where his various schemes finally broke down. The library was taken by his creditors, and he retired to Hexton Square, where he was supported by one of the dissenting ministers, till he died at the age of ninety on June 8, 1768.

THE NEW YORK MERCANTILE LIBRARY.

The leases held by tenants in the old Clinton Hall expire in May and the work of tearing down the building will at once be started. The *Tribune* states that the drawings and plans for the new library have been prepared by G. E. Harney, of No. 149 Broadway. The general style of architecture will be Italian Renaissance. The structure will be seven stories in height. The lower part of the building will consist of a series of round arches, of a warm-colored gray granite, rising two stories. Above this the material will be dark-buff brick, with red sandstone trimmings. The facade will be made of bays, divided by pilasters, and rising from

the granite cornice to the top of the sixth story. There the middle three bays on the Astor Place and Eighth street sides will terminate in round arches. The others will have square tops. At the seventh floor a heavy cornice will encircle the building, and above this a twenty-five-foot story will be built, with large round arched windows. The whole will terminate with a bracketed cornice, surmounted by a balustrade.

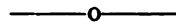
The main entrance will be at the extreme west in Astor Place. It will be two stories in height, with a classic portico. Two hydraulic elevators will connect this entrance with the upper floors. The seventh floor will contain the board, catalogue and librarian's rooms and the circulating department of the library. The reading-room and reference department will occupy the floor below. The other floors are left open to be divided for offices. The building will be absolutely fireproof, and it is estimated that the cost will be about \$400,000. The Clinton Hall Association has this amount to spend. For many years the association has been saving money and investing it in real estate. Among the other properties was a plot at Thirty-second street and Broadway, which was recently sold for \$332,000. This was a gain of nearly \$100,000 on the investment.



A NEW SLANG DICTIONARY.

An English slang dictionary has long been a desideratum; as nothing whatever, of a serious character, has yet been attempted in this direction. The catchpenny publication put forth by the late literary quack John Camden Hotten was mainly the work of an ignorant and vulgar pretender whose acquaintance with the current

slang of the bar room and prize ring was no doubt large but whose qualifications for the task of compiling a scholarly and accurate work were obviously ridiculously inadequate. This want Mr. John L. Farmer, author of 'Americanisms—Old and New,' proposes to supply in his 'Slang and its Analogues,' the first volume of which is now ready. This work is an attempt to deal comprehensively, on scientific and historical principles, with the quaint and motley army of words, phrases, and turns of expression, generally known as slang, using that word in its widest popular sense. Wherever possible, the history of instances is traced, copious explanatory annotations concerning usage and etymology accompany the text, the whole being illustrated by examples chronologically arranged. "Slang and its Analogues," therefore, treats the subject in a manner never before attempted or projected in any other slang dictionary whatsoever; and never before have other waifs and strays of the bye-ways of philology been arranged and dealt with lexicographically in a method so unique and complete. The period covered is from the publication of Thomas Harman's 'Caveat for Common Cursetors Vulgarly Called Vagabones,' 1567 down to the present time. American slang has especially been studied. The work will be in 3 vols., fcap, 4to, printed in antique style, on thick paper, with large margins; 500 copies for England and 250 for America will be printed. The price for the set in half calf, parchment sides, will be five guineas.



INCREDIBLE as it may seem this is an extract from an auctioneer's recent catalogue: "BROWNING. Pachiarotto and how he worked in a Dis-temper."

*ROBERT BROWNING.**December 23, 1889.*

His feast of Life was rich—this life of ours:
 All human things 'neath yonder azure cope
 For him were deep in meaning, wide in hope.
 Nor those alone: above our brakes and bowers
 Mad dance he saw of Genii scattering flowers.
 His Fancy kept a key strange gates to ope;
 Became at will that quaint kaleidoscope
 Which turns all shapes to patterns, then devours
 The last to fashion new. His grasp was large;
 He knew that, with the suffering heart of man
 Compared, all matter-worlds but fill a span.
 His Song had shafts that pierced a spirit-targe;
 Its flight outsoared the agnostic poet-clan,
 Faithful to humblest Song's implicit charge.
 —AUBREY DE VERE, in *Harper's Magazine* for
 May.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

The following unpublished letter of
 Thomas Carlyle, referring to Lewes'
 Life of Goethe, is in the collection of
 J. S. Henderson, Esq., F. R. S. L. :—

CHELSEA, 7 August, 1855.

Dear Lewes,—I go into Suffolk to-morrow and
 am likely to be wandering about for some time,
 so that I find it will only be a bother to you, and
 a delay *without* advantage, to shoot those proofs
 after me in my erratic course. I found it an
 amusing thing to read them in the evening, under
 the cloud of a quiet pipe in the garden here.
 I had, as it were, nothing to suggest, and felt

that my remarks, had they even been of value,
 came too late.

The book goes on rapidly (printer and all) and
 promises to be a very good bit of Biography; far,
 far beyond the kind of stuff that usually bears
 that name in this country and in others. I desiderate
 chiefly a little change of level now and then,
 that you could sit upon some height, and show us
 rapidly the contours of the region we are got into,
 from time to time. Well abhorring to be drowned
 in details as Viehoff & Co. are, or to swim about
 (not quite drowned but drowning) in endless
 lakes of small matters, which have become
 "great" only by being much talked about by
 fools for the time being.

You missed the *malefactor's skull* that was on
 one of the steeples of Frankfort; no great matter.
 I found out the other year who the proprietor
 had been (a foolish radical about 1600 or so),
 but have already almost forgotten again, a proof
 there was not much for you in the story of him.

Slightly more important for you was another
 thing I remembered in the reading one of the
 proofs, but did not then see how you were to get
 in. The visitation of Witzlar, through overhauling
 (with an eye to repair) of their German Court
 of Chancery which had been ordered by the Diet
 and was just then beginning, about the time
 Goethe went, that was thought a great chance for
 a young lawyer, to witness the very dissection of
 Themis it came as other "visitations" had done
 to nothing. If you make an appendix there
 might be some notice taken of this. Though
 whither to go for summary information I cannot
 at this moment direct you.

Best speed to you, dear Lewes,

Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

BIBLIOPHILIANA.

YET another catalogue gem. This
 time from Boston. Dibdin's Bibliophobia,
 "with notes by Cato Powers." Next.

FROM Cambridge, England, we
 learn that the Council of the Senate
 have heard of a very valuable collection
 of manuscripts that is for sale,
 and have taken steps to effect a purchase.
 It is believed the contemplated venture
 refers to the famous collection of Sir
 Thomas Phillips at Cheltenham.

EARLY numbers of the Century
 Guild Hobby Horse are becoming extremely
 difficult to procure and the price thereof
 is steadily rising. Vol-

ume one of Book Prices Current is in
 demand; it is out of print and scarce.
 First editions of George Borrow are being
 enquired for as are first editions of George
 Meredith. In a few years' time the latter
 will, in all probability, bring fancy prices.

WHEN Dr. Clarke visited the Island
 of Patmos, in 1816, he discovered among
 the dust and moth-eaten heap of MSS.
 which fill the library of the convent of the
 Apocalypse the noble MS. of Plato, now
 in the Bodleian, which had escaped the
 research of Villosion, as well as the
 Lexicon of Cyrill, which that eminent
 critic had missed. A longer search might
 probably have enriched their collection

still further. The monks considered these MSS. as rubbish only. Here in this convent is the original charter of the house, in the autograph of Alexius Comnenus, and a magnificent copy of some works of Gregory of Nazianzum supposed also to be in the same Imperial handwriting.

How often is one annoyed by utter Philistines with the crass question, "What do you want with all those books? You could never read them." It is an irritating Boeotian bêtise to which the only possible answer is to assert gravely: "I have read every one of them," even although the 45 volumes of Rees's defunct Cyclopædia be staring you in the face. The true inwardness of a collection of books is well put by the Philadelphia *Sunday School Times*: "One may have scores of books which he seldom or never opens from one end of the year to the other, and yet without them his power of literary production would be hampered and impaired. Only true book users can feel the power that there is in the mere presence of unused books."

THACKERAY AND THE CORSAIR.

Mr. Charles P. Johnson, whose 'Early Writings of William Makepeace Thackeray,' will be remembered writes to the London *Athenæum* that he has at last succeeded in obtaining a copy of *The Corsair*, "which is, in England at all events, perhaps the scarcest of all Thackerayana." Mr. Johnson identifies several of the eight letters which Thackeray wrote from Paris to that New York weekly—of which N. P. Willis was associate editor—with certain articles afterwards republished by Thackeray in the 'Paris Sketch Book.' These letters were printed immediately after Thackeray's death by that extremely wide-awake person, Mr. John Camden Hotten, and form the little book

called 'The Student's Quarter; or Paris Five and Thirty Years Since.' Mr. Johnson's communication is apropos of a letter in *The Athenæum* of August 7, 1886, in which a certain "T. H. L." traced, "in general terms," the first appearance of a part of the 'Sketch-Book' to *The Corsair*. He reprints Willis's letter (published August 24, 1839), announcing his success in securing Thackeray as the paper's Paris correspondent, and felicitates himself upon having made a great discovery. Yet, as "The Lounger" says, in *The Critic* of April 26, 1884, the story of Thackeray's connection with the American periodical was related at length, and this same letter of Willis's reprinted, together with an extract from Thackeray's first contribution to *The Corsair*. And in the same paper again, two weeks later, appeared a letter from Prof. Henry A. Beers, Willis's biographer, throwing additional light on the subject. Mr. Johnson should consult the files of *The Critic* in the British Museum before writing further on this interesting theme.

THE Spenser Society begins a new issue of publications with the first part of Michael Drayton's 'Polyolbion; a Geographical Description of Great Britain.' This is a reprint from the edition of 1622, dedicated to Prince Henry, on whose picture, as he stands lance in hand, Britain is bid to look. The lines are curious:—

"Britaine, behold here portray'd to thy sight,
Henry, thy best hope, and the world's delight;
Ordained to make thy eight Great *Henries* shine;
Who, by that vertue in the treble Trine,
To his own goodnesse (in his Being) brings
These severall Glories of th' eight English Kings;
Deep Knowledge, Greatness, Long Life, Policy,
Courage, Zeale, Fortune awfull Majestie."

The notes and maps are curious and interesting; and altogether the 'Polyolbion' has a very different aspect from that presented by it when it appears, bare and without illustration, in 'The British Poets.'

CURRENT LITERATURE.

'An Illustrated Edition of Darwin's Voyage of a Naturalist.' With 100 Views of Places Visited and Animals Described. By R. T. Pritchett. (Appleton & Co., N. Y.) Most persons will be ready to admit that there is a great difference between an illustrated book and a book with illustrations. If ever a work deserved and called for an illustrated edition, that work is Darwin's 'Naturalist's Voyage.' The journal itself is beyond criticism, but every one who has read it, and re-read it in the past, must have felt the crying need of illustrations to help him to bring vividly before his mind the scenes and objects described. The variety of the countries mentioned in the journal, and the difficulty of obtaining authentic views of the more inaccessible and less known places have rendered the work of illustration peculiarly difficult; but in Mr. Pritchett an artist has been found who followed in Mr. Darwin's footsteps, and visited, book in hand, almost all the spots which he describes. The illustrations have thus been made to illustrate, and not merely to adorn the book. They vary in quality, but combine to form a work which every admirer of Darwin ought to possess.

WORTHINGTON COMPANY announce as No. 9 in their International Series, 'The Feet of Love,' by Anne Reeve Aldrich, author of 'The Rose of Flame,' (Worthington Co.) a brilliant and remarkable study of American social life. The sparkling wit and satire with which the fashionable and literary society of the day is depicted, is relieved by touches of tender pathos. Among the minor characters, the young French lad is exquisitely drawn by a master hand, and his patience and suffering form a strong contrast in the gay and

careless life which composes the setting of the story. It is a most original and striking novel, both in treatment and plot, and is illustrated with portrait of the author and numerous fine-executed photogravures.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May contains the first complete account of an absolutely unique episode in the history of our national credit. Between twelve o'clock on a certain Friday in 1862, and four o'clock A. M. on the following Monday, L. E. Chittenden, at that time the Register of the Treasury, signed twelve thousand five hundred bonds. He tells how he accomplished the feat, and explains the important interests involved. In the importance and the novelty of this article is struck the key-note of this Number. Importance and novelty belong to almost all the others contributions. Theodore Child opens the Number with "Some Modern French Painters," stating clearly the distinguishing traits of contemporary French artists, and, with the help of elaborate engravings, giving an exposition of the new art influences initiated by Corot, Millet and Courbet. Paul Renouard supplements the biographical details of the article with portraits of MM. Puvis de Chavannes, J. C. Cazin, Aimé Morot, Dagnan-Bouveret, and Henri Lerolle. Professor S. H. Butcher, LL.D., of the University of Edinburgh, contributes an article on "The Evolution of Humor," denying the possibility of explaining the perception of the ludicrous on strictly Darwinian principles, and suggesting a provisional hypothesis by which the origin of humor may be reconciled with the evolutionary theory. Quaint historic imaginings are the twenty-six drawings in which Howard Pyle makes visible the life of the olden time, de-

scribed by John Austin Stevens in his paper on "Old New York Taverns." William Sharp, in an illustrated paper entitled "Through Bush and Fern," describes the contradictions and fascinations of the fauna and flora in "the *oldest* land in the world." Louise Imogen Guiney gives a summary of the lives and works of the "charming old poets," who wrote "English Lyrics under the First Charles." Mary E. Wilkins and Aubrey De Vere contribute poems; and there are three short stories: one by Edward Everett Hale, revealing what a Boston girl can do without an escort; another, by S. B. Elliot, having reference to business booms in the South; and the third, by E. H. Lockwood, making a new departure in transferring the scene of "international episodes" to Germany. W. D. Howells concludes his dramatic analysis of a remarkable complications in "The Shadow of a Dream"

In the 'History of the Girty's,' (R. Clarke & Co., Cincinnati,) will be found a concise account of the Girty brothers—Thomas, Simon, James and George, and their half-brother, John Turner, not separately, but in a connected narrative. The murder of their father by the Indians, the capture of the family, the horrible torture to death of the step-father Turner, the escape and return to civilization of the brothers, are all graphically described in the opening chapters.—Then commences the life career of the brothers in the West, their employments, their associations, their general reputations, and the part taken by Simon and John in Lord Dunmore's war. A clear statement is given of the recital to Simon Girty by the Mingo Chief, Logan, of his famous "speech"—so well known to every school boy—and how Simon afterward repeated it from memory

to John Gibson, who wrote it out in classical and thrilling language, and made it public. Episodes of the old French war, and Lord Dunmore's, war, of stirring import, are briefly but forcibly set forth. Following this is an account of the beginning of the Revolution, and its effect on the Trans-Allegheny country. How Simon, James and George first took sides with the patriots, but finally went over to the British; with their adventures in making their way separately to Detroit and placing themselves in the service of Lieut.-Gov. Hamilton. Then began the wild career of these three brothers among the Indians as interpreters and participants in savage incursions against the white settlers of the border in Western Pennsylvania, Ohio and Kentucky. The most valuable parts of the work, however, are its contributions to the history of the stirring events in the West, in early days, founded on contemporary documents now made public for the first time. So many conflicting statements have been published concerning the three Girtys last mentioned, generally, however, in fragmentary form, but frequently incorporated in our country's annals, that Mr. Butterfield gives along with his account of them, condensed sketches of important historical occurrences, in all of which they were actors to a greater or less extent. These events are drawn from authentic sources, largely original; and, as they are interwoven with the life-record of the three brothers, they are described, of course, in chronological order. Mr. Butterfield's narrative, then, is both biographical and historical; and, in his treatment of the various subjects which make up the thirty-four chapters of the book, his reputation as a most industrious gatherer of information, and as a forcible writer of history, is fully sus-

tained. The Haldimand Papers, in the Archives Department of Canada, throw much new light on the struggle for supremacy in the West, and have been judiciously used by Mr. Butterfield in treating of the march of Col. Bowman from Kentucky against the Shawanese town of Chillicothe; of Bird's expedition resulting in the taking of Martin's and Ruddle Stations, and the capture of about three hundred and fifty men, women and children; of Clark's retaliating campaign against the Indian town of Piqua; of the invasion of Kentucky by Caldwell, resulting in the battle of Blue Licks; of the sacking of the Indian villages on the Great Miami by Gen. Clark; and of a large number of incidents connected with the

Girty family. Of the part taken by the three Girtys—Simon, James and George—in most of these events, as also in Crawford's campaign against Sandusky; and in Clark's abortive attempts against Detroit, there are exciting and romantic details, not the least interesting of which is the account of the hand-to-hand conflict between Simon Girty and Capt. Joseph Brant (Thayendanegea), which nearly resulted in the killing of Girty. The course pursued by Simon in the years immediately following the Revolution, in inciting the Indians to further hostilities, which, with the aid of McKee and Elliott, finally resulted in the Indian war of 1790-95, is related in detail, and many new facts are brought to light.

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AMERICAN NOTES.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO. will publish shortly under the title 'Robert Browning: Personalities,' a little book by Edmund Gosse, the well known English writer. It will contain a notable article printed in the *Century* some years ago, Mr. Gosse's recent paper in the *New Review*, with prefatory matter and an epilogue, with a poem by Mr. Browning never printed.

'OLD FRIENDS,' Mr. Andrew Lang's new book to be issued here at once by the Longmans, is not unlike his 'Letters to Dead Authors.' It describes the meetings of the characters of one novelist with those of another. For example Dugald Dalgetty tells of his duel with one of the 'Three Musketeers,' Barry Lyndon describes his playing cards with Allan Stuart Breck, (from 'Kidnapped'); and Trollope's Mrs. Prondree sets forth Becky Sharp's assault on the Bishop.

THE *Philadelphia American* suggests to "those who pride themselves upon

being well up with the times, that now is the time to read biographical sketches of M. Anatole France and the very interesting chapters of 'The Crime of Sylvestre Bonnard,' Lafcadio Hearn's translation of which has been recently published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have ready for immediate publication 'Two Years in the French West Indies,' by Lafcadio Hearn, the author of 'Chita,' etc. The volume is profusely illustrated. Several of the chapters have been published in part in *Harper's Magazine*, but the large majority now appear in print for the first time. A striking feature of the book is due to Mr. Hearn's knowledge of the language and his sympathy with the imaginative life of the people. "Almost every promontory and peak," he says, "every village and valley along the coast, has its special folk-lore, its particular tradition," and he has reproduced many of these stories in

appreciative versions. Mr. Hearn possesses in common with few other writers the power of comprehending the characteristics of a strange people, of entering into the very genius of a race, and his studies of ethnical problems in the West Indies have therefore a peculiar scientific value.

P. BLAKISTON, SON & Co., of Philadelphia, have just published a new Medical Dictionary, by Dr. George M. Gould. It will be a compact one-volume book, containing several thousand new words and definitions, collected from recent medical literature, while the total number of words is beyond that in any similar book.

THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT Co. have in press 'Gleanings for the Curious from the Harvest-Fields of Literature: a mélange of excerpts,' collected by Dr. C. C. Bombaugh.

MESSRS. RAND McNALLY & Co. have published 'The Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff' in their 'Rialto' series, at 50 cents. Cassells go them one better and sell the book at 25 cents.

MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS have ready 'Pastels in Prose,' illustrated from 150 drawings (including a frontispiece in color) by H. W. McVickar, "Pastel in Prose" is the term used to designate a striking species of literary composition, ranging from the dramatic to the lyrical in character, and in some instances resembling the story in form. It is almost wholly new in English literature, but of late years it has been carried to a high degree of development in France. This volume contains examples translated by Stuart Merrill from the French of Théodore de Banville, Alphonse Daudet, Judith Gautier, Charles Baudelaire, Catulle Mendès, Maurice de Guérin, Stéphane Mallarmé, Émile Hennequin, and others. MM. Catulle Mendès and Stéphane Mallarmé furnished the translator

final proof-sheets of selections from their new volume, and MM. Ephraïm Mikhaël, Pierre Quillard, and Achille Delaroche each wrote a "pastel" especially for the volume, W. D. Howells contributes an introduction.

J. W. BOUTON is prepared to receive subscriptions for the United States for 'La Collection Spitzer,' a descriptive catalogue of an unrivalled collection of works of art, composed of 3500 or 4000 objects divided into thirty-six principal series. Spitzer has exercised a rigorous system of selection, and each specimen is a work of art and a lesson. The catalogue will contain introductions to each series or section by authors whose names are a guarantee of scientific and literary value. The first volume is now ready and covers antiques, ivories, ecclesiastical plate and tapestries. The six volumes will contain 350 plates, and from 800 to 900 illustrations, all reproduced by photographic process, insuring perfect accuracy. One volume will be published about every six months. The work will be limited to 600 copies printed on vellum paper, and 25 copies on Japan paper, and subscriptions will be received for the complete work only. The name of the subscriber will be printed on each copy, and a complete list of subscribers will be published in the last volume.

DAVID McKAY, Philadelphia, has published under the title of 'Giordano Bruno; philosopher and martyr,' two notable addresses read last January before the Contemporary Club of Philadelphia, by Dr. Daniel G. Brinton and Thomas Davidson.

OF the 250 copies of the *édition de luxe* of Mr. Stanley's forthcoming book, each copy will be numbered and signed by the author himself. It will be printed on the best hand-made paper, and the illustrations—some of

which will not be found in the other edition—will be specially printed on Japanese paper and mounted. 'In Darkest Africa' is already in type in England, and Messrs. Scribner have received about one-half of the letter-press. Delay is involved, however, by the preparation of adequate illustrations and maps.

BRANTWOOD, Ruskin's home, is a wonderful treasury of art and other valuables, whose value cannot be estimated. The owner, in twelve years past, has spent \$500,000 on artistic gems of various kinds; and these, in addition to his many presents from friends, make a wonderful collection. There are contributions from many great English and foreign artists, sketches innumerable and a collection of precious stones. Among his remarkable possessions are 1300 missals, some of them illustrated and the rest *en grisaille*, which are worth a small fortune in themselves, as they comprise one-fourth of the entire number in existence. Brantwood and its contents comprise about all Mr. Ruskin's estate; all his money has been expended. The income from his books is between \$20,000 \$25,000 per annum.

THE eighth volume of the 'Bank-side Shakspeare' is devoted to 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' (the Player's text of 1,600 with the First Folio text). The introduction is by Mr. William Reynolds, A. B., LL. B., who discusses the two quartos, and the stage fairies of Shakspeare's time.

A COMPLETE entirely new and extremely handsome large paper edition of the works of James Russell Lowell is announced by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Mr. Lowell has rearranged his writings and they will appear in ten volumes under titles suggested by the new classification. All his writings up to date which he cares

to preserve will be included in these volumes and in the form which he regards as final. He has carefully revised the whole, prose and poetry, and has added full explanatory notes to the 'Biglow Papers.' There is to be an excellent index to the prose writings, and the last volume of poetry will be completed by a table of first lines of all the poems. The edition will include only 200 copies for America, each copy to be numbered and registered when sold. The first volume will be delivered to subscribers during the spring, and the last early in the autumn.

LONGMANS, GREEN & Co. will shortly publish both in London and New York 'The House of the Wolf,' a romance by Stanley J. Weyman. It tells the perils and bravery of three young brothers in the fortnight before and after the massacre of St. Bartholomew's day.

MR. WILLIAM HENRY HURLBERT has been studying the present condition of France and the result of his investigations will be published here shortly by Longmans, Green & Co. under the title of 'France and Her Republic; a Record of Things Seen and Heard in the Centennial Year, 1889.'

THE Library of Harvard University has published two valuable bibliographies, numbered respectively 34 and 37, in their series of Bibliographical Contributions edited by Justin Winsor. No. 34 contains a list of the Dante collections in the Harvard College and Boston Public Libraries, prepared by Wm. Coolidge Lane, assistant librarian at Harvard. (116 p. 8vo.) No. 37 is a bibliography of the works of William Hogarth and of the publications relating to them, prepared by Frank Weitenkamp ("Frank Linstow White"), of the Astor Library. (14 p. 8vo.)

FOREIGN NOTES.

THE Gutenberg Professional School at Paris has produced an octavo volume of great interest and value to printers, entitled 'Notions of Typography, for the use of Professional Schools,' with a preface on the origins of printing, by E. Desormes, technical director of the school. This work is not a mere compilation, but a new, complete and methodical treatise on the printing and cognate arts.

AN important work by Dr. L. Buchner is nearly ready. It will have interesting papers on the pressing questions of the time, and it will also deal with some as acts of the work and life of such men as Spinoza and Schopenhauer. A specially fascinating feature of the book will be, we understand, the account of a visit the author once paid to Charles Darwin.

THE *Pall Mall Gazette* says that Mr. Kingsland has brought out a second and enlarged edition of his 'Robert Browning, Chief Poet of the Age;' while Dr. Berdoo has published a volume of papers on various scientific aspects of the poet's work, Dr. Furnivall is still pursuing and adding to his researches into Browning's ancestry, and a shilling volume of selections is promised. Mrs. Orr is desirous of securing copies of letters from Browning that possess any biographical value.

MR. MURRAY of Derby, England is reprinting from the extremely rare original of 1736, the collection of love songs published under the title of 'The Cupid.' About 180 pp., elegantly printed, and bound (except No. 7) in Japanese vellum wrapper. No copies will be for sale, as only the exact number subscribed for will be printed, and a list of subscribers printed in the work, with a guaran-

tee that the type has been broken up. There will be seven distinct editions:—1.—In foolscap 8vo, on Van Gelder's Dutch hand-made paper, the number of which will not exceed 300 copies, but will be absolutely limited to the exact number subscribed for. Price 3s. 3d. free. 2.—In Demy 8vo., large paper, on the same paper as No. 1, the number of which will not exceed 100 copies, but will be limited as No. 1. Price 6s. 3d. free. 3.—In Demy 8vo, large paper, on the same paper as No. 1, but printed in red, blue, or green ink. Price 12s. 6d. free. 4.—In Demy 8vo, large paper, on paper of any color chosen by the subscriber. Price 12s. 6d. free. 5.—In Demy 8vo, large paper, on Japanene vellum. Price 12 s. 6d. free. 6.—In Demy 8vo, on pure vellum. Price £2 3s. In crown 4to, extra large paper, on thick Whatman paper, elegant half morocco, gilt top. Price £3 3s. Only the exact number of copies subscribed for of each edition will be printed. For a copy of the original Scribner & Welford demand \$57.

MR. WILLIAM ARCHER has in preparation a biography of the famous actor Macready. Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trübner & Co. will publish the book.

WE are glad to learn that the British and Foreign Bible Society has been enabled to secure the Fry Library of British Bibles. It is looked upon as the finest collection in the world.

It is stated that Mr. Herbert Spencer is preparing a new edition of his essays, including a revised form of one on the nebular hypothesis, which originally attracted much attention in the *Westminster Review*.

It is stated that the widow of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria has written a book of travels, which will appear immediately.

WE understand that Mr. William Black has made considerable progress with his new story, which he will name 'Stand Fast Craig-Royston.' The work portrays Scotch and American society, and some of the scenes are laid in London.

A NEW work that will be welcomed by many readers is nearly ready—a 'History of the Dominion of Canada,' by the Rev. W. P. Greswell. There is a growing interest in Canadian affairs, and a book of this kind will doubtless supply a want. It comes through the Clarendon Press.

WE learn from St. Petersburg that a very comprehensive and important work has been arranged for under the editorship of General Leer. It is intended to present a thorough history of every war in which Russia has been engaged from the time of Peter the Great. The highest experts in military affairs are enrolled amongst the contributors. Several of the volumes are nearly ready.

THE name of the work on which Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Rider Haggard are jointly engaged is 'The World's Desire.' It will run as a serial through the *New Review*. We hear that the editor of this journal contemplates a new weekly paper, to be published at a halfpenny. Current questions will be handled by men of skill and reputation, and a place will be found for fiction.

THE Rev. J. G. Wood, the well-known naturalist, who literally died in harness last year, was the original of 'Little Mr. Bouncer' in that droll book, the 'Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green.' We make this statement on the authority of the Rev. Theodore Wood, who has written an extremely bright and vivid account of his father's life and work which Messrs. Cassell & Co. have just published.

AN unpublished letter from Jonathan Swift was sold at Sotheby's the other day which bore witness to the fact that the country possessed as little attraction for the famous Dean of St. Patrick's as for Dr. Johnson himself. "I am here," writes Dr. Swift, "among the beauties of nature, for which I have little taste. I envy you the dirt, hurricane, malignity in which—as all London people you live."

AN interesting piece of news comes to us from India. In the literature of the Madras Presidency there is an increase in original works as opposed to translations, and considerable improvement is reported in the quality of the native literature. A very diversified range of subjects has been taken up in the department of poetry, whilst there is a perceptibly growing taste for fiction. 'As You Like It' has just been translated into Tamil.

A VERY useful series of 'Mnemonic Charts' relating to English history has been prepared by Mr. David Ross. It shows the principal events from A. D. 449 to our own day, and will prove a useful work to students.

MR. GLADSTONE states that Bishop Butler taught him, forty-five years ago, to suspend his judgment on things he knew he did not understand. "With Butler's aid," Mr. Gladstone adds, "I may often have been wrong; without him I think I should never have been right. And oh that this age knew the treasures it possesses in him and neglects!"

FROM the London *Publishers' Circular* we learn that Mrs. Alexander Ireland, of Manchester, wife of Emerson's friend and biographer, has in preparation a volume on Mrs. Carlyle. Mr. Ireland was a frequent visitor at Cheyne Row.

LIBRARY NOTES.

THE State Legislature of Iowa has appropriated \$3,000 for the purpose of extending the valuable collection of autographs presented to the Iowa State Library by Mr. Charles Aldrich.

FOURTEEN years ago only 57 per cent. of the students used the Harvard University Library. The percentages now are seniors 97, juniors 99, sophomores 90, freshmen 69.

THE amount at present promised towards the Hartford, Conn., Free Library is \$368,275, leaving \$31,725 to be raised.

THOMAS H SWOPE, of Kansas City, Mo., has purchased the necessary land and proposes to erect thereon a

magnificent building designed for public library and art gallery as a present to the city.

J. NORRIS has given \$50,000 to the Trenton, Mo., schools for the formation of a library.

THE Common Council of Bayonne has granted a largely signed petition, asking that the question of having a free public library may come up to be voted upon at the approaching charter election. Bayonne has over \$8,000,000 of assessed property, which would yield an annual library revenue of about \$2,600, at one-third of one mill on the dollar. To start with the city has bequests available for the purpose aggregating several thousand dollars.

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GENERAL NOTES.

A MASS of important MSS., bearing on the family of Jeremy Bentham, has been acquired by the British Museum. The collection extends to twenty-eight volumes.

THE poets of Europe have been invited to contribute sonnets of homage to Beatrice, all of which will be read at the Beatrice celebration in Florence in May and June. The autographs of the sonnets will be framed and in perpetuity in the new Sala Dantesca, which is now being added to the National Library for the purpose of commemorating the festival. Swinburne, Edmund Gosse, Andrew Lang and Lewis Morris are among the British poets contributing.

LAMB collectors the world over will be glad to learn that Mr. North of Scribner's is at work upon a bibliography of the genial essayist; and an exhaustive work it promises to be.

THERE is no foundation for the report that Mr. Quaritch intends open-

ing a book store in New York. Mr. Quaritch's experience of American book buyers has not been of a kind to encourage any such venture. The Napoleon of bibliopoles met his Waterloo in Boston.

HERE are a few gems culled from the New York *Sun's* report of the Hart sale at Libbie's. "The highest price was paid for Marguerite de Valvo's copy of the Psalms of David:" "The next highest in price the Turner copy of Boccaccio's *Dreanerone*;" "Diana of Portiers;" "A fine specimen of Amaioli binding;" and "*Stultifera Navis* by Sebastian Brant."

THE tercentenary of the death of Christopher Plantin will be celebrated during the coming summer at Amsterdam, Holland. Bibliophiles from all parts of the world will be invited to attend the festivities. Mr. Vandenpeereboom, the Dutch Minister of Commerce, and one of the greatest collectors of old books in Europe, will be at the head of the affair.

BOOK AUCTIONS.

BIBLIOPHILUS writes in the *Publishers' Weekly*:—"There is much complaint in the trade of the high charges of auctioneers for their services. From some instances which we have heard, the complaints are far from groundless. Legally auctioneers are entitled to too little—actually by means of special contracts they get far too much. The English houses, Sothebys, Puttick and Hodgson, the leading book auctioneers of London, get along very nicely on 10 per cent. without charging for cataloguing, except in special instances. I believe where books do not fetch £5 per page a charge is made. Now the London houses mentioned pay in proportion nearly as much in rent and wages as the New York auctioneers—why cannot the latter sell for an inclusive charge of 10 per cent.?" Thirty-three per cent. barely satisfies some New York customers.

PRICES recently obtained in London are: The Villon Society's 'Arabian Night,' \$43.75; Wordsworth's Poems, 2897, \$25; Cruikshank's 'Table Book,' first ed. in original parts, \$43.75; Thackeray's 'Irish Sketch Book,' 1st ed., \$26.25; Thackeray's 'Paris Sketch Book,' 1st ed., \$43.75; Charles and Mary Lamb's 'Tales from Shakspeare,'

1st. ed., \$10; 'Pickwick,' 1st ed., \$21.25; 'Vicar of Wakefield,' illustrated by Roulandson, \$37.50; Grimm's 'German Stories,' illustrated by Cruikshanks, 1st ed., \$235; 'Oliver Twist,' 1st., ed. in original parts, \$112.50; 'Vanity Fair,' 1st ed. in the original parts, \$91.25.

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A. BLAND, 1121 10th. St., WASHINGTON.
Our Indian Wars \$3.00
200 copies, only, unsold. Offered to the trade
in lots of five copies or more at \$1.00 per copy.
CONRAD H. BLANZ, 30 EAST MULBERRY ST.,
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etc. 3 vols. hf. russla, \$14, published at \$32.00
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Etching; by S. R. Kochlee, edit. de Luxe, 2 vols., 2 3-4 Russia, only sixty copies of the edition printed, of which this is No. 13. Published at \$100.
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Mémor of P. P. Bliss, Whittle, cl. 1878.
Tales of Colorado Pioneers, Hill, Denver, cl. 1884.
Mental Mirror, cl. 1877.
Walkers' Texas Division, cl. New York. 1865.
Texas Medical Association, Austin, Tex. 1887.

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Lallegro & Pens. B. Foster's fine impressions. \$2.00
Nat. Gallery London, 1833, (2 vols. 1in.), 114 plates, complete. \$3.50
Ormsby's Don Quixote, 4 vols. \$3.00

L. J. SCHILLER, GRANITE ST. SOUTH BOSTON, Mass.
The Analyst, London, 1887 and 1889.
Sugar Cane, Manchester, 1881-82-83-85.
Journal of the Chemical Society, 1885, 86 and 88.
Berichte der Deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft, 1883, 84, 85, 86, 87.

Also numbers of the American Chemical Review of Chicago.

C. L. TRAVER, TRENTON, N. J.
Edinburgh Review from the commencement 1802 to October 1857, 110 vols. with 4 indexes, hf. calf. \$33.00
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Ellis' Life of Count Rumford, Boston, 1871, large paper. \$3.50
Writings of Washington, 12 vols, sheep, large, 8vo, Boston 1837, wide margin. \$12.00
Science, Gossop, vol. 1, 1865 to 21, colored plates, cl., London. \$20.00
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Yoakume's History of Texas, either vol.
Any books relating to Texas history.
Anything relating to Muldoon, a priest travelling
in Texas and Mexico.
Bouvier's Law Dictionary, vol. 4, 1874 or 1855.

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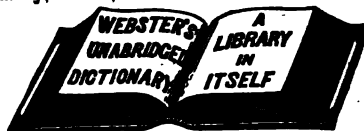
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